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TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

40th Annual Reunion

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association

Portland, June 20, 1912

CONTAINING THE

Proceedings of the Twenty-Seventh
Grand Encampment of Indian War Veterans
of the North Pacific Coast

—— AND ——

Other Matters of Historic Interest

PORTLAND, OREGON
CRAUSSE-PRUDHOMME CO., PRINTERS
1915

FRED LOCKLEY
RARE WESTERN BOOKS
4227 S. E. Stark St.
PORTLAND, ORE.

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MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Portland, March 11, 1912.

The Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met in the office of Col. Robert A. Miller, President, Worcester building, at 4 p. m., to arrange for the Annual Reunion of 1912, the fortieth.

Present: Robert A. Miller, President, 1854, Portland; Joseph Buchtel, Vice President, 1852, Portland; George H. Himes, 1853, Secretary, Portland; Nathan H. Bird, 1846, Portland, Director.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

An order of business was submitted and, upon motion of Mr. Himes, was adopted, as follows:

1. Selection of place of meeting.

2. Selection of speaker for annual address.

3. Selection of Grand Chaplain.

4. Selection of Grand Marshal.

5. Appointment of Committees: (a) Committee of Arrangements; (b) Finance Committee; (c) Committee on Building and Music; (d) Committee on Invitations; (e) Committee on Transportation; (f) Reception Committee; (g) selection of Chairman on Woman's Auxiliary Committee.

After discussion, upon motion of Mr. Himes, seconded by Mr. Bird, Wednesday, June 20, 1912, was fixed as the date of the Reunion.

There being no other invitation, upon the motion of Mr. Buchtel, seconded by Mr. Bird, Portland was selected as the place of meeting.

In the matter of securing a speaker, Mr. Himes stated that he had been in correspondence with Hon. Robert G. Smith, Grants Pass, Josephine County, a son of pioneer parents, who had consented to prepare an address if desired, therefore, upon motion of Mr. Himes, seconded by Mr. Buchtel, Mr. Smith was chosen as the orator of the day.

Upon the suggestion of Mr. Himes, Rev. T. L. Jones, 1852, Brownsville, was selected as the Grand Chaplain.

Upon motion of Mr. Himes, seconded by Mr. Buchtel, Mr. Bird was appointed Marshal, with power to choose his own aides.

On motion of Mr. Himes, seconded by Mr. Buchtel, Mrs. Charlotte M. Cartwright, 1854, was selected Chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary, with power to select her own assistants.

On motion of Mr. Bird, it was voted that Messrs. Himes and Lee should be the Committee on Finance.

On motion it was voted that the Committee of Arrangements should be composed of President Miller, Mr. Himes and Mr. Bird.

It was voted that the Reception Committee should be made up of the full Board of Directors, the Marshal and such aides as he might select.

Secretary Himes was appointed the Committee on Transportation, also the Committee on Invitations.

The matter of securing a place of meeting and suitable music and all other matters, were referred to the Committee of Arrangements.

The Secretary was authorized to have one thousand copies of the Annual Transactions of 1912 printed and also such envelopes, letterheads, badges, programmes, announcements, etc., as in his judgment might be necessary.

No further business appearing, the Board adjourned.

GEORGE H. HIMES, Secretary.

FORTIETH ANNUAL REUNION.

Portland, June 20, 1912.

Cheerful in spite of age and physical infirmities, a great throng of Oregon pioneers—about 1,000 of them—assembled in annual reunion. During the morning they were to be found at the City Hall, where they registered at the headquarters of the Oregon Pioneer Association, and exchanged reminiscences of early days.

The aged men and women who braved the hardships of the great and then wild Northwest, when the life of the white settler was not secure against the attack of the treacherous Indian, and when hunger often stared them in the face, were not to be kept away from their annual celebration by a little rain. So they crowded the Masonic Temple to its fullest capacity at 2 o'clock, and the exercises were conducted according to the following programme:

Call to order, Col. Robert A. Miller, 1854, President.

Music—"Star Spangled Banner," Lucas Band.

Invocation—Rev. T. L. Jones, 1852, Chaplain.

Music—Solo, "Annie Laurie," Mrs. Clyde B. Aitchison. Mr. Carl Denton, Accompanist.

Address of Welcome—Hon. George L. Baker, President of the Portland City Council.

Response—Col. Robert A. Miller, President.

Appointment of Committee on Resolutions, by the President.

Music—Solo, "Selected," Mrs. Clyde B. Aitchison. Mr. Carl Denton, Accompanist.

Annual Address, by Hon. Robert G. Smith, son of a pioneer of 1853, and Mayor of Grants Pass.

Music—"America," Lucas Band and audience.

J. E. Magers, John W. Minto and E. J. Jeffery were appointed a Committee on Resolutions.

In part, Mayor Smith said:

"I am glad that votes for women are coming. Only one thing was lacking," he said, "when Oregon's provisional government was formed, and that was a provision for equal suffrage.

"Another declaration was that when the early settlers changed the oath of office, making it possible for Canadians to hold office the same as United States citizens without surrendering their rights as citizens of Canada, they delivered one of the greatest diplomatic strokes in the history of the Northwest. These people of Canada," he said, "when they came to Oregon realized they stood on an equality with the American people, and this did a great deal to put an end to thought of British occupancy.

"It has been said that the Oregon country was included in the Louisiana purchase, but that was very vague. Whatever rights the nation might have acquired by the treaty with Napoleon, the title was too visionary to hold against occupancy and exploitation by any other nation. The Federal authorities undoubtedly so regarded it, and it is undoubtedly true that Oregon would never have become an American territory and state without a government established by her own people. Widely separated from the seat of government, without communication except by the most slow and laborious means, without protection, the pioneers were obliged to depend upon their own resources.

"The beginning of the American government in the Northwest dates from the meeting in Champoeg in 1843, for on that day was organized the provisional government of Ore-

gon, without assistance, without aid and without encouragement from the great republic. These pioneers boldly assumed the right to establish a government in the face of British occupancy for 50 years, when their whole number did not exceed 150.

"Strong and ruling must have been the patriotic spirit that impelled this handful of people of this, the remotest outpost of the republic, to have hazarded so much in the face of great discouragement and adversity. There is only one explanation of their persistence and courage, and that is that they well understood or believed that they were laying the foundation of a great state.

"It is true, no doubt, that some came to the Oregon country for the purpose of acquiring land. Others came as missionaries among the Indians, and a few might have come through a spirit of adventure only. But they all must in some degree have been impelled by that instinct which so strongly characterizes the American people, the instinct of founding states.

"After the founding of the provisional government the founders bore themselves well. There was no effort on their part to antagonize those who clung to British rule, but on the other hand there was the greatest diplomatic effort made, successfully to induce them to co-operate in the government of the people.

"When the pioneers undertook the great wagon journey across the great American Desert they knew they would meet a savage foe, that they would be compelled to defend themselves against their attacks, and that many of them would fall by the wayside. In undertaking the journey under these circumstances they did not differ from the rest of humanity, for mankind in all ages and all times has had to defend itself against wild beasts of the forest as well as human enemies.

"Separated from the rest of the American people by a distance which required greater time to travel than it did to cross the Atlantic Ocean to Europe, with communication that was intermittent and open during only a part of the year,

with officials of government apathetic and uninterested in this region, the pioneers must have felt and did realize that they were without the protection of any government, and moreover were liable to encounter the hostility of the greatest government of the world, Great Britain, and when these pioneers reached the Columbia and the Willamette they found themselves face to face with that great representative of imperial authority, the Hudson's Bay Company.

"It is fortunate for the present generation that among these pioneers were men of giant intellect and far-seeing vision. Had they been mere adventurers, or seeking a quick road to wealth, or endeavoring to escape the requirements of civil life, they would no doubt have precipitated a conflict which would have meant that British occupancy would have extended and formally entrenched in the Oregon country, and that a provisional government would have been impossible.

"The character of the pioneers is best determined by the fact that for several years they were able to live without the semblance of governmental control. Congress was memorialized again and again to secure protection, but the great inspiriting desire for the protection of this government was to have the flag of this country planted there so that this would become and remain a part of the American nation. For years the memorials fell on deaf ears. But the Oregonians continued to beseech that Congress protect the infant colony. Again they called the attention of Congress to the fact that the Hudson's Bay Company with the wealth at its command would engage in a competition with the American settlers that would prove ruinous to them.

"The pioneers of Oregon, like the fathers of the Revolution, recognized the necessity of law and order to secure the well being of the community. They preferred the government of a republic to that of a monarchy, and were persistent in their demands that the republic should take them into its fold. But they were spurned and neglected by the government from which they came, on the one hand, and kindly and considerately treated by the representatives of British authority on the other hand.

"They found some in their midst who had come from another part of the British dominion to escape British rule, who desired the establishment of a government more to their liking, and no man contributed more towards the organization of this region than that Canadian patriot, the last survivor of the provisional government of Oregon, Francis Xavier Matthieu, who is here with us today."

At the close of the programme, a short exchange of greetings followed, as many of the pioneers had not met since the reunion of one year ago. Frequently it was found that several years had passed since a goodly number of pioneers had met each other.

When the announcement came that the banquet was ready, the Portland Automobile Club provided a number of autos to transport the oldest of the pioneers to the Armory, where all the pioneers were received by the following Reception Committee and their aides and conducted to the tables:

Mrs. Charlotte M. Cartwright, Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway, Mrs. Matthew P. Deady, Mrs. William Grooms, Mrs. P. Selling, Mrs. M. A. Dalton, Mrs. C. A. Coburn, Mrs. Margaret O. Moore, Mrs. Thomas Moffett, Mrs. T. T. Struble and Mrs. Robert Porter.

The officers of the Pioneer Woman Auxiliary, and the members that served the banquet, are as follows:

President, Mrs. Charlotte M. Cartwright; Vice President, Mrs. John W. Minto; Second Vice President, Miss Kate Holman; Secretary, Mrs. R. H. Birdsall; Treasurer, Miss Nannie E. Taylor.

Executive Board in charge of tables—Mrs. Benton Killin, Chairman; Mrs. D. P. Thompson, Mrs. P. L. Willis, assistants.

Table No. 1—Mrs. George H. Himes, Mrs. E. E. McClure; assistants, Mrs. Harold G. Rice, Mrs. Fred L. Riggs, Mrs. E. B. Seabrook, Mrs. William F. Fiebig.

Table No. 2—Mrs. H. B. Nicholas, Mrs. P. F. Morey; assistants, Mrs. Beulah Hallinan, Mrs. E. P. Waite, Miss Helen Eastman. One to be supplied.

Table No. 3—Mrs. William R. Sewall, Mrs. F. P Mays; assistants, Miss Genevieve Church, Miss Mildred Nichols, Miss Elizabeth Peters, Miss Evelyn Calbreath.

Table No. 4—Mrs. William D. Fenton, Mrs. Alexander Muir; assistants, Mrs. Willard Jones, Mrs. Horace B. Fenton, Mrs. Perry Blanchard, Miss Adeline Walters.

Table No. 5—Miss Failing, Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton; assistants, Miss Kate Failing, Mrs. Henry C. Cabell, Miss Rhoda Failing, Mrs. Henry Houseman.

Table No. 6—Mrs. Harriet K. McArthur, Mrs. George Taylor; assistants, Mrs. I. L. Patterson, Miss Pauline Nesmith.

Table No. 7—Mrs. J. Marcus Freeman, Mrs. A. B. Croasman; assistants, Miss Meredith James, Miss Alice Dabney, Mrs. A. L. McCully. One to be supplied.

Table No. 8—Mrs. L. Allen Lewis. Mrs. J. Wesley Ladd; assistants, Miss Sadie Lewis, Mrs. Charles E. Chenery, Miss Carrie Flanders, Miss Clementine Hirsch.

Table No. 9—Mrs. M. C. George, Miss Gertrude Pratt; assistants, Mrs. H. G. Colton, Miss Florence George, Mrs. R. Scott, Miss Rowena Cochran.

Table No. 10—Mrs. P. L. Willis, Mrs. M. A. M. Ashley; assistants, Mrs. W. P. Sherman, Mrs. T. B. Foster, Mrs. R. Ashley, Miss Lesley Smith.

Table No. 11—Mrs. James W. Cook Mrs. Russell E. Sewall; assistants, Miss Clarissa Wiley, Miss Jessie Farrell, Mrs. James Honeyman. One to be supplied.

Table No. 12—Mrs. Joseph K. Gill, Mrs. John Gill; assistants, Miss Ethel Thompson, Miss Alice Wyett, Miss Elsie Gill, Miss Helen Dekum.

Table No. 13—Mrs. Milton W. Smith, Mrs. Grace Watt Ross; assistants, Mrs. Robert Marsh, Mrs. Catherine Hancock, Miss Lily Harding, Miss Marian Smith.

Table No. 14—Miss George W. Weidler, Mrs. John McCraken; assistants, Miss Sherlock, Miss Huber, Mrs. Hattie Pratt, Miss Mabel Weidler.

Table No. 15—Mrs. George H. Lamberson, Mrs. P. W. Gillette; assistants, Miss Catherine Lamberson, Miss Grace Lamberson, Miss M. Meussdorffer, Preston W. Gillette.

Table No. 16—Mrs. H. H. Northup, Mrs. Tyler Woodward; assistants, Miss Northup, Miss Boudinot Seeley, Mrs. Eva Earhart Alliston, Miss Kate Oglesby.

Table No. 17—Mrs. June McMillen Ordway, Mrs. E. W. Spencer; assistants, Miss Fay C. Himes, Miss Ella Brown, Mrs. W. Irving Spencer, Mrs. Charles R. Spencer.

Table No. 18—Mrs. W. E. Robertson, Mrs. A. M. Crane; four assistants to be supplied.

Table No. 19—Mrs. W. W. Porter, Mrs. T. S. Mann; assistants, Mrs. Arthur Gay, Mrs. Gustave Weiger, Miss Margaret L. Himes. One to be supplied.

Table No. 20—Mrs. H. S. Gile, Miss Kate Holman; assistants, Miss Gile, Miss Elizabeth Parker, Miss Jessie Murch, Miss Clara E. Koehler.

COMMITTEE ON SUPPLIES.

The following committees had charge of all the supplies:

Booth No. 1—Bread, cake and biscuit—Miss Nannie E. Taylor, Chairman; assistants, Mrs. Max Fleischner, Mrs. A. H. McGowan, Mrs. D. W. Taylor, Miss Lambert, Miss Plummer, Miss Hildegarde Plummer, Miss Bess Bodman, Miss Linley Morton, Miss Agnes Kelly, Mrs. W. N. Gatens, Miss Bess Sewall.

Booth No. 2—Meats, fish and salads—Mrs. Herbert Holman, Chairman; assistants, Mrs. Archie Pease, Miss Gussie Marshall, Mrs. C. W. Fulton, Mrs. D. MacLauchlan, Mrs. O. A. Lyman, Mrs. E. W. Langdon, Mrs. G. L. Campbell, Mrs. J. R. Holman, Mrs. John H. Burgard, Mrs. Harry Coleman.

Booth No. 3—Cream, milk and butter—Miss Mary McKay, Chairman; assistants Mrs. E. A. Breyman, Mrs. Albert Brown, Mrs. E. Humason, Miss Gretchen Breyman.

Booth No. 4—Ice cream—Miss Clara Teal, Chairman; assistant, Miss Louise Bickel.

Booth No. 5—Mrs. J. A. Newell, Miss Myrtle Moffett.

Booth No. 6—Miss Bickel, Mrs. M. L. Myrick.

It was the simple atmosphere of the home fireside that pervaded the banquet hall of the Oregon pioneers in the auditorium of the Armory. Fifteen hundred and forty of the sturdy heralds of civilization in the West gathered around the long rows of tables to partake of the viands served. They came together like brothers and sisters in their annual family reunion, at a great big family dinner.

For a setting there was a wreath of wildwood green and flowers amid a bower of forest boughs. The tables were long and of the home-made variety. Plain crockery ware was used and the food was such as is usually kept in the Sunday cupboard of the family pantry. The diners were waited on by young women, most of them the daughters of pioneers. Everything was such as to make the pioneers feel at their ease.

Vases filled with flowers were placed along the center of each table. A different kind of flower was placed on each table in uniform bouquets. Around the balcony were trees and ferns and American flags were hung from the ceiling.

The food for the banquet was contributed by pioneer families and business men of the city. It included 60 pounds of cheese, 10 gallons of milk, 14 gallons of cream. 60 gallons of ice cream, in brick form, 213 home-made cakes, 100 pounds of lump sugar, 54 pounds of butter, 105 pounds of candy, 180 loaves of bread, 24 baked salmon, 20 hams, 75 veal loaves, 38 pounds of special sausage, and 40 gallons of potato salad. The baked salmon was served warm and delivered from different hotels and restaurants in the city, where they had been prepared.

Women at the sideboards prepared the food and also made hot coffee and tea. A staff of marshals assisted by a detail of police, under command of Sergeant Roberts, were present to give every assistance to the pioneers.

OBJECT OF REUNION.

Speaking at the meeting of the pioneers, A. B. Roberts, 1853, said:

"Why do pioneers meet in social gatherings? Why do we come from our homes in the various parts of this far Northwest for a reunion after years of separation?

"Not so much to tell of our experience in our various work of building up this great empire as to tell the present generation of the conditions existing here when we first started in the work of developing this, the farthest and most distant and most dangerous portion of our great country.

"The most dangerous because our government had not yet furnished sufficient military protection to the people who had been induced to leave their homes in the East and cross the almost trackless deserts and the great mountain ranges to make homes in far-off Oregon.

"I say induced to come. Our government offered greater inducements to those who would go to Oregon than was offered to those of the so-called Western states: 640 acres of land free to any man with a wife, as a 'donation homestead.'

"This offer was made by our government for reasons of its own, which we will not now stop to discuss.

"We came and the conditions we found are what we want to tell the people of the present generation and the future. I speak of the present generation, for the real pioneers are of a different generation from those of today. Most of those old pioneers are gone, and only a few are left to tell the story of the work before the beginners.

"Now, let each old pioneer tell of conditions existing in the particular location where he or she began the great work of development. As my work began in the City of Portland and vicinity, I will tell of the conditions here.

"When I arrived in Portland the town claimed 500 inhabitants. It did not have a satisfactory city charter, but the following Winter a new charter was granted, and early in the Spring it began to organize for the election of city officials.

"The first step was the holding of a mass meeting to nominate candidates. I was there. W. S. Ladd was nominated for Mayor, and William L. Higgins as City Marshal, and were duly elected a little later. I was one of the voters. Higgins challenged my vote, but was not sustained by the judges. I voted at the fourth city election in Portland.

"As soon as I could get a stock of goods I opened a business in Portland with J. F. Shartle, and have continued to follow that business here and in Washington and Idaho until the present time. Is there anyone present who did business in Portland in 1853 and 1854? I became personally acquainted with every one of the original claimants of the land on which Portland is built—the old town, and the East Side.

Stephen Coffin, Benjamin Stark, Francis W. Pettygrove, John H. Couch, George H. Flanders, Daniel H. Lownsdale and Finice Caruthers, on the West Side, and James B. Stephens, Gideon Tibbetts, Dr. Perry Prettyman, and others on the East Side.

"Front street was the only business street, there being no stores of any kind, except Captain William Baker's bakery, on any other street.

"The stumps were not grubbed out of Front street any farther south than First-street bridge, which crossed a ravine.

"Timber was being cut for sawlogs on Second and Third streets and farther back, and was hauled on a high-wheeled wagon to William P. Abrams' sawmill on the east side of Front street, near the First street bridge.

"It was a dense forest to the hills or mountains west, where Thomas Carter and Eli Stewart had claims in the gulches, and Amos N. King had a tannery. James Terwilliger had a claim and tannery on the south of town. These tanneries, the one sawmill, the shop in which Jacobs & Harbaugh made wag-

ons, the bakery, Davis & Monnastes' foundries and three printing offices, 'The Oregonian,' the 'Oregon Weekly Times,' were the principal manufacturing institutions of Portland.

"Please do not laugh at the idea of a newspaper office being called a manufacturing establishment, for I can assure you that Thomas J. Dryer, with his Oregonian, was manufacturing public opinion, which was as useful an article as anything made in this territory at that time, and through the management of Henry L. Pittock, the successor of Dryer, it has continued the work. I might say there were many leading men who had to buy the goods yet who disliked the bitter pills sent out.

"But there were business men in Portlnad who were great leaders, who helped build the future of this now great city. We remember among them the Failings, Henry W. Corbett, Allen & Lewis, Levi Anderson, A. H. Francis, W. S. Ladd, who had recently built the first brick building, preparatory to unloading his cargo of goods just arrived from New York; Stephen J. McCormick, the first book dealer; Frazar & Son, Smith & Davis, druggists, Seymour & Joynt, hardware; Coffin & Company, later Coffin & Northrup; Vance Hardware Company, William Beck, the first gunsmith, and others.

"Those builders had a great work before them. They had a lack of transportation facilities; they had the great white wings of the ocean, but only one line propelled by steam—the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, which at first ran but one steamer each month from San Francisco. Soon afterwards the company put on two steamers each month.

"But this company, instead of trying to build up Portland, attempted to kill the town, and here came the tug of war. Much was to be done to improve navigation on the Columbia River below Portland. Swan Island bar, the bar at the mouth of the Willamette, and Willow bar needed dredging. So this great steamship company took up the idea of building a city below these bars and accordingly bought of B. M. Du Rell the town and surrounding lands of St. Helens, where they proceeded to build a fine wharf and warehouses at an expense

of more than $150,000, and then told the men of Portland that they would come no more to the little village with their great ships.

"No other men who ever built a city ever met such an obstacle and overcame it. Here was a condition to try the greatest of men. This was the greatest monopoly of transportation at the time in the United States. Here was a seaport cut off from the sea. What could they do?

"They told the steamship company 'we will ship by sailing vessels. We will not patronize you unless you land your freight at Couch & Flanders' dock in our city.'

"What nonsense! It was like saying to a railroad, 'If you don't bring your road to our town, we will do our business by ox teams.' But these men at once chartered a steamer in New York and gave an order for the construction of another, and stood by their word.

"The steamer Columbia, of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, arrived in due time at St. Helens, and the Multnomah, on its run from Portland to Astoria, brought the word that 'the steamer' was in at St. Helens. No passengers and no freight was sent down. Again the steamer arrived, but not a pound of freight went to it.

"On the next trip came the manager of the company. He came up to Portland. He told the men of Portland that they were crazy; that they never could do business in that way. He was told very plainly to go south, to a warm country. He was informed of what they had done, and that never again would the Pacific Mail Steamship Company receive one dollar of patronage until it landed a steamer at the docks in Portland.

"Days of argument availed nothing, and at last the company consented to come to Portland. But what about St. Helens? 'Of course, we will deliver freight at St. Helens.' 'Not a pound,' was the order. 'Not a dock on the Columbia River will you touch until you have landed at Portland,' and all of this was agreed to.

"This was not 'hot air,' for I have been on that old steamer as a passenger and seen her stop in mid-channel and send a small boat with a little sack of mail ashore at their town of St. Helens.

"There were other great boosters in this country then. There were leaders in education. There were leaders in the medical profession. There were leaders in morality, whose pulpit orations were world-wide in extent and influence."

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING.

The annual business meeting was held at 7:30 p. m., President Miller in the chair.

Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

President, Joseph Buchtel, 1852; Vice President, Joseph L. Carter, 1844; Secretary, George H. Himes, 1853; re-elected for the 27th time; Treasurer, Charles E. Ladd, 1857; Directors, Nathan H. Bird, 1848; P. H. D'Arcy, 1857; and Theodore T. Geer, 1851.

The Committee on Resolutions offered thanks to the Woman's Auxiliary for the excellent banquet furnished at the Armory, to the transportation companies and the citizens of Portland. These resolutions were adopted, as was a resolution supporting the Indian War Veterans in their effort to secure $30 a month in pensions.

Mr. Himes suggested that the next reunion be turned into a basket picnic at the Chautauqua grounds at Gladstone, on the Oregon City line.

This was opposed by P. H. D'Arcy, who said if the pioneers did not wish to meet in Portland next year, he would invite them to enjoy the hospitality of Salem. Mr. Himes then withdrew his motion.

Mr. Himes was instructed to prepare a badge for the Past Presidents of the Association.

NOTES ABOUT EARLY DAYS.

"Forty years ago, fifty Oregon pioneers met in my little store at Butteville, Marion County, Oregon, and formed the nucleus of the Association that is holding its meeting today," said F. X. Matthieu, the oldest pioneer present. "This was in 1872. I came down from Terre bonne, Canada, to New York City and then out to Butteville in 1842 with the first ox team that ever crossed the Rockies."

"We just received a letter saying that the last of his friends in Canada had died," Mr. Matthieu's daughter, Mrs. Rose Bergevin, said. "He is the last of the old school. He is the only one left."

Mr. Matthieu was the first President of the Oregon Pioneer Association; John W. Grim, of Astoria, the first Vice President, and Willard H. Rees, of Butteville, the first Secretary and Treasurer. Fred Geer was the other organizer.

There was general recognition, handshaking and recalling of incidents at the meeting yesterday.

"Remember," said William Morfitt, of Portland, to a friend, "that I helped make the first casting ever made in Oregon. That was at Oregon City in 1848."

W. H. H. Dufur, of Dufur, Oregon, a fifty-niner, said:

"All the old comrades are dying and I think that we should extend the privileges of the Association to pioneers of 1861 and 1862 at least."

"When I was only 14 years old I drove an ox team day after day and kept my eye out for Indians and outlaws," said J. N. Berry, an Indian war veteran of Hills-

boro. "When an ox died we hitched a cow in its place and continued our way. Sometimes we had enough to eat and other times we boiled wheat in water as a substitute for bread. No, I don't think that those who came in later than 1859 should belong to the Association. They had enough to eat, and there were people here waiting to care for them."

"I was in the first emigrant train that ever crossed the Rockies," said Vale N. Perry, of Clallam Bay, Washington. "When we reached Green River we were obliged to throw away everything, cattle, provisions, wagons and tools, to make our way on horseback, because there were no wagon roads. Women and children had to be carried for miles on horseback. Those were real hardships.

"We camped on the present site of Portland and felt that we had met a whole community when we came upon one lone trapper who was catching beaver on the premises now occupied by one of your skyscrapers."

Mr. Perry is 72 years old, and a son of W. T. Perry. He came to Oregon from Iowa, leaving there May 10, 1842. F. X. Matthieu was in the party. He is now conducting a store at Clallam, Washington.

"I am the oldest living white man born west of the Rocky Mountains," was the claim made by Cyrus H. Walker, of Albany, an Indian war veteran. "I think that we should make a change in the Constitution of the Oregon Pioneer Association by allowing anyone who has been 50 years in Oregon to be a member. In this way the membership would keep up and there would be a perpetual Association."

"Little Indians were our only playmates, when we, as children, came to Oregon." The speaker was Mrs. Inez A. Parker, of 765 Schuyler street, who with hundreds of other pioneers, was attending the annual reunion.

"I was only three years old when my father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Adams, crossed the plains, in 1848, but I remember it all," she continued. "One of the cattle mired when we were in the Cascade Mountains, and father had to yoke up a cow with the other ox. She brought us through all right, too. The cow was 15 years old then and lived for 10 years after we reached Oregon.

"We came to Oregon from Galesburg, Illinois, and arrived October 1, 1848.

"My husband, the late W. W. Parker, of Astoria, was a member of the first vigilance committee in San Francisco. He arrived in San Francisco when it was a city of tents. He came to the Pacific Coast by way of the Horn, the same year I came across the plains. We both arrived the same month. Mr. Parker died 14 years ago, within one year of John Wesley Johnson, first President of the University of Oregon.

"Mrs. Helen Johnson, wife of Professor Johnson, my sister, came in the party in which I came. She and I were the second women in Oregon to learn the printing trade. The first was Rozelle Applegate Putnam, who was taught to set type in 1848 by her husband, Charles F. Putnam, printer of 'The Oregon American and Evangelical Unionist,' issued by Rev. J. S. Griffin on his farm near the present city of Hillsboro. We learned to set type in 1855, in the 'Argus' office, Oregon City, of which our father was editor. D. W. Craig, foreman, taught us.

"I also am distantly related to President Taft, and to Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt. George H. Himes is a relative of mine, and our family intermarried with the family of James McBride, as we were neighbors in Yamhill.

"Mrs. P. C. Williams, of 771 Schuyler street, came across the plains from Indiana in 1851. Her parents settled at Troutdale, where her uncle, F. G. Hicklin, had a place.

"When we were on our way across the continent the Indians drove off our horses," she said, "but they never attacked the train, as it was a large one. The horses were recovered. There were at least 50 families in the train. One night we joined the Ohio train, in command of Elijah Williams, of Salem, father of Richard Williams. In this way we were doubly secure against attack by the Indians."

Mrs. Sarah Hovenden came to Oregon from Tasmania, New Zealand, in 1852. She was then 12 years old. Her parents settled at Butteville, in Marion County. "My husband came to Oregon in 1849," she said, "and settled in Marion County, and we lived there until his death, 20 years ago."

J. L. Lamberson came across the plains from Iowa in 1845. He was five years old, and is now 73. He and his wife are now living at Houlton, in Columbia County.

J. M. Berry, son of Francis Berry, said his parents experienced great hardships. Coming across the plains they lost all they had except one little 3-year-old heifer, and a 3-year-old yoke of steers. Other cattle in the company were used to haul the wagon. He came to Oregon from Gentry County, Missouri, in 1852. He was 14 years old

then. There were 12 wagons in the party, and nine in his father's family, including a married brother.

TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE INDIAN WAR VETERANS OF THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST.

Portland, June 20, 1912.

Indian War Veterans held their twenty-seventh annual reunion in Woodmen of the World Hall, Eleventh and Alder streets, yesterday. About 200 attended, about 50 less than at the reunion a year ago. Besides these, a number of the sons and daughters of the Indian War Veterans were present.

The 200 Veterans who attended the reunion are virtually all who remain of the 7,000 pioneers who enlisted in early days to fight the Indians.

After the Veterans had been called together at 10 o'clock yesterday morning by Cyrus H. Walker, Grand Commander, City Attorney Grant was invited to the platform, and welcomed them on behalf of Mayor Rushlight. During the morning session it was necessary for the Chairman to make frequent use of the gavel when Veterans were overcome with emotion as they recognized old comrades.

Chairman Walker introduced the subject of pensions, saying there is no reason why the Indian War Veterans should not receive $30 a month, the same as the Civil War Veterans. He said he wrote to the Senators and Congressmen, but received no response from Representative Lafferty or Senator Bourne.

Lee Laughlin introduced a resolution, which was afterwards passed, demanding that the Oregon Legislature, to convene in January, 1913, pass an act appropriating $100,000 to pay the balance due the Veterans in fulfillment of the contract made with them when Oregon was a territory. This contract, it was pointed out, called for $2 a day and rations for the enlisted men and $2 a day for the use of their horses. In case the animals were killed in actual battle or were disabled and turned over to the Quartermaster the owners were to receive the appraised value.

Such a resolution was introduced in the 1909 Legislature and referred to a committee of which Ben Selling was Chairman. He explained to the Veterans that the reason the bill did not pass was that the legislators believed the debt was one incurred by the Federal Government, not by the state, and that while it ought to be paid, the state is not responsible.

To this statement both Mr. Laughlin and Dr. Harry Lane took exception. Mr. Laughlin said the Legislature appropriated $131,000 to pay claims of the Modoc War, for supplies furnished. He said that war was small compared with the Yakima War.

"Hay was paid for at the rate of $100 a ton, oats at 80 cents a pound, saddles at $37.50, and other things in proportion," said Mr. Laughlin. "These bills were audited and allowed, and the state made the appropriation by issuing bonds drawing 7 per cent interest.

"The proposal to turn it over to the general Government is all 'bosh.' The state assumed all obligations of the Territory of Oregon. That was incorporated in the constitution. If we can not do anything better we can,

under that constitution, sue the State of Oregon and get this money. There is no question about the contract for the services having been rendered. The trouble is the men who compose the Legislature don't realize anything about the conditions of those early days. The lawmakers of today were born since that time."

The morning session was about to adjourn when there were cries from different parts of the hall of "Lane, Lane." Dr. Lane, who is a son of a pioneer, was called to the platform. He said there is no reason why Oregon should not pay the debt to the veterans.

"Let Oregon go to the Federal Government for a refund of the money if it wants to," said Dr. Lane, "but let the state pay this obligation. In your fight you made a state from a territory; you hewed a state out of a wilderness. If this debt had been incurred by some big business firm it would have been paid long ago. The United States Senate has been the retreat of big business for many years. In that body they have stood between the people and their rights. If you get the pensions that are due you, you will have to keep big business out of the United States Senate."

Mr. Selling, in his speech, said: "The trouble is we have too many professional men in Congress," that "they don't get in touch with the people." He said there should be ten farmers in the Senate and a proportionate number in the House.

Dr. Lane said: "I have no large business interests. I came out of office as poor as when I went in. None of your money stuck to my fingers." He said any man who risked his life for the protection of his people is en-

titled to a pension. Even $2 a day would not be too much, he said.

J. Wilkes spoke in support of a $30 a month pension.

Thomas E. Shelton's widow asked for information regarding his services in the Rogue River wars.

The sons and daughters served luncheon to the veterans, their wives and widows at noon. Mrs. Minnie McGregor, President of the Association, composed of the younger generation, was in charge of the banquet. W. Hosea Wood, Secretary of the Association, was in charge of the reception.

At the afternoon session a resolution was passed demanding that Congress place the Indian War Veterans on the same footing as to pensions and land as the Civil War Veterans, and also asking that the Oregon Legislature memorialize Congress to this effect.

A brief recital of the Indian uprising and of the battle on the plains of Walla Walla, when 500 Oregon volunteers met and defeated 2,000 Indians, has been prepared by A. B. Roberts, and will be presented to Congress with the resolution.

Officers were elected as follows: Grand Commander, Cyrus H. Walker; Senior Vice-Grand Commander, A. B. Stuart; Junior Vice-Grand Commander, Ed. C. Ross; Grand Adjutant, Otto Kleeman; Grand Commissary Sergeant, Charles H. Chambreau; Grand Chaplain, W. D. Ewing; Captain of the Guard, John Storan; Grand Marshal, John Cullen; Relief Committee, Otto Kleeman, Charles Chambreau.

A 2:30 the meeting was turned over to the Sons and Daughters of the Indian War Veterans, who entertained during the rest of the afternoon. Mrs. Minnie McGregor, President of the Society, presided.

Marion Bockman and Harland Lance, two little children costumed, the one in dress suit and plug hat, the other in a pretty dress of pink and green, won loud applause from the aged listeners, as they sang "From the Land of the Shamrock." Dorothy Girdner and a chorus of girls in "I Have Lost My Teddy Bear," also won much praise.

Mrs. John Stack gave a reading, Mrs. Fred L. Olson rendered a solo, and Lena and Mary Butzer gave a fancy dance. All the children are pupils of Miss Grace Wilton's piano school.

Robert A. Miller, President of the Oregon Pioneer Association, delivered an address. When the meeting adjourned it was with the blessing of W. D. Ewing, 1852, Grand Chaplain.

The committee appointed to gather the names of those who have died since the last reunion brought in the following, which were read:

A. Alexander, Marion Knott, Mr. Schindler, William Tucker, Samuel Roberts.

Four of the Cayuse War veterans were present yesterday: Captain W. D. Stillwell, aged 87; Charles Bolds, 90; J. C. Nelson, 85; Sol Durbin, 83.

NECROLOGY.

Members of the Oregon Pioneer Association who died since June 1, 1911, to May 31, 1912, as far as reported, and the dates of their arrival in Oregon, are:

Anderson, Eli K.	1852	March	13, 1912
Anderson, Mrs. Sarah J.	1847	June	15, 1912
Avery, Mrs. Martha	1847	Jan.	4, 1911
Baker, Mrs. Caroline Blevins	1843	Jan.	16, 1912
Brainerd, Mrs. Maria Brooks	1850	Oct.	11, 1911
Brainerd, William E.	1852	July	22, 1911
Brooks, Mrs. Anna Pentland	1852	Sept.	12, 1911
Byrom, Edward	1850	May	9, 1912
Campbell, Hector B.	1849	Aug.	29, 1911
Chapman, Wm.	1847		1911
Constable, Andrew J.	1843		1911
D'Arcy, Mrs. Maria S.	1847	June	26, 1911
Day, Silas J.	1852	Jan.	1911
Dickson, Mrs. Mahala	1852	May	9, 1912
Durbin, Mrs. Solomon	1852	April	14, 1912
Findlay, A. B.	1852	March	8, 1912
Fouts, John T.	1852		1911
Garrison, Abraham H.	1846	Feb	11, 1912
Gault, D. M. C.	1852	April	19, 1912
Gleason, Amos B.	1853	April	8, 1912
Gleason, James	1858	Jan.	30, 1912
Greenman, Clark N.	1853	March	10, 1912
Hankins, W. H.	1852	March	17, 1912
Harkleroad, James M.	1852	April	2, 1912
Harris, William H.	1852	May	22, 1912
Howell, Joseph	1850		1911
Jory, Hugh S.	1847	Jan.	4, 1912
Kellogg, J. B.	1852	May	13, 1912
Kelly, Edward D.	1853	Feb.	16, 1912
Kenney, Mrs. Elizabeth T'Vault	1845	Oct.	20, 1911
Killin, G. B.	1848		1911

Marquam, Philip A.	1850	May	8, 1912
McGinn, Charles	1854	June	15, 1912
Molthrop, Frank J.	1853	April	5, 1912
Patterson, Willis	1853	Feb.	4, 1911
Pope, William Henwood	1853	Feb.	11, 1912
Riggs, Mrs. Mary Zumwalt	1850	June	10, 1912
Rowland, G. L.	1844		1911
Rowland. L. B.	1852	Sept.	16, 1911
Smith, Mrs. Emma Johnson	1851	Jan.	1912
Smith, James H.	1854	March	12, 1912
Smith, Wade Hampton	1859		1911
Swank, T. W.	1852	Sept.	1911
Stitzel, Jacob	1850	Jan.	22, 1911
Trimble, Mrs. Caroline Raleigh	1856	May	10, 1912
Tucker, William	1852		1911
Watts, Alexander	1847		1911
Whitehouse, Benjamin G.	1859	May	8, 1912
Wright, Mrs. Melcena	1847	Dec.	15, 1911

Presidents of Oregon Pioneer Association from date of organization, October 18, 1873, to June 20, 1912:

	Arrived	President in
F. X. Matthieu	1842	1873
*John W. Grim	1847	1874
John Minto	1844	1875
John Minto	1844	1876
*William J. Herren	1843	1877
*Medorem Crawford	1842	1878
*Medorem Crawford	1842	1879
*Medorem Crawford	1842	1880
*Medorem Crawford	1842	1881
*J. W. Nesmith	1843	1882
*J. W. Nesmith	1843	1883
J. T. Apperson	1847	1884
J. T. Apperson	1847	1885
*M. Wilkins	1847	1886
*M. Wilkins	1847	1887
*Joseph Watt	1844	1888
John Minto	1844	1889
John Minto	1844	1890
*William S. Ladd	1851	1891
*William S. Ladd	1851	1892
*Henry W. Corbett	1851	1893
*Henry W. Corbett	1851	1894
*Henry Failing	1851	1895
*George H. Williams	1853	1896
*George H. Williams	1853	1897
*Benton Killin	1845	1898
J. T. Apperson	1847	1899
*Lee Laughlin	1847	1900
*J. H. D. Gray (born in Oregon)	1839	1901
J. C. Moreland	1852	1902
William Galloway	1852	1903
W. T. Wright	1852	1904
John W. Minto (born in Oregon)	1848	1905
M. C. George	1851	1906
Joseph D. Lee (born in Oregon)	1848	1907
J. E. Magers	1852	1908
Frederick V. Holman (born in Oregon)	1852	1909
P. H. D'Arcy	1857	1910
Robert A. Miller (born in Oregon)	1854	1911
Joseph Buchtel	1852	1912

*Deceased.

PIONEERS IN ATTENDANCE.

1830.

Kitson, Peter, Sherwood.....Oregon 1830

1838.

Walker, Cyrus H., Albany.....Oregon 1838

1839.

Matt, Mrs. Harris, Vancouver, Wash....Oregon 1839

1840.

Edwards, Mrs. Wiley. Orenco.....Oregon 1840

1841.

Elliott, Mrs. Mary. Holbrook.....Canada 1834
Hood, Mrs. C. J., Portland.....Oregon 1841
Mountain, Capt. Thos., Portland.....England 1822

1842.

Johnson, Mrs. Mary, Woodburn.....Mississippi 1842
Matthieu, F. X., Portland.....Canada 1818

1843.

Adair, Owens Dr., Warrenton.....Missouri 1840
Bertrand, Mrs. Isabel, Portland.....California 1841
Cullen, Anna E., Hillsdale.....Missouri 1840
Dixon, Mrs. L. A., Portland.....Missouri 1837
Foster, G. G., Portland.....Maine 1835
Griffith, Rebecca, Crawford, Wash.....Missouri 1836
Hawn, N. W., Boise, Idaho.....Missouri 1843
Hembree, Mrs. Nancy, McMinnville....Tennessee 1836
Hembree, W. C., McMinnville.....Tennessee 1829
Looney, B. F., Jefferson.....Missouri 1842
O'Neil, Mrs. Dan. Oregon City.....Arkansas 1836
Patterson, Mrs. L. A., Portland.....Wisconsin 1835

1844.

Adams, Mrs. J. H., Portland.....Oregon 1844
Baker, Mrs. P. G., Portland.....Canada 1833
Bedwell, Mrs. Lizzie, Yamhill.....Oregon 1844
Bain, Mrs. A. E., Portland.....Iowa 1840
Caples, H., Caples, Wash.....Ohio 1835
Croll, Mrs. S., Little Rock, Wash.....Missouri 1837
Helm, Mrs. W. F., Portland.....Ohio 1836
Klinger, Mrs. L. J., Dufur..... On the plains.....1844
Lewis, Fred Lee, Portland.....Canada 1830
Minto, John, Salem.....England 1822
Nelson, J. C., Newberg.....Missouri 1827
Olds, Eli, Rockway.....Indiana 1837
Ramsdell, T. M., Portland.....Vermont 1822
Reynolds, Mrs. S. E., Portland.....Oregon 1844
Riggs, Mrs. T. C., Orchard.....Missouri 1837
Riley, Mrs. O. M., Portland.....Oregon 1844
Russell, Mrs. Wm., Yamhill.....Indiana 1842
Stillwell, W. D., Tillamook.....Ohio 1824

1845.

Allen, Albert, The Dalles.....Missouri 1843
Arthurs, Mrs. Sarah, Jennings Lodge.....1843
Bennett, Mrs. Lucy J., Portland.....Missouri 1832
Bolds, Charles, Portland.....Kentucky 1822
Capps, Mrs. A. R., Portland.....On plains 1845
Carter, J. L., Hood River.....Oregon 1845
Cartwright, Mrs. Charlotte M, Portland.Illinois 1842
Comstock, Mrs. Martha, Portland.....Missouri 1837
Cornelius, Mrs. Rachel, Portland.....Indiana 1833
Durbin, Sol, Salem.....Ohio 1829
Davis, Mrs. E. C., Hood River.....Illinois 1839
Foster, Mrs. M. E., Portland.....Indiana 1841
Fryer, T. J., Independence.....Oregon 1845
Griffith, James M., Creswell.....Missouri 1842
Helm, W. F., Portland.....,Kentucky 1835
Hildebrand, Mrs. Eveline, Monmouth...Missouri 1828
Hoover, Mrs. J. M. J., Fossil.....Oregon 1845
Harter, Mrs. Hannah, Newberg.....Washington 1845

Jacobs, Mrs. N. A., Portland.....Illinois 1840

Lamberson, A. L., Holton.....Iowa 1840
Lamberson, H. C., Scappoose.....Missouri 1844
Latourette, Mrs. A. E., Oregon City....Illinois 1839
Lemon, L., Salem.....Indiana 1836
Lloyd, A G., Waitsburg, Wash.....Missouri 1836

McCown, Mrs. S. M., Portland.....Iowa 1844
Moore, Mrs. M. O., Portland.....Illinois 1836
Morgan, W. H. H., Portland.....Ohio 1840

Parker, Geo. L., Portland.....Iowa 1843
Patterson, Mrs. Emily, Portland.....Illinois 1843
Powell, Mrs M. A., Hillsboro.....Iowa 1840

Rhodes, Mrs. M. J., Forest Grove.....Illinois 1837
Robbins, Mrs. Margaret, Portland.....Illinois 1845

Scott, Mrs. M. A., Portland.....Iowa 1844
Simmons, S. C., Portland.....Michigan 1841

Terwilliger, H., Portland.....Ohio 1840
Thompson, Mrs. D. P., Portland.....Iowa 1842

Wood, Mrs. Lydia, Portland.....Illinois 1834
Wilcox, Mrs. Julia, Portland.....Virginia 1823
Wilkes, Jabez, Hillsboro.....Indiana 1832

1846.

Bartenstein, Mrs. Eva, Portland.....Oregon 1846
Bedwell, Mrs. Ann, Monmouth.....Missouri 1841
Bird, N. H., Portland.....Oregon 1846
Blakley, Wm., Pendleton.....Missouri 1840

Caldwell, G. B., Jefferson.....Virginia 1827
Caldwell, M. G., Jefferson.....Virginia 1838
Cornwall, J. H., Dallas.....Arkansas 1832

D'Arcy, Mrs. M. H., Portland.....Illinois 1842
Davidson, Mrs. M. E., Parker.....Missouri 1838
Deady, Mrs. M. P., Portland.....Missouri .....
DeBord, Mrs. E., Dilley.....Missouri 1833

Gilkey, Mrs. Mary Robinson, Dayton....Oregon 1846
Gribble, J. K., Aurora.....Missouri 1844

Holman, Miss F. A., Portland.....Missouri 1842
Holston, Mrs. P. V., Portland.....Oregon 1846
Hackett, Mrs. Ellen E., Oregon City...Indiana 1836

Johnson, Susan, McMinnville.....Illinois 1844

Lake, Mrs. Kate Burton, Portland.....Oregon 1846

Marks, Mrs. Olivia, Portland.....Oregon 1846
Moore. Mrs. N. C., Walla Walla, Wash.....1836
Myrick, Mrs. Maria L., Portland.....California 1843
McEwan, Mrs. C., Portland.....Illinois 1838

Richardson, Mrs. A. J., Buena Vista....Missouri 1845
Riggs, G. B., Orchard.....Missouri 1836
Rinehart, Mrs. J. H., Portland.....Missouri 1845

Smith, Mrs. Sarah A., St. Johns.....Illinois 1834

Wood, Mrs. S. G., Walla Walla, Wash..Oregon 1846
Welch, Jno. W., Portland.....Oregon 1846

1847.

Barger, Mrs. R. J., Portland.....Oregon 1827
Beal, Josiah, Hillsboro.....Indiana 1837

Corby, Mrs. E. J., Salem.....Illinois 1837
Cottel, Mrs. L. A., Portland.....Oregon 1847
Cullen, Jno. W., Hillsdale.....Indiana 1838
Cooper, M. J., Dallas.....Illinois 1842
Churchill, E. C., Salem.....Illinois 1841
Capps, Mrs. N., Portland.....Missouri 1840

Denny, Mrs. O. N., Portland.....New Jersey 1837
Dixon, Cyrus, Lents .....Oregon 1847
Dimick, G. W., Oregon City.....Illinois 1837

Ford, Mrs. R. S., Tualatin.....Illinois 1840
Forgey, Mrs. Hannah, Beaverton.....Indiana 1830

Griffith, Mrs. Nancy, Dexter.....Ohio 1833

Hovenden, Mrs. E., Woodburn.....Indiana 1841
Hibbard, Mrs. Geo. L., Portland.....Iowa 1845
Hill, C. H., Orting, Wash.....Vermont 1837
Hubbard, Mrs. Alice, Woodburn.....Indiana 1845
Hager, Mrs. S. T., Arleta.....Missouri 1842
Hunsaker, A. J., McMinnville.....Illinois 1834

Jackman, Mrs. Lizzie, I. O. O. F. Home.Illinois 1837
Johnson, Mrs. Martha P., Portland.....Missouri 1846
Jolly, Wm. B., Portland.....Illinois 1843

King, Mrs. E. A., Seattle, Wash.....Hawaiian Islands..1845
Kent, E., Portland.....Ohio 1834
Klinger, L. J., Dufur .....Missouri 1837
Koontz, Barton, Forest, Wash.....Missouri 1840

Landess, Mrs. Elizabeth, Portland.....New York 1821
Logan, Mrs. Ellen, Prineville.....On plains (Neb.)..1847
Lewis, Mrs Elizabeth, Harrisburg.....Oregon 1847

Gross, Mrs. M. S., Portland.....Oregon 1849
Hayter, T. J., Dallas.....Missouri 1830
Hobson, Mrs. Kate, Astoria.....Australia 1836
Jereloman, J., Portland.....New York 1829
Kelly, S. G., Hillsdale.....Missouri 1848
Linnville, W. S., Carlton.....Oregon 1849
Looney, Miss Pauline, Jefferson.....Oregon 1849
Patrick, Mrs. M., Portland.....Missouri 1843
Quivey, Mrs. M. B., Vancouver, Wash..Oregon 1849
Robinson, G. D., Portland.....Tennessee 1841
Riggs, A. W., Canby.....Oregon 1849
Sanborn, I. B., Portland.....Oregon 1849
Stuart, Capt. A. B., Portland.....New Jersey 1828
Stinson, Mrs. A. L., Salem.....Illinois 1843
Sargent, W. J., McMinnville.....Oregon 1849
Taylor, Mrs. M. M., Portland.....Oregon 1849
Wait, Mrs. E. M., Portland.....Massachusetts 1836
Williams, Mrs. L. F., Portland.....Indiana 1849
Williams, Mrs C. O. T., Oregon City...Indiana 1849

1850.

Adams, Mrs. Serena, Roseburg..... Indiana 1840
Burk, Mrs A., Kalama, Wash.....Ohio 1840
Bales, O. J., Portland.....Oregon 1850
Baker, Mrs. Lucretia A., Portland.....Oregon 1850
Bybee, James, Camas, Wash.....Kentucky 1827
Chapman, W. S., Portland.....Oregon 1850
Clark. Mrs. R. F., Portland.....Illinois 1841
Crawford, Geo. W., Portland.....Missouri 1828
Caples, J. W., Forest Grove.....Ohio 1840
Dixon, Mrs. Mary, Lents.....Oregon 1850
Dunbar, D. S., Cleone.....Missouri 1844
Ferguson, Mrs. June, Portland.....Indiana 1842
Flinn. John, Portland.....Ireland 1817
Griffin, Mrs. Emily C., Portland..... 1832
Gatton, Sam'l, Woodland, Wash.....Ohio 1833
Grooms, Mrs. Wm., Portland.....Ireland 1825
Hazard, W. C., Vancouver, Wash.....Rhode Island 1827
Henness, Mrs. B. L., Portland.....Indiana 1835

Howard, M. C., Portland.....Missouri 1844
Hanna, Wm., Chesterbrook.....Pennsylvania 1825
Hunt, Mrs. E. A., Portland.....Wisconsin 1850
Hoopengarner, Mrs. S. J., Portland.....Oregon 1850

Irvin, W. W., Aurora.....Oregon 1850

Johnson, H. B., Forest Grove.....Oregon 1850

Logan, Hugh. The Dalles.....Oregon 1850
Lamberson, Mrs. H. C., Scappoose.....Oregon 1850

Musgrove, W. H., Portland.....Kentucky 1835
Merrithew, Mrs. Alvina S., Lents.....Oregon 1850
Morfitt, Mrs. L. A., Portland.....Illinois 1848
Martin, Mrs. Alice, Olex.....Oregon 1850
McIntire, J. M., Portland.....Missouri 1847

Nicholas, Mrs. H. B., Portland.....Oregon 1850

Plummer, Mrs. M. E., Hillsdale.....Oregon 1850

Ryan, Mrs. Elizabeth, Portland.....Indiana 1832

Stanton, Mrs. S. J., Portland.....Missouri 1849
Sanborn, Mrs. I. B., Oregon City.....Oregon 1850
Simmons, J. S., Portland.....Missouri 1845
Skaife, J. M., Salem.....Oregon 1850
Smith, S. H., Portland.....Oregon 1850

Savage, Mrs. Theresa, Portland.....Oregon 1850

Weatherford, Mrs. Millie, Portland.....Indiana 1844
Wicks, Edward, The Dalles.....New York 1829
Wood, Mrs. L. C., Portland.....Oregon 1850
Walling, Mrs. Celia, Salem.....Missouri 1850

Yocum, Hathaway, Falls City.....Illinois 1831

1851.

Barstow, Joseph, Portland.....Massachusetts 1826
Bradford, Mrs. Eliza, Portland.....Illinois 1848
Bergevin, Mrs. C. L., Butteville.....Oregon 1851

Carnahan, Mrs. R. N., Portland.....Oregon 1851

Failing, Helene M., Portland.....Ohio 1844
Frazier, Mrs. M. E., Portland.....Oregon 1851
Faulconer, T. N., Hillsdale.....Missouri 1830

Gray, David B., Portland.....Ohio 1836
George, M. C., Portland.....Ohio 1849
Gall, C. C., Ashland.....Missouri 1833
Gibson, J. T., Portland.....Oregon 1851
Geer, T. T., Portland.....Oregon 1851

Hogue, Mrs. H. A., Portland.....Alabama 1843
Haines, J. A., Monmouth.....Illinois 1828
Haines, W. W., Eugene.....Illinois 1828
Hackett, E. C., Oregon City.....Oregon 1851
Hall, B. F., Woodburn.....Oregon 1851

Johnson, J. H., Portland.....Illinois 1842
Johnson, J. L., Woodburn.....Illinois 1830

Kineston, T. P., Portland.....Oregon 1851

Miller, Mrs. Jno. F., Salem.....Missouri 1829
Miller, G. W., Pomeroy, Wash.....Indiana 1830
Merchant, Mrs. Sarah, Yamhill.....Oregon 1851
Merchant, Mrs. Martha, Yamhill.....Oregon 1851
McArthur, Mrs. Harriet K., Portland....Oregon 1851
McAtee, Mrs. Angeline, Portland.....Missouri 1849

Odell, W. H., Portland.....Indiana 1830

Pope, W. H., Portland.....New York 1840
Pope, T. A., Oregon City.....New York 1842
Paulsell, J. A., Oregon City.....Indiana 1816
Prosch, Mrs. Virginia McCarver, Seattle.Oregon 1851

Richardson, Mrs. Anna, Portland.....Oregon 1851
Rogers, Mrs. C. E., Echo.....Oregon 1851
Rauch, Mrs. M. A., Gladstone.....Oregon 1851

Steel, Mrs. Geo. A., Portland.....New York 1849
Stratton, Mrs. H. L., Portland.....Ohio 1848
Stringer, E., Portland.....Illinois 1839

Wade, Mrs. Rebecca, Yamhill.....Missouri 1851

1852.

Avery, Mrs. Lois Tibbetts, Portland....Indiana 1851
Armstrong, A. E., Roseburg.....Arkansas 1833
Alderson, Mrs. Mary, Portland.....Illinois 1842
Adams, Mrs. C. J., Portland..... 1829

Bowers, D. C., Portland.....Indiana 1849
Bibee, Mrs. Ellen E., Portland.....Iowa 1849
Brown, Mrs. Francis, Portland.....Iowa 1839
Burk, J. A., Kalama, Wash.....New York 1832
Beecher, Mrs. J. N., Portland.....Oregon 1852
Bickel, Fred, Portland.....Germany 1832
Berry, J. M., Hillsboro.....Missouri 1838
Buchtel, Joseph, Portland.....Illinois 1830
Burns, Mrs. W. P., Portland.....Kentucky 1826
Byers, Mrs. Elizabeth, St. Johns.....Indiana 1834
Boyd, J. R., Canby.....Missouri 1838

Barrett, C. W., Portland.....South America ...1852
Beck, W. G., Portland.....Missouri 1849
Beck, Mrs. Anna E., Portland.....Pennsylvania 1823
Ball, Mrs. N. A., Oswego.....Indiana 1844
Bodyfelt, Mrs. M. L., Woodstock.....Iowa 1852
Bolen, Mrs. Melissa G., Portland.....Iowa 1828
Buchanan, Mrs. L. A., Gresham.....Illinois 1851

Conyers, E. W., Clatskanie..... 1825
Creighton, Mrs. M. J., Portland.....Iowa 1844
Cross, W. T., Portland.....Wisconsin 1848
Catching, Mrs. R. L., Portland.....Indiana 1844
Carter, W. D., Portland.....Kentucky 1840
Cresswell, R. M., San Diego, Cal.....Iowa 1849
Catlin, Mrs. S. F., Portland.....Missouri 1846
Cook, Mrs. J. W., Portland.....Oregon 1852
Chance, W. G., Portland.....Kentucky 1849
Clinton, Mrs. F. J., Astoria.....Illinois 1840
Chambreau, Mrs. B. A., Long Beach....Ohio 1837
Caruthers, Mrs. Robert, Astoria.....Ohio 1848
Carter, Mrs. J. L., Hood River.....Iowa 1851
Colvin, Mrs. A. J., Portland.....Iowa 1847
Chittenden, W. L., Portland.....Massachusetts 1833
Carll, Mrs. Wm., Portland.....Missouri 1848
Chaney, Mrs. F. E., Newberg.....New York 1834

Dimick, Mrs. Sarah J., Portland.....Missouri 1844
Dray, A. T., Portland.....Ohio 1839
Dekum, Mrs. Phoebe M., Portland.....Ohio 1840
DeWitt, F. M., Portland... .....Oregon 1852
Dalton, Mrs. M. A., Portland.....Illinois 1838
Dray, Adrian, Portland.....Indiana 1844
Dunbar, Mrs. Matilda, Cleone.....Indiana 1848
Duniway, Mrs. A. S., Portland.....Illinois 1835
Daly, W. J., Portland.....Massachusetts 1834

Ewing, W. D., Portland.....Ohio 1832
Edwards, James, Portland.....Illinois 1843
Ennis, Mrs. E., Hillsboro.....Arkansas 1846
Evans, Mrs. G. W., Montavilla.....Michigan 1846
Egan, W. H., Gervais.....Wisconsin 1849
Edwards, Mrs. Martha E., Portland....Illinois 1842
Finley, Mrs. Jane, Portland.....Missouri 1842

Fisher, J. N., Portland.....New York 1841
Foster, John, Portland.....Oregon 1852
Fulton, John, Wasco.....Oregon 1852

Gay, Mrs. Kittie, Portland.....Oregon 1852
Gates, W. H., Spray.....Ohio 1836

Gallagher, Mrs. R. E., Yamhill.....Ohio 1849
Gaines, J. W., Portland.....
Gates, A. L., Parkes, Ariz.....Ohio 1841
Gulliford, Mrs. J. A., Dufur.....Missouri 1850
Gatton, Wm., St. Johns.....Ohio 1831
Griffith, Mrs. Elizabeth, Creswell.....Missouri 1850
Grieve, Mrs. Anna, Portland.....Indiana 1850
Gerow, Mrs. E. L., Chinook Beach, Wn..Massachusetts 1840
Galloway, Wm., Salem.....Wisconsin 1845
Gilham, N. L., Hillsdale.....Illinois 1850

Hines, Mrs. Celinda M., Portland.....Indiana 1852
Hunt, Mrs. M. E., Portland.....Virginia 1849
Hays, Mrs. Alice W., Portland.....Oregon 1852
Hunsaker, B., Baker.....Illinois 1832
Hovenden, Mrs. Sarah.....Tasmania 1839
Hoffman, Mrs. M. C.....1849
Hurley, Mrs. Mary F., Portland.....Oregon 1852
Howard, Mrs. M. E., Portland.....Illinois 1852
Halliman, Mrs. Kate, Oswego.....Missouri 1847
Huntington, James, Kelso, Wash.....Indiana 1832
Holman, Fred V., Portland.....Oregon 1852
Hatch, E. T., Brush Prairie, Wash.....Oregon 1852
Hamblin, Mrs. Elizabeth, Portland.....Indiana 1829
Huphreys, Dr. T. C., Portland.....Iowa 1850
Harmon, Mrs. Catherine, Gresham.....Texas 1849
Harding, Mrs. Belle, Oregon City.....On plains 1852
Hawkins, Mrs. Rachel S., Rainier.....Illinois 1846
Henness, E., Portland.....Iowa 1849
Huntington, S. J., Portland.....Indiana 1841
Hess, Mrs. R. M., Sherwood.....Iowa 1848
Holtgrieve, Mrs. E. R., Portland.....1840
Higgins, Geo R., Roy, Wash.....Illinois 1843
Hackleman, T. P., Albany.....Oregon 1852

Irvine, J. P., Portland.....Missouri 1846

James, Mrs. L. A., Portland.....Indiana 1851
Jamison, Mrs. Jane, Vancouver, Wash...Missouri 1838
John, S. A., Portland.....Iowa 1843
John, Mrs. O. I., Portland.....Wisconsin 1849
Jackson, H. M., Portland.....Illinois 1837
Joslyn, A. J., Canby.....Indiana 1843
Jennie, D. S., Gresham.....West Virginia 1847
Johnson, S. B., Gresham.....Missouri 1833
Johnson, Mrs. S. B., Gresham.....Missouri 1836

Kesling, Mrs. Catherine E., Portland.....Ohio 1844
Kellogg, Mrs. James, Portland.....Ohio 1830
Kelly, Mrs. M. F., Portland.....Ohio 1827

Kenyon, D. W., St. Johns.....New York 1830
Kulper, Mrs. Nancy, Dayton.....Indiana 1850
Kilborn, Mrs. Jane, Lents.....Iowa 1847
Kline, Mrs. M., Portland.....Indiana 1535
Kelty, James M., Portland.....Indiana 1542
Kirk, T. J., Oregon City.....Michigan 1536
Kelly, Mrs. H. L., Oregon City.....Iowa 1844

Lockwood, Mrs. M. C., Lents.....Indiana 1830
Lance, S. E., Portland.....Illinois 1850
Long, Mrs. Eliza, Portland.....Iowa 1842
Lewis, Mattie, Portland.....Oregon 1852
Lewis, Mrs. J. B., Portland.....Iowa.....1846
Lent, Geo. P., Portland.....Oregon 1852
Leisy, Mrs. Esther, Portland.....Michigan 1836
Lamberson, Mrs. S. C., Holton.....Indiana 1850
Lindsay, L. B., Portland.....Illinois 1831
Lasater, Mrs. Jennie, La Center, Wash..Indiana 1841

Morgan, H. B., Portland.....Illinois 1834
Musgrove, Mrs. N. A., Portland.....Illinois 1849
Mercer, Mrs. Lucy, Portland.....New York 1843
May, Mrs. M. E.....Iowa 1837
Merrill, Frank, Portland.....Oregon 1852
Morris, D. A., Portland.....Illinois 1843
Milster, W. E., Silverton.....Missouri 1837
Mattock, Mrs. Sarah C., Portland.....Missouri 1838
Morgan, E. N., Tillamook.....Illinois 1837
Meldrum, Mrs. Georgia P., Milwaukie..Oregon 1852
Morgan, Mrs. W. H. H., Portland.....Texas 1847
Maxwell, W. H., Portland.....Missouri 1829
Magers, John E., Portland.....Ohio 1847
Mays, Mrs. Barbara, Portland.....Oregon 1852
Mock Jno., Portland.....Pennsylvania 1838
Mack, Mrs. Sarah P., Portland.....Illinois 1851
Montgomery, Mrs. F. A., Portland.....Illinois 1849
Mulkey, Mrs. Sarah, Portland.....Illinois 1850
Miller, Mrs. S. E., Oregon City.....Virginia 1852
Mitchell, H. A., St. Johns.....Illinois 1836
Miller, W. D., Independence.....Missouri 1846
Morris, P. D., Montavilla.....Illinois 1845
Moores, C. B., Portland.....Missouri 1849

Newhard, S. F., Portland.....Pennsylvania 1830
Newell, Mrs. M. A., Portland.....Missouri 1852
Norton, Mrs. Mary, Portland.....Oregon 1852
Nooning, Mrs. S. M., Portland.....Ohio 1851

Olds, Frank M., Portland.....Oregon 1852
Owens, Mrs. S. J., Portland.....Tennessee 1827
Oatfield, Mrs. M. T., Milwaukie.....Oregon 1852

McBee, Isaiah, Portland.....Missouri 1840
McFarland, E. B., Portland.....Ohio 1849
McCown, J. L., Portland.....West Virginia 1841
McLin, Harmon, Portland.....Oregon 1852
McCully, Mrs. Al, Newberg.....Oregon 1852

Palmateer, Mrs. Sarah, Estacada.....Iowa 1843
Parsons, Mrs. Mary C., Portland.....Ohio 1829
Porter, Mrs. Robert, Portland.....
Paquet, Jos., Portland.....Missouri 1841
Palmer, Mrs. H. L., Portland.....Illinois 1841
Powers, W. L., Portland.....Illinois 1841
Preston, Mrs. P. A., Portland.....Oregon 1852
Powell, W. S., Portland.....Ohio 1832
Palmer, Mrs. Mattie G., Portland.....Oregon 1852

Raley, Mrs. A. N., Pendleton.....Maine 1829
Rider, Mrs. Mary E., Lents.....Iowa 1845
Ripperton, Mrs. Sarah E., Portland.....Missouri 1837
Remington, Mrs. L. E., Portland.....Oregon 1852
Reeves, Mrs. Geo. H., Portland.....Missouri 1848
Reeves, Geo. H., Portland.....Illinois 1835
Robinett, Mrs. M. B., Oak Grove.....Illinois 1838
Rowland, Mrs. Elizabeth, Portland.....Iowa 1842
Rindlaub, Mrs. R., Portland.....Missouri 1838
Riggs, W. C., Portland.....Oregon 1852
Raffety, Dr. C. H., Portland.....Illinois 1839
Raffety, Mrs. Almeda, Portland.....Illinois 1850
Rider, G. C., Portland.....Tennessee 1835
Robbins, N. N., Oregon City.....Indiana 1832
Reasoner, J. C.....Indiana 1845
Raffety, Dr. Dav, Portland.....Missouri 1844
Rauch, W. J., Gladstone.....Illinois 1845
Robbins, Mrs. Eliza E., Portland.....Oregon 1852

Snuffin, Mrs. Mary E., Portland.....Iowa 1845
Simmons, Mrs. S. C., Portland.....Illinois 1843
Seaman, S. J., Portland.....Pennsylvania 1845
Short, Mrs. W. P., Portland.....Oregon 1852
Short, W. P., Portland.....Oregon 1852
Stott, Mrs. M. E., Yamhill.....Ohio 1842
Stoops, Mrs. Mary J., Eugene.....Illinois 1839
Sanders, Mrs. M. E., Portland.....Illinois 1849
Sturgess, Mrs. Mary S., La Center, Wash.Ohio 1845
Smith, W. J., Tangent.....Iowa 1837
Shattuck, Mrs. Mary C., Portland.....Missouri 1850

Shobert, Stephen, Portland.....Pennsylvania 1839
Sunderland, M., Portland.....Missouri 1842

Taylor, Mrs. L. S., Portland.....Illinois 1834
Test, Mrs. Mary A., Portland.....Illinois 1840
Turner, Jno. M., Washougal, Wash....Illinois 1836
Todd, J. G., Culver.....Missouri 1830

Underwood, Amos, Underwood, Wash..Ohio 1834

Winter, Mrs. Polly Ann, Lents.....Illinois 1831
Warren, Mrs. Ellen C., Portland.....Iowa 1850
Westfall, Wm. M., Portland.....Indiana 1832
Wilson, A. H., Portland.....Wisconsin 1845
Waldron, Mrs. Sam'l, Oregon City.....Missouri 1830
Wright, Mrs. Jane G., Portland.....Oregon 1852
Whitwell, Mrs. S. G., Portland.....Kentucky 1841
Worrick, Mrs. M., Portland.....Illinois 1841
Wooden, R. M., Astoria.....Kentucky 1836
Walling, Mrs. Sarah B., Portland.....Oregon 1852
Wiseman, J. W., Portland.....Missouri 1845
Wallace, E. P., Amity.....Michigan 1851
Westfall, Mrs. M., Portland.....Indiana 1842
Wallace, C. A., Salem.....Michigan 1843

1853.

Armstrong, Mrs. J. W., Portland.....Oregon 1853
Abel, J., Steamer Iralda.....Ohio 1834
Abott, M. L., Vancouver, Wash.....Ohio 1833

Bills, Mrs. A. E., Portland.....Indiana 1829
Bartlett, Mrs. Laura B., Portland.....Missouri 1851
Baker, John W., Portland.....Kentucky 1847
Bailey, Mrs. B. A., Portland.....Illinois 1836
Baker, Mrs. M. A., Portland.....Ohio 1834
Bryant, C. W., Oswego.....Kentucky 1829
Beck, Mrs. W. G., Portland.....

Caldwell, Mrs. Mary E. M., Everett, Wn.
Cochran, Mrs. M. H., Portland.....
Craig, D. W., Salem.....
Chase, Mrs. S. A., Oregon City.....Illinois 1842
Clayton, J. H., Portland.....Iowa 1850
Campbell, Mrs. P. E., Portland.....Oregon 1853
Campbell, Mrs. E., Portland.....Wisconsin 1849
Cason, Mrs. H., Portland.....Ohio 1827

Daily, Mrs. Mary, Hillsboro.....Illinois 1842
DeLinn, Mrs. Gertrude, Portland.....Germany 1840
Doane, Mrs. J. Y., Berkeley, Cal.....Isle of Man.....

1854.

Butter, Mrs. M. L., Portland.....Oregon 1854
Bird, M. F., Portland.....Oregon 1854
Bell, Mrs. S. E., Portland.....Kentucky 1829
Branahan, Mrs. J. C.....Michigan 1848
Bishop, C. P., Salem.....California 1854
Blanchard, Dean, Metzger.....Maine 1832
Copley, Mrs. Jessie S., Portland.....Canada 1844
Cook, Vincent, Portland.....Illinois 1841
Cummings, Mrs. C., Portland.....1825
Cook, J. W., Portland.....New Jersey 1833
Caldwell, Mrs. M. G., Jefferson.....Oregon 1854
Churchill, Mrs. M. S., Vancouver, Wn..Oregon 1854
Cornell, Francis L., Salem.....Oregon 1854
Dix, Mrs. S. G., Portland.....On plains 1854
Frakes, Mrs. R. J., Scappoose.....Oregon 1854
Gray, Mrs. Laura, Portland.....
Gardner, D. W., Kalama, Wash..... Washington 1854
Harrow, W. L., Woodstock.....Oregon 1854
Hooning, J. R., Lents.....Oregon 1854
Irwin, G. A., Philomath.....Kentucky 1838
Jackson, Mrs. Hattie, Portland.....New York 1848
Johnson, Mrs. H. B., Portland.....Ohio 1852
Lloyd, Mrs. Lois.....Kentucky 1841
Lett, Mrs. M. B., Waitsburg, Wash.....Kentucky 1839
Morris, Mrs. E. J., Portland.....New York .....
Moody, Mrs. R. F., Salem.....Oregon 1854
Miller, Robt. A., Portland.....Oregon 1854
McCully, Mrs. L., Portland.....Washington 1854
McGraw, Mrs. Emma L., Lents.....Oregon 1854
McKernan, Mrs. Jno., Portland.....Oregon 1854
Petrie, James, Roseburg.....Indiana 1830
Powers, Mrs. M. B., Portland.....1850
Proebstel, J. C., Portland.....Washington 1854
Proebstel, Mrs. Jacob, Portland..... Wahington 1854
Riggs, Miss Emma, Portland.....Oregon 1854
Remington, Mrs. Jennie, Portland.....Oregon 1854
Reynolds, Mrs. Maggie, Portland.....New York 1847
Roberts, N. A., Portland.....Tennessee 1838
Royal, Mrs. Emma J., Portland.....Ohio 1850
Reynolds, S. A., Sherwood.....Illinois 1847
Rinehart, J. H., Portland.....Illinois 1836

Steele, Mrs. E. W., Salt Lake City, Utah. Oregon 1854
Spaulding, Mrs. M. M., Portland.....Oregon 1854
Slocum, Mrs. Anna, Portland.....Oregon 1854
Stratton, Mrs. L., Gresham.....Oregon 1854
Smock, Mrs. M. E., Albany.....Oregon 1854

Taylor, Miss Nannie E., Portland.....Oregon 1854
Thompson, T. W., Portland.....Pennsylvania 1831

Willis, Mrs. P. L., Portland.....

1855.

Armstrong, A. W., Dallas.....Oregon 1855
Austin, Mrs. Emma M., Portland.....Oregon 1855

Bailey, Mrs. Mary E., Portland.....Washington 1855
Buxton, Miss Mary E., Portland.....Oregon 1855
Bryant, H. D., Gaston.....Oregon 1855
Barrett, W. N., Hillsboro.....Oregon 1855
Bacon, J. W., Grasshopper.....Oregon 1855

Coffin, Mrs. Stephen, Portland.....Oregon 1855
Cummings, Mrs. O. H., Monmouth.....Oregon 1855
Conner, Mrs. J. E., Portland.....Oregon 1855
Coakley, James, Portland.....Ireland 1825
Creswell, Mrs. Mary E., San Diego, Cal. Oregon 1855
Caron, Mrs. Esther, Portland.....Oregon 1855
Caples, Mrs. E. K., St. Johns.....Oregon 1855
Clarno, A. J., Portland.....Oregon 1855

Douthit, Mrs. Margaret, Portland.....Missouri 1846
Duback, Mrs. D., Portland.....Germany 1838
DeShields, J. K., Portland.....Arkansas 1851

Esterbrook, Mrs. J. L., Portland.....Oregon 1855

Failing, Mrs. Jane C., Portland.....Oregon 1855
Fulton, Mrs. B. A., Wasco.....Oregon 1855

Gatton, Geo. G., St. Johns.....Oregon 1855

Humphries, Mrs. Mary E., Portland....Oregon 1855

Imbrie, Mrs. Anna M., Hillsboro.....Oregon 1855

Linn, Mrs. S. C., Oregon City.....Texas 1853
Lewis, Jno. M., Portland.....Oregon 1855

Mann, M. E., Portland.....Indiana 1842
Michael, Mrs. A. C., Portland.....Oregon 1855
Middleton, Mrs. A. R., Portland.....New Jersey 1836
Mayo, F. P., Portland.....Oregon 1855
Martin, Mrs. E. C., Olex.....Oregon 1855

Moores, A. N., Salem.....Oregon 1855
Miller, Mrs. Elizabeth, Independence...Oregon 1855
McCown, Mrs. J. L., Portland..... Washington 1855
Nelson, Peter, Portland.....California 1855
Noyer, P. S.. Portland.....Ohio 1837

Olsen, Mrs. Annie E., Portland.....Oregon 1855

Prosch, Thomas W., Seattle.....1850

Riggs, Mrs. Cass, Rickreall.....Oregon 1855

Simmons, Mrs. Anna, Portland.....Oregon 1855
Simmons, J. S., Portland.....Missouri 1852
Stearns, J. O., Portland.....Oregon 1855

Thompson, Mrs. M. M., Nehalem.....Oregon 1855
Thompson, Mrs. A. E., Sherwood.....Arkansas 1846

Wagenblast, Jacob, Portland..... Missouri 1855
Watts, Mrs. Emma G., Portland.....Oregon 1855
Waters, Mrs. Jane, Portland.....California 1855

1856.

Bolter, G. T., Portland.....Massachusetts .....
Buchanan, Mrs. Jane, Portland.....Oregon 1856
Brisbine, Wm. M., Newberg.....Oregon 1856
Blair, Mary E., Vancouver, Wash.....Washington 1856

Crofts, Mrs. Alice M., Portland.....Oregon 1856
Catlin, Mrs. A., Portland.....Washington 1856
Chambers, Mrs. Martha, Portland.....Oregon 1856

Durgan, S. D., Vancouver, Wash.....Washington 1856

Edwards, Mrs. Mary M.....Oregon 1856

Foul, A. J., St. Johns.....Washington 1856

Gray, Mrs. Mary A., Portland.....Indiana 1845
Grazier, Sylvester, La Pine.....Oregon 1856
Giddings, J. D., Salem.....Pennsylvania 1838
Gearin, Mrs. M., Portland.....Oregon 1856

Hembree, Mrs. Jennie, Portland.....Oregon 1856
Hayne, Mrs. J. T., Portland.....Oregon 1856

Jolly, Mrs. Harriet, Portland.....Oregon 1856

Kellogg. C. M., Portland.....Indiana 1838
Kennedy, Nicholas, Portland.....Illinois 1833

Merrill, Mrs. E. A., Albany.....Oregon 1856
Moore, Mrs. Jennie, Portland.....Oregon 1856
Moore, Mrs. M. M., Hillsboro.....Missouri 1830

Moore, Mrs. W. C., Portland.....Oregon 1856
Morgan, Mrs. Emma E., Portland.....Oregon 1856
Macbeth, Mrs. Jessie, Portland.....Oregon 1856

Proebstel, Mrs. J. C., Portland.....California 1856
Pope, Geo., Portland.....Scotland 1840
Penney, H. D., Vancouver, Wash..... Washington 1856
Poujade, Mrs. Jennie, Portland.....Oregon 1856

Riggs, Seth, Portland.....Oregon 1856

Shanks, A. J., Portland.....Oregon 1856
Sellwood, Miss E. D. H., Portland.....Illinois 1846
Sellwood, J. A., Salem.....Illinois 1843

Wilson, Peter, Portland.....Norway 1832
Wallace, P. T., Portland.....New York 1837

1857.

Barger, Mrs. Maggie, Portland.....Oregon 1857
Byars, Elizabeth, St. Johns.....Indiana 1834
Burton, Mrs. G. A., Portland.....Oregon 1857
Brown, Mrs. J. E., Sheridan.....Iowa 1846
Backenstos, E. L., Troutdale.....Oregon 1857

Curry, Mrs. M. L., Portland.....Oregon 1857
Chambers, Mrs. Ellen, Portland.....Michigan 1849
Cooper, D. J., The Dalles.....Tennessee 1836

Dennis, Mrs. Carrie, Portland.....Oregon 1857
D'Arcy, Peter H., Salem.....New York 1854

Heisler, Alex, Newport.....Oregon 1857

Johnson, Mrs. C. M., Hillsboro.....Oregon 1857

Lockwood, S. F., Lents.....Oregon 1857
Lawson, S. G., Portland.....Oregon 1857

Magness, Mrs. A. E., Portland.....Oregon 1857
Moores, Mrs. Sarah E., Portland.....Michigan 1853
Moores, A. N., Salem.....Oregon 1857

Newsom, Mrs. W. E., Portland.....Oregon 1857

Riggs, Mrs. J. A. Portland.....Oregon 1857

Stricklen, Mrs. H. A., Portland.....Oregon 1857
Sailing, D. C., Portland.....Oregon 1857
Sitton, Mrs. Harry, Portland.....Oregon 1857
Sargent, W. J., McMinnville.....Illinois 1847
Stormer, Jno., Estacada.....Oregon 1857
Stone, Mrs. Elizabeth, Cleone.....Oregon 1857

Wing, A., Portland.....Poland 1835
Young, Geo. A., Collins, Wash.....Massachusetts 1833

1858.

Atwell, J. W., Portland.....Oregon 1858

Bodman, Mrs. W. M., Portland.....Oregon 1858
Brooks, Mrs. Emma, Portland.....Oregon 1858
Brisbine, Mrs. A. A., Newberg.....Oregon 1858
Bybee, Mrs. Ellen, Camas, Wash.....Indiana 1847

Craig, Mrs. T. J., Portland.....Oregon 1858

Delameter, Mrs. Mary, Portland.....Oregon 1858
Downing, J. H., Portland.....Missouri 1840
Duback, Fred, Vancouver, Wash.....California 1858

Emkin, Mrs. I., Portland.....Oregon 1858

Gaunt, Mrs. Carrie, Cove Orchard.....Oregon 1858

Harvey, Geo., Portland.....Oregon 1858
Himes, Mrs. Anna F., Portland.....Connecticut 1849
Hutton, Mrs. S. B., Portland.....Oregon 1858
Hart, Mrs. Margaret, Portland.....Oregon 1858

Johnson, Mrs. Mary, Portland.....Oregon 1858
Johns, C. A., Portland.....Missouri 1857

Kitson, Ned, Sherwood.....Oregon 1858
Kramer, Julius, Portland.....Germany 1837
Kingsley, J. S., Portland.....California 1858
Kennedy, Mrs. Sarah, Woodburn.....Oregon 1858

Lewis, Louisa, Portland.....Oregon 1858
Looney, Mrs. B. F., Jefferson.....Oregon 1858
Lockhart, M. R., Portland.....Oregon 1858

Moore, Mrs. F. M., Portland.....Oregon 1858
Montgomery, Mrs. Nettie, Portland....Oregon 1858
Millhollen, Anna, Beaverton.....Oregon 1858
McHargue, Mrs. Ella Jennings Lodge..Oregon 1858
McCarver, Mrs. Ella, Portland.....Oregon 1858
McLinn, Mrs. D., Portland.....Oregon 1858

Oldham, Mrs. W. N., Portland.....Oregon 1858

Shively, Mrs. C. W., Portland.....Germany 1849

Whitney, Mrs. E. W., Portland.....Oregon 1858
Walker, C. M., Salem.....Oregon 1858
Wing, Mrs. A., Portland.....California 1858
Winch, Mrs. Myrtle, San Francisco, Cal. Oregon 1858

1859.

Abell, Mrs. Viola, Portland	Oregon	1859
Buchtel, Mrs. Mary, Portland	Indiana	1844
Bryant, Mrs. H. C., Gaston	Oregon	1858
Bennett, Mrs. G. T., Beaverton	Oregon	1859
Baker, Mrs. Ockuma, Portland	Oregon	1859
Cummings, G. W., Portland	Indiana	1843
Creighton, P., Portland	Pennsylvania	1835
Cramer, E. D., Portland	California	1855
Cate, Mrs. R. L., Portland	Oregon	1859
Ditmer, Mrs. Laura, Portland	Oregon	1859
Dufur, W. H. H., Portland	Vermont	1854
DeShields, Mrs. J. K., Portland	Oregon	1859
Esson, Mrs. C. G., Forest Grove	Oregon	1859
Eberlin, Mrs. A. W., Portland		1859
Ferguson, Mrs. Mary, Portland	Oregon	1859
Gerling, F. W., Portland	Germany	1840
Hembree, Mrs. Emma, Lafayette	Oregon	1859
Holt, C. R., Portland	Oregon	1859
Hamilton, E. H., Portland	Oregon	1859
Ikerd, Mrs. Mary, Portland	Oregon	1859
Imbree, J. A., Hillsboro	Oregon	1859
Kelly, Mrs. J. A., Portland	Scotland	1856
Kandle, Mrs. L., Portland	Indiana	
Kalhauff, H. H., Hillsboro	Washington	1859
Kerns, W. G., Portland	Ohio	1859
Kingsbury, S. A., Portland		1836
Manley, Mrs. A. B., Portland	Oregon	1859
Miller, O. P., Portland	Washington	1859
Matt, Miss Phillis, Gervais	Oregon	1859
McKay, J. C., Lents	Oregon	1859
McGowan, Mrs. J. D., Portland	Washington	1859
McCord, Mrs. J. J., Portland	Oregon	1859
McVicker, Mrs. L., Portland	Oregon	1859
McCoy, Mrs. H. M., Yamhill	Oregon	1859
Nooning, Jno., Portland	Iowa	1840
Meussdorffer, C. H., Portland	Germany	1842
Meyer, Adeline	Louisiana	1841
Pio, Mrs. C. H., Portland	Oregon	1859
Reed, Mrs. Emma L., Portland	Illinois	1853
Rice, R. F., Portland	Missouri	1838

Shipley, Mrs. Stella E., Oswego	Oregon	1859
Skinner, H. N., Eugene	Indiana	1840
Struble, Mrs. May, Portland	Oregon	1859
Sailing, Mrs. C. T., Portland	Oregon	1859
Stark, Mrs. Anna, Portland	Oregon	1859
Taylor, L., Portland	New York	1834
Whitehouse, B. G., Portland	Massachusetts	1834
Wrage, Walter, Portland	Oregon	1859
Wilson, E. C., La Center, Wash	Washington	1859
West, Mrs. F. J., Portland	Oregon	1859
Woodworth, W. G., Portland	Oregon	1859
Young, Mrs. Geo. A., Collins, Wash	Massachusetts	1841

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1900.

1838	1	1850	63
1839	4	1851	48
1840	2	1852	220
1841	1	1853	103
1842	2	1854	38
1843	13	1855	24
1844	24	1856	12
1845	38	1857	21
1846	37	1858	15
1847	45	1859	14
1848	29		
1849	29	Total	823

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1901.

1824	1	1850	76
1838	1	1851	67
1839	3	1852	243
1840	2	1853	121
1841	3	1854	42
1842	2	1855	23
1843	19	1856	12
1844	21	1857	22
1845	55	1858	14
1846	32	1859	17
1847	96		
1848	31	Total	936
1849	36		

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1902.

1838	1	1850	70
1839	2	1851	46
1840	4	1852	260
1841	3	1854	109
1842	2	1854	48
1843	15	1855	32
1844	21	1856	16
1845	54	1857	19
1846	36	1858	16
1847	72	1859	21
1848	38		
1849	33	Total	908

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1903.

1839	2	1851	54
1840	3	1852	285
1841	4	1853	116
1842	3	1854	56
1843	21	1855	24
1844	21	1856	14
1845	63	1857	21
1846	41	1858	24
1847	92	1859	19
1848	29		
1849	35	Total	1005
1850	68		

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1904.

1837	2	1850	78
1839	2	1851	54
1840	1	1852	272
1841	3	1853	135
1842	3	1854	58
1843	16	1855	32
1844	24	1856	21
1845	66	1857	29
1846	33	1858	30
1847	77	1859	14
1848	32		
1849	34	Total	1016

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1905.

1837	2	1850	91
1838	2	1851	79
1839	1	1852	346
1840	3	1853	197
1841	3	1854	62
1842	6	1855	47
1843	23	1856	49
1844	28	1857	45
1845	74	1858	40
1846	42	1859	34
1847	116		
1848	44	Total	1397
1849	53		

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1906.

1837	2	1850	82
1838	1	1851	77
1839	2	1852	308
1840	2	1853	159
1841	4	1854	71
1842	2	1855	40
1843	19	1856	36
1844	25	1857	25
1845	69	1858	40
1846	34	1859	35
1847	108		
1848	39	Total	1219
1849	39		

(No computation of attendance made in 1907.)

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1908.

1837	2	1850	86
1838	1	1851	74
1839	2	1852	340
1840	3	1853	194
1841	3	1854	76
1842	2	1855	50
1843	23	1856	41
1844	31	1857	46
1845	78	1858	44
1846	43	1859	57
1847	102		
1848	41	Total	1388
1849	49		

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1909.

1837	2	1850	71
1838	1	1851	58
1839	2	1852	345
1840	1	1853	185
1841	4	1854	78
1842	3	1855	48
1843	19	1856	37
1844	25	1857	50
1845	62	1858	40
1846	36	1859	56
1847	90		
1848	30	Total	1288
1849	45		

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1910.

1821	1	1849	41
1837	2	1850	69
1838	1	1851	65
1839	1	1852	307
1840	3	1853	147
1841	2	1854	80
1842	3	1855	48
1843	15	1856	48
1844	25	1857	49
1845	65	1858	40
1846	34	1859	59
1847	90		
1848	29	Total	1224

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1912.

1830	1	1850	45
1838	1	1851	37
1839	1	1852	217
1840	1	1853	107
1841	2	1854	49
1842	3	1855	46
1843	12	1856	35
1844	15	1857	27
1845	39	1858	36
1846	23	1859	52
1847	68		
1848	28	Total	886
1849	34		

RICHEY FAMILY RECORD
1707–1907.

James Richey, who lived in the north of Ireland, was the father of three sons, Robert, Samuel and John; but it is not now known whether there were any daughters, but it is thought there was one or two. Their names and ages cannot now all be given.

James Richey's wife dying, he married Miss Isabella Stuart of the royal family of Stuarts, so noted in the history of Scotland.

Their only son, Stuart Richey, was born December 25, 1755, in the County of Dover, Ireland. Stuart Richey came to America in 1787 or 1788 to seek a new home for his family. His wife, Mary Irwin, was born April 21, 1756, in Ireland. His family landed in the United States August 12, 1790; they settled in Red Stone, Pennsylvania. In 1794 they descended the Ohio River to Cincinnati, Ohio. The next spring (1795) they emigrated to Kentucky and settled in Harrison County.

Stuart Richey died October 18, 1806, whilst away from home, at Bryant's Creek, Monroe County, Indiana, where he had gone to improve a piece of land. His wife, Mary Richey, lived long after him, and died in Cincinnati, Ohio, February 7, 1832, aged 75 years, 8 months and 15 days.

Ages of Their Children.

James Richey was born March 27, 1783, in Donegal County, Ireland; Elizabeth Richey was born April 21, 1785, in Donegal County, Ireland; Stephen Richey was born May 12, 1791, in Red Stone, Pennsylvania; John Richey was born March 20, 1793, in Red Stone, Pennsylvania; Mary C. Richey was born December 15, 1795, in Harrison County, Kentucky; Ellinor Richey was born June 7, 1799, in Harrison County, Kentucky; William I. Richey was born September 13, 1802, in Harrison County, Kentucky.

Their Obituary.

James Richey died October 22, 1852, in Salem, Iowa; Elizabeth Weir died March 25, 1849, in Cincinnati, Ohio; John Richey died September 8, 1832, in Pike County, Illinois; Mary C. Moore died March 6, 1849, near Cincinnati, Ohio; Ellinor Martin died June 30, 1840, in Jersey County, Illinois; William Richey died October 3, 1844, in Massac County, Ill.

James Richey, who was the son of Stuart and Mary Richey, was married to Susannah Browning June 13, 1809, in Pendleton County, Kentucky. She was the daughter of Caleb and Ann Browning and was born November 25, 1790, in Clark County, Kentucky.

Ages of Their Children.

Mary Ann Richey was born July 6, 1810, in Harrison County, Kentucky; Stuart Richey was born May 27, 1812, in Harrison County, Kentucky; Sarah Richey was born September 26, 1813, in Harrison County, Kentucky; Eliza Richey was born November 11, 1814, in Harrison County, Kentucky; Caleb Richey was born August 2, 1816, in Pendleton County, Kentucky; James Richey was born July 14, 1818, in Pendleton County, Kentucky; Emily Richey was born May 9, 1820, in Pendleton County, Kentucky; Frances Richey was born April 4, 1822, in Pendleton County, Kentucky.

Second Marriage.

James Richey was married July 7, 1824, to Nancy Browning in Pendleton County, Kentucky, who was born August 4, 1792, in Clark County, Kentucky.

Ages of Their Children.

Lafayette Richey was born April 21, 1825, in Pendleton County, Kentucky; Susannah Palina Richey was born February 13, 1828, in Pendleton County, Kentucky; Martha Ellen Richey was born February 16, 1830, in Pendleton County, Kentucky; Caroline B. Richey was born January 1, 1833, in Pike County, Illinois; Amanda D. Richey was born December 31, 1835, in Pike County, Illinois.

Their Obituary.

James Richey died of fever October 22, 1852, in Salem, Iowa; Susannah Richey died of fever September 16, 1823, in Pendleton County, Kentucky; Mary Ann Stewart died of fever July 12, 1829, in New Richmond, Ohio; Sarah Richey died December 23, 1813, in Harrison County, Kentucky; Eliza Akin died of mountain fever August 22, 1852, on Lewis River, Oregon; Emily Richey died of flux, August 28, 1829, in Pendleton County, Kentucky; Frances Mace died of pneumonia February 11, 1858, near Ottowa, Clark County, Iowa; Lafayette Richey died of pneumonia January 10, 1858, in Salem, Iowa; Susanna P. Richey died of flux September 2, 1829, in Pendleton County, Kentucky; Stuart Richey died March 16, 1889, in Multnomah County, Oregon; Caleb Richey died November 28, 1875, in Multnomah County, Oregon; James Richey died February 19, 1906, in Council Bluffs, Iowa; Martha Ellen Sluytor died; Caroline B. Crew died; Amanda D. Arnold died.

Hymeneal.

Mary Ann Richey married Wm. Stewart March 14, 1828, in Pendleton County, Kentucky; Eliza Richey married James Akin February 7, 1832, in Pike County, Illinois; Stuart Richey married Louisa Lenox in Pike County, Illinois; Caleb Richey married Alice Booth September 28, 1843, in Lee County, Iowa; Frances Richey married James W. Mace May, 1848, in Salem, Iowa; Lafayette Richey married Hannah Hobson June 20, 1849, in Salem, Iowa; Martha Ellen Richey married Alfred Sluyter July 4, 1849, in Salem, Iowa; Caroline B. Richey married W. R. Crew February 10, 1852, in Salem, Iowa; Amanda D. Richey married C. V. Arnold November 23, 1854, in Salem, Iowa.

Their Emigration.

James Richey and family lived many years on Richland Creek, now Licking River, in Kentucky. They moved from their home in Kentucky March 27, 1813, and descended Licking River in a boat to Cincinnati, Ohio, where they remained a few weeks and then left Cincinnati on a steamboat and arrived at Naples, Illinois, where they remained for a few days, then

moved to their new home, where they arrived May 7, 1831, near Perry, Pike County, Illinois. That part of Illinois was then a wilderness.

About the first of November (I think it was the fifth), 1835, Stuart Richey and Caleb Richey, in company with their uncle, W. I. Richey, and his family, emigrated to Iowa. James Richey and the rest of the family left Pike County, Illinois, May 12, 1836, and they arrived May 19 at their new home in Iowa, about three miles northeast of Salem and about one mile from Skunk River.

In the spring of 1848 the family (except those married) moved to Salem. April 14 and 16, 1852, Stuart Richey, Caleb Richey and James Akin and their families left their homes in Iowa and emigrated to Oregon.

Written in Salem, Iowa, May 9, 1859, by James Richey to Caleb Richey. (Per copy P. & R. R.)

LETTER NO. 1.

Twenty miles east of Ft. Laramie, June 20, 1852.

I embrace this opportunity to let you know how we are getting along. On the fifteenth of this month, we came up with Stuart Richey, Jas. Atkin and Jas. Ingram, encamped near the Platte, being the first we had seen or heard of them since we crossed the Missouri River, which we did on the 21st of May

We found Louisa Richey at the point of death. She departed this life on the morning of the 16th of June—died of diarrhoea or cholera morbus. The rest of the company are in reasonable health, except Stuart—his health is poor—he took cold at the Missouri and has a pain in his breast. We had a good deal of sickness on the plains. John Newell has been very low with lung fever, but has got up. Wm. Howe has had the diarrhoea, but is better. Alice and the children have all been sick. There is a great deal of diarrhoea and cholera on the plains. We have seen hundreds of graves, and it is said we are in advance of the greater portion of the emigration and sickness. Emigration is large. I think it a poor

place to get health or keep it. Emigrants should use no water out of sloughs or wells, as the emigrants have dug hundreds of them, being from 3 to 4 feet deep. The Platte River is the healthiest water we can get, having a less portion of alkali in it. My teams are all alive and seem to be doing well.

I paid $20 for crossing the Missouri. We crossed on the Robt. Campbell. There were two steamboats ferrying, the other the Elpaco. They came up with provisions and found they could get almost any price for ferrying, as the ferryboats could not cross near all the emigration.

We are now in sight of Laramie Peak, among the Black Hills, a snow-capped mountain. I would not advise father to start to Oregon by land, but by water. I would be glad to see you and Hannah in Oregon if I get there; and you can come if you have your health; but I will not advise you to come by land. I have seen but little game since I started. I have killed one deer—have seen no buffalo—the first emigration scared them off the road. We have seen no Indians for three or four hundred miles.

From your brother and sister,

CALEB RICHEY,
ALICE RICHEY.

To Lafayette Richey and Hannah Richey, Salem, Iowa.

LETTER NO. 2.

June 19, 1852.

I now take up my pen to write you a letter to let you know where we are and what we are doing. We are now about 10 miles east of Ft. Laramie. We are all in tolerably good health at this time. We have both good and bad news to tell you. Aunt Louisa Richey was taken with the diarrhoea about the 10th of June, and they gave her medicine and she got a good deal better. And on the 14th she was taken with cholera morbus a little after dark, and got worse all the time, till about noon the next day, when she appeared to get almost easy, and stayed so till about 1 o'clock the next morning, when she took worse and died about five minutes past 2 o'clock. We

buried her about 9 o'clock the same morning. She was buried in as decent order as circumstances would admit of. Being so far from timber, we could not make a coffin. The grave was dug very deep, with a vault. They wrapped her up in bedclothes and laid her in the vault. We took the sideboards of a wagon and covered the vault with them, and then covered it up. We sent about two miles for tombstones. Her name, age and date of her death were cut upon one of them. She died about 75 miles east of Ft. Laramie. She did not express any fears of death, but she was unwilling to die and be left on the plains. Uncle Stuart took it very hard. Uncle Caleb and his company overtook us on the 15th of June, and stayed with us that night. He received two letters at Council Bluffs —one for him and one for Uncle Stuart. They were the first news we had got from you since we started, and it was the first time we had heard from Uncle Caleb since we passed Eddyville. He is now three or four miles behind us. We were very glad to hear from you all. There is considerable sickness on this road. The most of the sickness is behind us. We think we are past the sickliest part of our journey. We passed from five to eight fresh graves of a day. The principal part of the sickness is the diarrhoea and cholera. Some have died with cholera in four hours after taking it. The people think the using of bad water is the cause of the sickness. We do not feel discouraged yet, but we are going on in pretty good spirits. We have had plenty of grass since we crossed the Missouri River. Our cattle are all in better order than when we started, and travel faster than they did when we started. We have had the best roads I have ever seen, or expect to see, so far.

I will now try to give you some idea of how we travel. We turn our cattle out to grass by daylight every morning, and start about 6 o'clock and travel till noon, then unyoke the cattle and drive them to water and grass and stay about two hours. Then we start and travel till 5 o'clock, and then turn them out on grass till dark, and then tie them up and guard them all night. The St. Joseph's road is in sight all the time on the other side of the river. I think the road will be about

full of wagons and teams when the roads come together. There are eleven wagons in our company.

Our company has killed two antelopes; they killed one of them today. We have seen a few buffalo along the road, but have not killed any yet. We have not seen an Indian for about three weeks. We burnt up Uncle Jas. Ingram's old wagon last night. We have left all our stoves. We camp on the bank of the Platte River nearly every night. The bottom on this side of the river is generally about two or three miles wide, covered with pretty good grass. We have not had any wood for 200 miles, except what we hauled with us.

JAMES AKIN, JR.

To James Richey, Salem, Iowa.

LETTERS FROM THE PLAINS.

Salem, Iowa, August 13, 1852.

Mr. Galloway: The three following letters recently received from the plains I send you, with a few not material alterations and slightly abridged and corrected in diction, as they were written in the usual hasty emigrant style. Though they relate to similar subjects, yet they will be read with interest by their (the writers') friends and acquaintances, as well as by others who may have friends on the route, or who may contemplate emigrating to California or Oregon. Stuart Richey, Caleb Richey, James Akin and James Ingram and their families left the neighborhood of Salem on the 16th of April last, to emigrate to Oregon. They got separated for awhile on the route, as the letters show. The three first named emigrated to Iowa in 1835 and settled about three or four miles northeast of Salem, at a time when there were but few white inhabitants in Iowa—when the Sac and Fox Indians were privileged to occupy this portion of the state as their home and hunting ground. They were all comfortably situated to live—had well-improved farms and happy homes, but, prompted by a romantic and daring spirit of adventure, that first led them to the wilds of Illinois, and then to Iowa, they sold their farms at a sacrifice and, bidding a long adieu to kindred and friends,

they again plunged into the western wilds of America—on their long, long journey across the continent.

With the view of finding new and happier homes in a happier and more congenial clime west of the Stony Mountains; where the great Columbia rolls the waters of her numerous tributaries to the vast Pacific! It is one of the longest overland journeys on earth, with perhaps the grandest and sublimest scenery on the way, where numerous rivers rise and flow their entire destined lengths. Grand, extensive plains or prairies, the natural haunts of the buffalo, elk, antelope, deer and various other animals that roam, monarch of all they survey—extend for many miles along the route on either hand, like the green expanse of the boundless ocean!

Again the emigrants plunge into the dark forests of towering grandeur, the natural haunt of the fabled god, Sylva! Then again we may imagine the scene changed, as on the verge of yonder distant horizon appear to view the snowy summits of lofty mountains that rise to the region of the clouds—whose sides are clothed in the perennial verdure of towering pines and cedars, presenting some of the most picturesque scenery on the globe. Such I imagine to be the scenery of the Rocky Mountains—wild, romantic and beautiful—the pride and home of the American Eagle!

Though many dangers and hardships are to be encountered on an exodus of over 2000 miles through the howling wilderness—the home of numerous tribes of Indians—yet such is the determined, migratory character of our people, that all these dangers are bravely met and overcome by many; as if in defiance of danger and of death!

Some there are who, no doubt, rue the day they started. and would that they were back again, pleasantly situated on their old homesteads. Still, thousands of emigrants throng the road, and thousands more are anxious to go, and press hard upon the rear; who will soon line the shore of the Pacific

with towns and cities; and will, ere half a century, make Oregon the abode of happy millions. For,

"Wide shall our own free race increase,
And wide extend the e'astic chain
That binds, in everlasting peace,
State after State—A mighty train."

Letters From Oregon to Iowa Weekly Observer.

Salem, August 25, 1852.

Remarks.—The writers of the letters from which I take the following extracts, emigrated, with others, from near Salem, Iowa, in the spring of 1852 to Oregon Territory. In these desultory remarks I need not again relate the incidents of their many privations, sufferings, sickness and deaths that afflicted them on their long and perilous journey across the mighty plains of the Nebraska, during last season, that filled their cup of sorrow full, as I have on more than one occasion alluded to them through the medium of the press. Suffice it to say, that the history of their migration thither is the history in miniature of that of many others that crossed the plains in '52, when the destroying angel, hovering on the raven wings of the pestilence, swept along the mighty train and breathed disease and death among the thousands as they wended their toilsome and adventurous way to Oregon and California.

Perhaps no place on the verdant earth has a greater variety of scenery than Oregon. There Nature has done her work on a grand and imposing scale. The numerous rivers of Oregon, leaping from the Rocky Mountains and flowing many hundred miles westward, uniting and forcing their way through mountain gorges, flow on in majestic beauty and grandeur, and pour their waters into that boundless reservoir of the great deep, the Pacific Ocean.

There, too, are extensive prairies, and also hills and dales, with almost a countless variety of timber, vegetables and flowers of almost every hue, all tending to impart interest and

variety to that romantic country. As yet, Oregon is principally inhabited by numerous tribes of Indians, who are gradually retiring before the march of civilization, which has ever been baleful to this unhappy race, since the discovery of America by Columbus. Their council fires cease to burn and their wigwams, or "wickiups," disappear to give place to the tenements of the adventurous pioneers who lead in the van of civilization, as westward the course of empire tends its untiring course.

Who does not pity the "poor Indian" as he is forced to leave the graves of his fathers, and his childhood's once happy home, to make room for the white man and his children? Contemplate the grandeur and glory of the towering forests of Oregon, in the green of primeval beauty! Then view her lofty mountains that rise to the region of the clouds, where the lightnings flash and the thunders roll in mad confusion, as the storms borne on the wings of the wind sweep along and are impeded or stopped in their swift career! How the lover of nature or the poet would exult at the opportunity of beholding far away in the distance on the verge of the horizon, the hoary peaks of those 'everlasting mountains,' clad in the cold drapery of eternal snows; whose sides are clothed in the rich perennial verdure and evergreen, where the eagle builds her nest and feeds her young in proud security; where the chamois and mountain sheep exult and feed among the craggy steeps unharmed. There in wild beauty, "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste its sweetness on the mountain air." J. R.

The following letter was written by Caleb and Alice Richey, in 1853, to relatives in Iowa. They were new settlers in Portland, and their letter gives vividly the conditions of that early day in the present metropolis of the Northwest:

Portland, Or., January 12, 1853.

Dear Brother: I trust it is with a degree of gratitude that I can state to you that we are all well at present and hope that this may find you all enjoying the same blessing.

I presume it is not necessary for me to state to you our

many misfortunes since I saw you, as I wrote to father stating the deaths, except James Akin's. Alice wrote to Frances since, stating that he died November 8. When I wrote to father I stated that he was sick, but that he was on the recovery. He seemed very desirous to live to see his children settled, but their loss doubtless was his gain. His son James has taken a claim near James Ingram's, has put up a cabin and talks of moving to it—is about 12 miles from here on the east side of the river. They are living in this place and are well. Stuart and children are well. Joseph Mace and David Rhode have moved to Puget Sound; John Herald has also gone there. William Howe has gone to the country; I have not heard from him since. Tell his sister he was well when he left.

I received your letter of August 7, also Lafayette's of the 15th of the same month, stating you were all well, health was good in general, crops prosperous, which was very gratifying to me.

I have not selected a location, as the Winter has been very bad. We have had a deep snow and a great deal of rain, but think of looking at Puget Sound, as it is represented to be a good country, possessing many advantages.

John Thomas Stuart and James Nicholson have gone to the Sound; I received two letters from James Mace; he was well.

Owing to misfortune of the road, hard winter, high prices for provisions, many of the emigrants have become dissatisfied and long for their old home, but like myself, have not had an opportunity of looking at the country. Stuart seems to be much dissatisfied—wages are low and not much to do.

Flour $20 a hundred pounds, beef 15 cents to 20 cents a pound, pork 25 cents a pound, lard 40 cents, butter $1 a pound, eggs $1.25 a dozen, potatoes $2.50 per bushel.

Owing to sickness I left my cattle at the Cascades, on the Columbia, and have not heard from them since. I fear they, with thousands of others, have fared badly, owing to the hard Winter.

Owing to the many difficulties attending emigrants, I would not induce anybody to come, but as to myself, as far

as I have heard, seen or felt, I am satisfied with the country. There has not been a day so cold but I had to take my coat off to work.

The high prices for provisions that dissatisfies many, was as it should have been, one of the strongest inducements for the cultivation of the soil. Alice has her health better than she has had it for seven years. My health is better than it has been for years; I weigh heavier now that I ever did. Alice is making from $2 to $3 a day with the needle. Edward Albright is living in this place and is a member of the M. E. Church and is a Son of Temperance, and is getting rich.

The Willamette is higher than it has ever been known by white men.

A splendid steamer, the "Lot Whitcomb," the best boat on the waters of the Columbia, struck a rock and sank near Milwaukie.

The Willamette is near the size of the Ohio.

The Methodists have as fine a church in Portland* as there is in Iowa, with a first-rate preacher; also a large seminary.

The election of General Pierce to the Presidential chair was announced to the people here on the 23rd of December by the firing of cannon. The news seemed to give almost general rejoicing.

We received the news of the death of Webster on the 10th of December; his zeal for the Union has made him many friends. Talk of a man's best deeds always after he is dead; be it so with Webster:

The booming gun told of the fearful work that death had done,
Causing each Union heart with softened grief to swell,
Each eye the bitter tear unchecked to shed,
For him now numbered with the mighty dead.

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*Church site, Taylor street, south side, between Second and Third. Portland Academy and Female Seminary, Seventh street, between Jefferson and Columbia streets.—George H. Himes, Secretary O. P. A.

I wrote to you in a letter to father to sell my land if you please, and I will send a deed, and when you get the money, if you want to come to Oregon, and if the money will be of any advantage to you in coming, use it; if not, deposit it or have it sent with the Adams & Co., St. Louis, and take a draft on Adams & Co., Portland, Or., and send it. They will cash it. Don't be particular about the price, for $100 will bring in more than $500 in Iowa.

Since writing the above, I have received a letter from James Mace, dated December 17, he was well, but business was dull.

Well, I suppose I might say something about the road, as there are a great many desirous of hearing something about it.

Now, I with others, will give you a little of my opinion. First, get a good mule team and leave the Missouri in April with a good light wagon, 150 pounds of flour to the person, 60 pounds of bacon, 40 pounds of sugar, 25 pounds dried fruit, 10 pounds of rice and plenty of pickles and vinegar, tea, coffee, etc. Do not hunt by the way; bring a gun to scare the Indians with, treat them civilly and if they don't behave use the ox gad freely. They are now tamed and cowardly. Take care the Indians don't steal your team; drink no water from the wells or holes dug in the ground, squander no time by the way for the front part of the emigration this season had but little sickness, their teams stood it well; they got through before the grass dried up or the streams became impure. Cross the Snake or Lewis river at Salmon Falls and come down the north side to Fort Boise; cross the Cascades if you get there in time, which you can do; and don't stop at The Dalles, for they will extort off you without conscience.

Dr. Nelson, brother-in-law to E. Kilpatrick, of Mount Pleasant, lives in Portland. He and and his wife came to see me shortly after my arrival here. Wesley Hull lives in this place and is getting rich fast.

Since writing the above, Stuart received a letter from James W. Mace giving the mournful intelligence of the death of father, the many exposures he underwent and the feeble state

of his health. I was glad to hear he died in the triumph of a living faith, and doubtless at rest. My prayer that our last may be like his.

No more at present. Give our love to all inquiring friends and accept the same yourself.

CALEB AND ALICE RICHEY.

To James Richey.

Portland, O. T., November 26, 1853.

My little girl, Eliza Ann, departed this life September 9th. She was sick eight days of fever. She told me when she was sick that she was going to die, and said it with much sorrow. This is a hard task to write, though I intend to try it, after so long a time. I hope this may find you all in good health and alive. I assure you that we are all in the enjoyment of it, and we still have hard times. We were during the month of October distressed with sickness, sorrow, pain and death. It is of no use for me to tell you of our troubles, for words would fail. These are the names of the dead, viz., Louisa Richey, Eliza Akin, James Akin, Sen., Elva Ingram, Miranda Jane Richey, Eliza Ann Richey and Mary Ann Akin. The four last names are children.—J. R.)

James Akin, Sen., died the 8th of November of malarial fever. His children and mine are living together in Portland. Elizabeth and John Akin are slowly on the mend. Caleb is mending slowly. I have a bad cough. It has rained three weeks out of the last four. James Akin, Jr., and I have been looking for a claim. We have not found one yet. The Willamette Valley is all claimed that is worth having.

The Puget Sound country is making a big stir here. It is said that it contains three times the good land that the Willamette, Umpqua and Rogue River valleys do. It has the advantage of all the rest of Oregon in the lumber trade. The fishing contains abundance of salmon trout, oysters, clams, whale, etc. That country commenced 100 miles north of this, and is hard to get to, attended with great expense. We were within a few hours of starting there from the Cascades—sickness prevented. I think of going there yet. It is a better

place than old Ireland ever was from what a number of men that have been there and have lived there say. It is very reasonable there and it beats South Oregon and California for vegetables. The prairie there are covered with a rich growth of clover two feet high. So you see there is a better place ahead. We used to wonder what The Dalles was. It is a little town filled up with traders, who take the last dimes you have. There they sell you fresh beef for 16 to 25 cents per pound, pickled pork 40 cents per lb., sugar 40 cents and flour 20 or 25 cents per lb., potatoes for $4 or $5 per bushel.

Some troops are stationed there. We drove our teams 10 miles below The Dalles, built a raft, corked our wagon beds, and went to the Cascade Falls. The boys drove the cattle down the pack trail 40 miles from The Dalles to the Cascades. Here most all were sick, except me and my children. So we got a Mr. B——— to keep our cattle three months for $1.50 a head per month. Here we took the railroad three miles, a perfect wooden machine, propelled by two men and another mule. It takes one and a half hours to make a trip. They charge all sorts of prices, $5.00 for a sick man and his bed, so we finally reached the boat landing. We went on the steamer Menowell for 8 hours travel. J. Akin and I paid $107 which landed us at Portland. I will tell you a little of the journey to this place, which had I known, it would have saved me much trouble.

I say don't bring cattle of any description. Take your bundles on your backs rather than drive an ox team. I would say to my relatives that will come, bring good mule or horse teams and such wagons as the one I got from Mr. S———, as it proved to be a good one. Don't fetch anything but provisions. There is everything here that you will need, dry goods and groceries of all kinds. There is an immense amount of merchandise here. Start two weeks sooner than we did, or not at all, take good care of your horses and mules, lose no time, for a few days loss in the start makes many in the outcome. I left Kanesville with 10 sacks of flour, 100 lbs. each, sold 300 lbs. 33 miles below Salmon Falls, and with 500 lbs. bacon, sold 100 lbs., had a-plenty to The Dalles. Don't bring

an ox. I tell you again, for it will make you two months later, which makes so much sickness and death. When you get to Platte river, drink its water and no other. Don't forget this. We found it out too late. You can come all the way by land; do it, as there was a great number badly sniped (deceived) by trying to boat down Lewis or Snake river in their wagon beds.

I have seen but little of the country I don't like here. Portland is a pretty town, one mile long and half a mile broad, with some fine large buildings, and a large number of wholesale stores. Where this town is, three years ago was a thick fir forest. The steamship Columbia brings the mail every two weeks.

There are several steamboats in the Willamette, also a number of brigs, schooners and barks here that run to San Francisco. Pork 20 cents per lb., beef 10 to 20 cents, onions 10, potatoes $1.50 per bu., eggs $1.00 per doz., chickens $1.00 apiece. I should like to see you all very much, but I dread your coming. I tell you again, start early or not at all, and do not bring cattle. I saw hundreds of dead cattle and only five mules and about 12 horses dead by the way. There were a great many horse and mule teams on the road. Mr. Coulter is here. He is getting well. He was the best hand that ever crossed the "sage path" to Oregon.

STUART RICHEY.

To James Richey, Sen., Salem, Iowa.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

Salem, Iowa, June 24, 1870.

Mr. Editor: I propose writing a condensed account of my recent trip to Ohio and Kentucky, omitting the names of many persons and places of interest to me, for the sake of brevity. Having resided many years in and near Salem, I thought my "sketches" might interest a portion of your readers who have known me so long. I have spent most of the last four years teaching school in Illinois. Needing rest from long continued labors, I left Jersey county on the 12th of

April and soon reached St. Louis. Leaving that place at 4 o'clock P. M. I arrived in Cincinnati the next morning, thus passing over two states in about 14 hours, a distance of about 340 miles, traveling mostly in the night. Cincinnati is too well known as the Queen City of the West to require description. Yet it is a place of much interest to travelers, who love to view that beautiful city. I spent two days in and near Cheviot, O., visiting some of my kindred, the patriarchal head of whom is my uncle, Wm. Moore, now in his 80th year. He served in the War of 1812 under Gen. Harrison. He was a pioneer, living there on a farm for more than half a century, and has seen Ohio advance from a wilderness to become the empire state of the west in wealth and population. Visited his sons-in-law.

Mr. I. C. Harrison, whose daughter, Ella, entertained me with symphonious concords of sweet sounds from the piano-forte. His other daughter, Miss Hannie, is a bonny little school mistress, and invited me to visit her school, consisting of the juvenile department of the public graded school in Cheviot. After spending two days in Ohio I returned to the city and crossed the great bridge that spans the waters of the beautiful Ohio, to Covington, Kentucky. Then went on the K. C. R. R. to Dêmossville on Licking river, where live my aunt, Nancy Richey, and her two daughters. The next day I went on the cars to Falmouth, the county seat of Pendleton county, where I called on an old acquaintance, whose daughter, Miss Icy, played some tunes on the piano, which yielded sweet music in obedience to the Icy touch of her playful fingers. It rained several hours, then it commenced snowing, the storm king ruling the weather. I wished to go to Havilandsville, about 10 miles further, so I resolved to brave the warring elements, and started, walking through the mud, carrying my carpet sack and umbrella. I was going a little astray, and seeing a colored citizen of African descent, I asked him if such a road led to the next town. He replied affirmatively, saying, "I spose you are goin' dar to preach."

Evidently he thought me to be a "radical preacher" and a "carpetbagger," and hence very "loil," according to recent political phraseology. I bravely trudged on my tiresome jour-

ney, being quite unwell and getting quite wet and muddy. After going about seven miles, I was glad to stop at the residence of Mr. Samuel Holmes, whom I had long known. He is in his 87th year, is hale and stout for one of his years, is quite conversant and hospitable, in politics he is a good Republican.

Sunday, 17th. The snowstorm still continued, and all day long the beautiful snow drops continued to fall, till the ground looked white with the snow. Evening coming on, I went a short distance to the house of Mr. Silas King, where I was kindly entertained by him and his wife. Next morning I went to Havilandsville, situated on Richland creek, in Harrison county, where I was the honored guest of Mrs. Mary Haviland and family, who are wealthy and respectable, making their guests thrice welcome. April 19th. Descending Richland creek I soon came to the old homestead where I was born, near where rolls the Licking. Being en route to Milford, 6 or 7 miles, I soon crossed the river. Soon it commenced raining, and I stopped at a house for several hours for shelter, the good lady of which is corpulent and quite loquacious. She is the happy mother of 9 girls and 1 boy, all living at home and all chewers of tobacco, the girls following the decent example of their mother in the use of the vile weed. Thus are they both producers and consumers of tobacco, the great staple of Kentucky. After dinner I went on through the drizzly rain and mud to Milford, a little town situated on the north fork of Licking, in Bracken county. Here I made my home for about three weeks as the guest of my cousin, James W. Browning and his benevolent and excellent lady, Nannie. Their family consists of seven blooming girls. My aunt, Mary Browning, lives with them. On the 23rd of July she will be 84, yet she can move about quite freely, loves to converse about things of the past, can sew, knit and do housework. She is a pioneer. Has seen Simon Kenton and many others of the early settlers. Whilst visiting there I went a fishing several times with my fair cousins, enjoying the childish sport of catching the little fishes. Though for several weeks I was unwell, yet I was able to swing around the circle of my acquaintances, making many

pleasant visitations that would be too tedious to narrate in detail. I saw several little towns, among which is Claysville, which was the first town that I ever saw and hence of interest to me. May 13th. Left Milford to return to Richland. I came to Willow creek, which I waded knee deep, then went on, crossed Licking, stayed all night with Mr. Wm. G. Browning. He and his wife and little Emma, a bright school girl, made my visit pleasant. 15th. Wandered to the place where once stood the old school house where I went to school, but it is gone and the corn is growing green where once towered the shady big trees, where oft the merry laughs of the children were heard. Long since our venerable teacher, Brackston Pollard passed away, as have also most of his pupils. I called to see Mrs. Elizabeth Rainey, whom I knew when she was a favorite little girl, then Miss E. P. How changed now is she, the mater familias, busied with domestic cares. After dinner she went with me to visit her brother, James Pollard, my schoolmate, and their mother. I spent the Sabbath evening pleasantly with them, talking of other days. More anon.

MISS RICHEY.

EXTRACTS FROM OREGON LETTERS.

Mr. Editor: It is known to my many friends and acquaintances that during the year 1873, I made a trip to Oregon, to visit my kindred, living near Portland, with whom I spent fifty days, in that far distant clime. I wrote a series of letters descriptive of Oregon and my journey there and return to Illinois, which were published in the Jersey County (Ill.) Democrat.

The following letters which I recently received, speak of the sickness and death of my brother, Caleb Richey, who lived in Pleasant Valley, about ten miles southeast of Portland.

Pleasant Valley, Oregon, Nov. 27, 1875.

Uncle James: Pa has just requested me to write you a few lines to let you know that he is at the point of death

and has been so for the last four weeks with no change for the better. He said write that you might not be surprised at the news of his death. He says it is the will of God, he is reconciled. He says tell you all has been, and is being done that can. Dr. Kinney of Portland, is tending him; he stands first as a doctor at Portland. Father was taken with severe pains in his lower bowels which prostrated him immediately and was closely followed by vomiting and purging which inflamed his bowels and terminated in bloody discharges, soon reducing him quite low. He is not able to turn in bed and often not able to speak. Your obt. Neph.

JAMES RICHEY.

Again, he writes of date Dec. 3, 1875:

Dear Uncle: I wrote you a few lines on the 27th of Nov. telling you of Pa's sickness; but now I am called to make the sad announcement of his death, which occurred on the 28th of November at ten o'clock P. M. He died in peace, saying to us to be reconciled, that he could not live always, that he was prepared to met his God. He spoke of you often during his sickness and listened to the reading of your letter (of date Oct. 22nd) which came to hand during his illness, with much interest. He was buried on the 30th at 12 o'clock by the side of my little sister, Clara Louisa, in the Powell Valley cemetery, which is about four miles distant. I need not tell you it is hard to give him up, that we find ourselves listening for his cheerful voice, that we never, never more on earth shall hear—that we look to the future as long and lonely—that we shall ever feel the need of his parental advice. And as for myself, I feel incompetent to perform the task now devolved on me, being the eldest of the children.

I am your obt. nephew,

JAMES RICHEY.

My brother, Stuart Richey, writes of date Dec. 6, 1875:

James: I should have writen to you a month ago. Caleb took sick Nov. 1st, he died on the night of the 28th, exactly at ten o'clock. He was taken with sick stomach and diarrhoea. The best doctor said to be in Portland was called. He still

got worse. He called and counsel not all to no purpose. He died in hope of a better world than this. He thought the trouble at first was his old complaint. He was the worst object of anything I ever saw. I think he had all the attention that could be given by friends and relatives. Our relatives are well as far as I know. James Kinney wrote to you a few days ago. We are still dropping off one by one. The time that now knows us will soon know us no more. Such is life and such is death. The box containing the trophies you sent Laird came in good condition. I took care of them for him. The little paper box you sent me was in good keeping. I think the seeds will about all grow, mine much as they did not appear to be dry. I planted them as best I could. The weather. We had a snow four inches deep on the 12th of November. It soon melted off. There have been four or five frosts up to this time. Some of the fruit trees are quite green and some are hanging full of apples and pears that are now good and sound. The roseushes are green as they are in summer, some having lots of [illegible] which varies between the green. I had about one thousand boxes of apples. The best are worth 50 cents per box when taken to Portland. There is not more than one-fifth the fruit we had last season. I have seen it the same length of time since I have been here. The Willamette river is very low.

It commenced to rain here the 6th of November and has rained [illegible] since, [illegible] November 25 at the house of Thomas Cutler, Oregon. [illegible] to write it [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

stead in Kentucky till the spring of 1831, when he moved, with his family, to near Perry, Pike County, Illinois, then a wild country. Here Caleb lived until November, 1835; when he and my brother, Stuart Richey, emigrated in company with our brother-in-law, James Akin, and our uncle, William I. Richey, and their families, and settled near where now is Salem, Henry County, Iowa, where the Indians were more numerous than white people, who then endured many hardships and privations, incident to the settling of all new countries. In the spring of 1836, our father and the rest of the family moved to Iowa, settling near Salem. Here Caleb and some of the rest of the family went to school during a few months, learning spelling, reading, writing and arithmetic. Good schools then were few and far between. He was naturally fond of sport and wild adventure, and seemed to love a pioneer life and to brave its dangers. He was quite an expert hunter and woodsman. Social and jovial in his disposition, he was quite communicative, and fond of congenial company. When quite young, ere he was married, he evinced very ready speaking talents, and was brilliant and original in his thoughts, and successful as a debater in his first efforts in debating societies. As a democrat, he took an active part in politics; favored the war for putting down the great rebellion; was an ardent patriot, devoted to the constitution and the Union. Had he been liberally educated in early life, he might have attained to eminence as an orator and a politician. His views were liberal, acute and comprehensive, enabling him readily to comprehend the obtrusive and knotty problems connected with our national politics or the science of government. Though not an office seeker, he was elected as one of the county commissioners of Multnomah County, Oregon, in 1841. He professed religion at a camp meeting, and joined the M. E. Church, and was baptized by immersion; was an active member, being a class leader for several years. September 28th, 1843, he was married to Miss Alice Booth, a native of England; she then living near Lowell, Iowa. They settled near Salem, on a beautiful prairie, where they lived until the spring of 1852, when they, with others of our kindred, started (April 16th) on their long and perilous journey to Oregon; with their teams and wagons,

slowly wending their way to the far, far west. The emigration that year endured much sickness and hardships, and many fell by the way, victims of cholera, mountain fever and other diseases. My brother Caleb lost his little girl, Miranda Jane, on the 23d of July. She perished like a flower in the wilderness. He came near dying of mountain fever. Six of my kindred died! It was a disastrous move, being a tedious journey of six months and twelve days. My brother Caleb lived about 23 years in his pleasant home in Oregon, enjoying much of life, as he was of a cheerful, joyous disposition, and could bear up under misfortunes and troubles better than most people. Some years ago he received a hurt from a fall, hurting one of his kidneys, causing him to have several severe spells of sickness; but he had about recovered of this, his "old complaint." He wrote me of date October 24th and spoke of lately spending four days, with three other persons, on a hunting excursion in the Cascade Mountains, having a "pleasant trip." And said: "My health, I think, is improving." This was about six days before he was taken down with his fatal sickness, that like a slow and deadly poison, baffled all the physicians' skill. His wife and five children survive him; three of the family having died. Ere autumn's last days had expired, ere its last leaves had fallen, he, too, like them, passed away. I feel so very lonely now.

"When I remember all
The friends so linked together
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather.
I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed."

It is hard for me to become reconciled to give him up; him with whom I have spent so many happy years of life in the home of our boyhood! Only little more than two years ago, I saw him and felt the warm grasp of his hand, after a cruel separation of more than 21 years. I heard his cheerful, familiar voice that I can hear no more! Oh! 'tis too hard for

me to give him up. Still and pulseless now is his heart; and nerveless are his hands,—cold in death!

"When hearts whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth;
Then should a wreath be woven,
To tell the world their worth."

Of a family of 13, but three now are living; namely, my brother, Stuart Richey, Mrs. Martha Ellen Sluyter, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, and myself. Remorseless Time, that treads nations under foot, will soon sweep us all away!

JAMES RICHEY,

Douglas School-house, near Kane, Green County, Ill., December 28th, 1875.

PIONEER OREGON EMIGRANTS, PLEASANT VALLEY.

Multnomah County, Oregon, March 4, 1878.

To the Editor of the Gazette:

I mentioned in my last letter that those four families of emigrants had reached Portland October 8, 1852, way-worn, and a number of them sick and disheartened. They left their cattle at the Cascades, called by the Indians, "Scoopenchuck" (Strong Water). They contracted with a man to winter their cattle at the Cascades at a stated price per month, but they never saw them again, though they went after them the next spring, and searched for them extensively in vain. Some died owing to a deep snow and heavy winter, and others had evidently been stolen and driven off.

At The Dalles, the Cascades, and other points of travel, there were persons ready to take advantage of the pressing necessities of the emigrants, charging them enormous prices for everything, and for any assistance rendered. They were as bad as the pirates on the high sea, ready to prey on the sick or dying, willing to take the last dollar. Stuart Richey and James Akin paid $107 to have themselves and families taken on a steamboat from the Cascades to Portland, distance about 50 miles, being a trip of only eight hours. They thought of going to Puget Sound, but sickness prevented.

They had traveled during six months and twelve days before reaching the end of their journey. They had buried six of their number on the way, but still the work of death was not done. Mr. James Akin, who was sick of scurvy before reaching Portland, lingered on till the 8th of November, when he, too, died—his journey of life and of adventure was indeed ended, and he was joined to those who had gone before across the dark river. He was a man much respected for his many virtues and religious zeal, as was his sainted wife who preceded him to the spirit world. They left seven children without a home in a new country. They were all well disposed and the oldest helped the younger ones, besides they were aided some by their own kindred in making a living, who, though, had a hard time providing for their own little ones. Those bereaved children, those homeless orphans, had a hard time, of course, but they worked their way well and bravely, becoming, in after years, respected members of society. When Mr. Akin saw some of the fruits, vegetables and wheat of Oregon he thought he never saw any so fine and large before in any land and seemed pleased with the country.

It was hard that after coming so far, enduring so many hardships and braving so many dangers, he could not live to enjoy life in Oregon. He was buried where now Portland stands, but afterwards, the dead being removed to another cemetery, no one now knows the last resting place of that good pioneer. No tombstones mark his grave. He deserved a better fate than obscurity. The hand of affection can plant no tree or flower to his memory, who sleeps in a nameless tomb.

The most of this band of emigrants spent the winter of 1852-53 in Portland, then a mere village. They had spent the most of their money in getting to Oregon. But there were plenty of extortioners then in that infant town, ever ready to take advantage of the necessities of the needy pioneers. Those having flour and other provisions to sell would demand the most exorbitant prices, selling flour at $20 or more per hundred, and many other things in proportion. It was hard to have to pay those land pirates such prices; but it was still harder to hear poor children crying for bread; but those hard-hearted men regarded not the widow's piteous wail of distress,

nor the orphan's cry for bread. The late Judge Skinner was a pioneer, and he had to pay one of those Shylocks $50 for a sack of flour; but not having the money to pay so much he gave his note bearing interest, which the honest judge paid. And still another individual case in point, as illustrative of the manner by which the emigrants were robbed by the heartless depredators. In the spring of 1853 Mr. Stuart Richey hired a man now living not many miles from here, named Mr. Christian Deardoff to haul him (S. R.) and family in a wagon from Milwaukie, eight miles, to Pleasant Valley. This unconscionable man charged the enormous sum of $30 for the services of himself, team and wagon for one day. Not having money enough to pay him off, he (S. R.) had to give him a new feather bed worth $10 or more, which bed he and his orphan children could but illy spare, and they needed the money to buy bread in the wilderness. I have thought that it would subserve the cause of justice if the names of those human vultures of twenty years ago or more could be published on a black scroll of infamy in every paper in Oregon. Though many of those bad men and their victims have passed away, yet this brief reminiscence of early times may serve to show how avaricious money-eyed men, when they have it in their power, will oppress the poor and needy. Those emigrants of 1852 had to work for their daily subsistence, the men hiring out in and near Portland, cutting wood and doing much other hard work to earn money to buy flour and other necessaries of life at extravagant prices. In the spring of 1853 they hunted claims for settlement. My two brothers, Stuart Richey and Caleb Richey, were looking for claims ten or fifteen miles southeast of Portland, near where I am now writing, when darkest night came on and they stopped in a little deserted shanty to spend the dismal hours of darkness, without fire, in the wild woods. They securely barricaded the cabin, and anon they heard a panther coming on their track, mewing like a cat, only much louder and coarser. It came to the cabin, but it was too dark to see to shoot it, and hence they did not open the doors.

Two little girls, Misses Pauline and Sarah Ingram, whom I knew in Iowa, while their parents were living at or near Milwaukie, in 1853, were sent on an errand, not very far from

home, their mother telling them not to be afraid, as they would see nothing worse than themselves.

They came to a fence and saw a panther in the road not far ahead of them. Not knowing what it was they advanced toward it, when it ran up a tree, leaning over the road, and just as the girls were passing the tree the panther sprung, just missing its intended victims, as they saw it coming, and screamed and ran, fleet as Indian girls. A man hearing them, came to their rescue. They saw its tracks where it had followed them, maneuvering, no doubt, for another and fatal spring. What a narrow escape they made from being devoured by the ferocious wild beast!

JAMES RICHEY.

INCIDENTS OF PIONEER LIFE—GEN. O. O. HOWARD'S MARCH.

Pleasant Valley, Multnomah County, Oregon, March 13, 1878.

To the Editor of The Gazette:

First I will briefly describe Pleasant Valley, where I have my temporary home. It is a valley extending north and south three miles or more, and having an average breadth of about one mile. There are ranges of hills or buttes covered with fir forests extending along the east and west sides of this verdant valley. There was much swale and swamp land, some covered with heavy fir forest, that required years of hard labor to subdue, to clear off and to bring into cultivation. The first settlers turned their attention mainly to the cultivation of fruits and vegetables for the markets in Portland, where in early times they commanded good prices. They also raised good hay for the markets. But settlers in the thickly timbered regions could not open farms large enough to engage in raising wheat to advantage. The earliest emigrants, those who got here in time to make extensive prairie farms in the Willamette Valvey with comparatively little labor, were the fortunate pioneers who early possessed themselves of the best wheat farms in the best wheat region of the world. Hence they monopolized as it were id est, settled up the best wheat lands. It is often said that he who owns a good wheat farm in Oregon has a fortune. In the course of years the farms of Pleasant Valley

will be opened large enough for the farmers to raise wheat and other small grains to advantage. The people of this valley live from ten to twelve miles southeast of Portland. Some of the first settlers live here yet who settled here in the spring of 1853, when Indians and wild beasts roamed through these dark, continuous woods.

A Wolf Story.

During the winter of 1852-53, Mr. James Ingram and family lived about two miles southeast of here. One night the big mountain wolves—larger than the big wolves of Iowa—attacked an ox belonging to Mr. Ingram and ate their fill off of him. When next morning he found the poor ox he perceived that one ear was badly chewed and they had gnawed into the entrails near the hind parts and had pulled out and devoured part of its entrails and liver, yet the poor animal was still living. He took his gun and shot it, putting it out of its misery. He put strychnine on the ox so as to poison the wolves when they should come back to feed on the carcass. They did not come back till about two months thereafter. Then there came two monster wolves, one night, no doubt the ones that killed the ox, and again ate their fill, but being poisoned and crazed as it were with the strychnine, they came to the house, as if to hunt him who gave them the fatal poison. For awhile they made night hideous with their dying groans or howlings. They made many tracks in the snow about the house and rolled with pain, rolling against the door till it was forced open. They did not come into the house, however. They left, going to the spring, where, of course, they drank water that soon made the poison kill them. Mr. I., who was not at home during that night, followed their tracks in the snow next morning, and found them both dead, not far apart, and not a quarter of a mile from the house. When they were making such a noise that night the family supposed they were dogs barking and howling furiously. If the readers of The Gazette think this is a strange wolf story, it is substantially a true one, nevertheless.

I am not posted in the details of the history of the Indian war of 1856, or of subsequent wars with the savages of Oregon. The hardy pioneers knew how to fight their wily foes,

whose hands were red with the blood of white families. In 1856, two young men, Mitchell Ingram and Edgar Richey, both born near Salem, Iowa, then living here in this valley, volunteered for the war. The former was helping to guard some Indian prisoners east of The Dalles, when an Indian chief named Peu-peu-mox-mox, obtained a large knife by stealth and struck at him (M. I.) with all his strength, but he missed his aim, as Ingram slightly moved back, the knife cutting his shirt in front. The stroke carried the savage around, his back to his intended victim, and ere he could turn to strike again, the Iowa boy, as brave as he, struck him a terrible blow on the head with his musket, bending it. The skull of the chieftain gave way beneath the furious stroke that sent him to the shades of the happy hunting grounds of his fathers.

The few families then living in this valley built a fort near where I am writing, for their safety in case of being attacked by Indians. The fort was standing when I was here in 1873, but has since been torn down. It was a story and a half high, with suitable portholes for defense. Near the top it projected out or over two or three feet, so that the Indians could not easily scale it. The fort was not needed, as happily, the Indians did not extend their depredations to this peaceful valley. Some of the settlers here, as well as in other localities, were very much alarmed and moved to Portland for a while for greater safety. A messenger came about midnight, one night, to warn the people of this neighborhood to move as soon as possible to Portland, that the Indians were massacreing the whites only eight or ten miles away, across the Columbia river. The most of the settlers thought it best to heed the warning rather than to attempt to hold the little fort against, perhaps, vastly superior number of savages. Hence they moved to Portland to stay till the war cloud had passed over. All went except James Ingram and Stuart Richey and their families, who refused to go, as they did not seem willing to give up the fort nor their homes to the marauding Indians. They resolved, that, having braved the dangers and hardships of crossing the plains, through numerous tribes of Indians, they would not leave Pleasant Valley, but that they would stay and take the consequences and, if need be, defend themselves to the last

extremity. They were not willing to be driven off by the hated Indians. Had the red warriors been united under some able chief like Sitting Bull, they might have annihilated all the white inhabitants of Oregon, as they were mostly widely dispersed in feeble settlements.

But the pioneers were brave in the defense of their homes against fearful odds of savages. Their hard-fought battles are over, and war no longer summons them to the gory fight in the wilderness.

Since the famous march of General Howard and his brave band, a march of 2,180 miles eastward over mountains and desolate regions, in pursuit of the war-loving Nez Perce Indians, led by their daring chief, Joseph, we have little cause to fear future outbreaks by the redskins. Though General Howard's military career has been often criticised and his character aspersed, yet here at his home his laurels are green, and he is regarded as the hero of the mountains, who, with his little army, achieved prodigies of valor in pursuing the hostile Nez Perces, driving them from their fastnesses in the mountains and pressing them closely to where General Miles defeated and conquered them. So close was General Howard in pursuit that he and a few of his men arrived in time to witness the surrender of Joseph and his band of warriors to General Miles. General Howard's achievements are now historic.

"See the page of history glowing
With the record of his fame."

JAMES RICHEY.

AN OREGON FARM.

Pleasant Valley, Multnomah County, Oregon, March 24, 1878.

To the Editor of The Gazette:

A brief description of the farm where I make my temporary home may interest some of your rural readers. It is Stuart Richey's farm, situated in Pleasant Valley, about ten miles southeast of Portland. It consists of 160 acres, a portion of which is in Clackamas county, the county line passing through it. Twenty-five years ago, in the spring of 1853, it was settled.

Then, indeed, it was a wild place in the wilderness. A few white families settled this valley then, a quarter of a century ago, who had traveled together across the plains. They were sometimes visited by the nomad natives. Sometimes the gloomy solitude of these woods were broken by the howling of wolves or by the screams of the panther, then so numerous here. For many years those pioneers toiled in opening their farms and building houses.

In early times my brother Stuart Richey purchased some other land besides the 160 acres he owned by virtue of an act of congress. Then each man having a wife was entitled to 200 acres, but if a man was so unfortunate to lose his wife before starting or on the plains he was allowed but 160 acres. This seemed unjust and hard. The farm where I now reside is noted for its splendid varieties of fruits that annually grow in an orchard of 1,200 trees or more that are cultivated with the greatest care. The yield of apples, pears, etc., is astonishing to persons who have lived in countries where fruits are generally scarce and the crops uncertain. During all the past winter we have had an abundance of apples, pears, etc., besides wagon loads of them we've hauled to market. He—my brother—now has nearly or quite a wagon load of the large pound pears on hand, they having kept good and sound all winter. They grow to a great size. I weighed two of them, one weighing five pounds and the other seven pounds, being twelve pounds. But pears sometimes grow larger than these two. Apples, too, often attain an enormous size, larger than any I have seen yet. I saw one here that measured 14 inches in circumference; but some grow larger. Besides raising apples and pears, he raises peaches, prunes, plums, blackberries, etc., all that one could wish. Now his orchard is blooming out as if it were the middle of May; the peach trees now bloom in all their beauty; the spring is as warm and delightful as we could wish, and countless flowers adorn the earth and the birds sing sweetly.

None of the kinds of trees that grow in Illinois and Iowa—except the cedar—are indigenous to Oregon. While I was teaching in Illinois I sent by express rootlets and seeds of various kinds of trees and shrubs to Stuart Richey, who carefully

planted them; he can now boast of a greater variety of trees and shrubbery growing on his farm than any one else that I know in Oregon. They are exotic trees to native Oregonians who regard them as curiosities. They remind pioneers of their native forests in states far east.

"Plant with the plow and spade,
Plant with a lavish hand,
Plant both for fruit and shade,
Plant blessings o'er the land.
Adorn each glen with beauty,
Make every hill top green;
For lo! it is but duty
To let our light be seen.
Then future sons of toil
Will emulate the plan,
And as they till the soil,
Regard the coming man.
Go thou and plant a tree.
Then plant a hundred more;
Yea, plant from sea to sea
And plant on every shore."

I know of no other state where vegetables and flowers flourish so well as in Oregon, where they grow so luxuriantly with so little culture. Here vegetables, like the fruits, last the year round. On this farm we have plenty of vegetables some of which grew green all winter, such as cabbages, rutabagas, onions, parsnips, carrots, etc. Flowers of various kinds now bloom in the garden, exhaling their sweetness on the breath of spring. Truly, this is a land of flowers.

The house here is a two-story frame, containing six rooms. Besides the dwelling house there are two barns, one blacksmith shop, one house for fruits and vegetables and several other buildings, altogether making quite a collection of houses, all very useful during the rainy winters. Farmers often build long shed-looking buildings, open at the end, in which they keep their wagons, plows, etc., secure from the rains and some have shops in those long houses where they work during the wet weather. The proprietor of the farm which I have been try-

ing to describe, being naturally apt in mechanism, does all of his mechanical work in wood and iron.

Adjoining Stuart Richey's farm is the farm of 320 acres, lately belonging to my brother, Caleb Richey, deceased. Much that I have written about the former farm, applies to this homestead, so that I need not be tedious in my description of it. Besides a suitable dwelling house, there are two barns and other needed buildings. A good orchard, gardens and plenty of farming land, make it a valuable place. It was settled in pioneer times, namely in the spring of 1853 by Caleb Richey, where he lived nearly 22 years, dying November 28, 1875. He left his family in comfortable circumstances. The two boys—one a young man—being energetic and industrious have pushed the work of the farm right along, so that the deeply bereaved family are still prosperous. Two of the girls are now teachers and both popular as queens or sovereigns of the school room. A younger girl helps her ma to do the housework. One girl died on the plains in 1852, and since then two other girls have passed away. Their father has joined them in the spirit world. Many of the pioneers are gone. Their earthly pilgrimage is over. They sleep in the soil of this far distant clime. Their cotemporaries who with them crossed the plains, are now growing old, their eyelids are heavy. Their eyes are dim, as they tread the vale of years. Their bedtime of life draweth nigh, when they too must sleep in that bed of earth in which nations slumber. I saw my brother, Caleb Richey, for the last time, when I visited Oregon in 1873. Would he had lived that I could have seen him again as I saw him in 1873, when with him I talked over the things of long ago, of the days of our boyhood and youth! Those days were too bright and joyous to last. Youthful pleasures pass away. We remember them as faded flowers. I first saw his grave on the 15th of last November, where he rests in peace by the grave of his little girl, Clara, in the Powell Valley cemetery.

JAMES RICHEY.

FIR AND OTHER TREES OF OREGON.

Pleasant Valley, Multnomah Co., Oregon, April 12, 1878.

To the Editor of the Gazette:

Nothing seems so wonderful to newcomers here as the giant towering and evergreen fir trees of Oregon. Never before had they looked upon such tall, gigantic trees, some being 200 and 300 feet high. It is a saying that a newcomer has to look up twice before he can see the tops of them. They grow very upright and very thick, making a dense, gloomy forest, almost shutting out all sunshine from the ground, gloomy during the brightest days. How lonely one feels in wandering through such a forest where one vast solitude reigns in primeval grandeur! The trees stand so close that a team and wagon could not find space or room sufficient for traveling. Making roads cost much labor and time in such dense woods. The firs grow very erect, straight as the hands of nature could plant them. Their roots spread out, but have a very shallow hold of the ground, being near the surface. Standing so perpendicularly like monuments, they rest all their immense weight on their bases on the solid earth, and hence there is but little strain or purchase on the roots, like there ever is on the roots of crooked or leaning trees. Where firs have been blown down a person can see how near the surface and how widely extended their roots, and what a shallow depth of earth was torn up with them, like a short section or cut of a great log. There are not many limbs near the earth, as it is a law of nature that all kinds of timber growing close together denude themselves of their lower limbs, and grow tall as if ambitious to climb, and the firs outclimb them all. It is very seldom that we see any crooks, ugly knots or hollows in the firs; nothing to mar their towering symmetrical beauty. Some have short stubs or remains of old limbs on the main trunks, but they do not spoil much the value of the trees for making good lumber. But generally their trunks are limbless, tapering but little, so that often a woodman can cut ten or a dozen rail cuts or sawlogs from a single tree, but perhaps on an average he could cut about seven or eight cuts per tree. The lowest limbs of the firs are the longest, the limbs becoming shorter higher up, till the tops become

cone-shaped or pointed. So close and so many are the limbs, like so many roofs rising one above another, that they keep off quite heavy rains, so the newly-arrived emigrants can find a temporary shelter under such an ample canopy instead of pitching their tents. But the long continuous rains penetrate and soak through this great awning of nature, often the covert of animals. Those tall trees bend gracefully before the winds, that rustling among their branches, sound a little like the falling of rain. I think that such tall and shallow rooted trees could not long withstand the winds and storms of Iowa. Here there are no tornadoes to destroy the magnificent forests. But fire sometimes proves destructive to vast bodies of timber, burning the tops of the trees or the limbs, the flames leaping from tree to tree, spreading before the breezes, so that large districts are burned over and millions of stately trees destroyed. The trees being resinous, burn easily. It is the opinion of some that if there were severe drouths here, and the sunshine very warm, like the climate of California, and if it were as windy here as in Iowa, that wild, destructive flames would sweep over all the timbered regions of Oregon, destroying these mighty forests. The burnt districts look desolate and uninviting, covered with black logs, standing trees and stumps, charred by the fire. Yet they are more easily settled and brought into cultivation than are the green woods. It is a terrible task, the work of years, to open a farm in such dense and heavy forests. The emigrant need not hope to be able to clear off a good farm merely by the use of the axe, chopping down and chopping up the trees like the emigrant farmers of other states did in opening up their farms. Here it would be the work of a lifetime to clear off a farm in this way. The farmer uses a long augur instead of the axe, and bores two holes into the tree that he wishes to destroy, the holes opening into each other, and then applies fire, so that the resinous firs gradually burn down, falling with thundering crashes. In the same way fire is applied to the fallen trees, burning them into parts, so that the charred remains of the logs are rolled together and burned. Thus acre after acre is brought into cultivation. Where the small firs and other small trees stand very densely thick, people slash or cut them with axes till they cover the ground with one immense brush

heap. The slashing being done, the cut bushes are left to dry or season till July or August, when fire is applied to them, when they burn off like prairie grass. This is a much better and quicker way of clearing off those almost impenetrable thickets than the slow process of grubbing or digging them out of the ground. Chinese laborers are often employed in clearing lands as they work much cheaper than white men. I fancy that some of the readers of the Gazette would like to look upon the big trees of Oregon. When I was here in 1873 I helped to measure two monarch firs; one measured 21 and the other 24 feet in circumference, being respectively seven and eight feet in diameter. Of course, there are larger trees here than anv that I have yet seen.

It seems wrong to destroy by fire so many millions of fine fir trees, which if sawed into lumber would amply supply the demand for lumber in states where timber is scarce and lumber an object. Unless the Northern Pacific railroad or some other railroad is built to connect Oregon with the states and territories east of the mountains, we can have no market east for the immense lumber interests of Oregon. If we had such a road east, thousands of sawmills would soon be in operation sawing up the fine firs, pines, etc., of Oregon to supply the great and increasing demand for lumber in the far off east. Lumbering would thus soon become a vast lucrative business, benefiting millions of people. Considerable of lumber is shipped from Portland and other points on ships to distant parts, for shipbuilding and other purposes. Here, where lumber is so good and so abundant, the building of houses and barns is not very expensive. The sawmills at Portland, Oregon City, and other towns, do an immense business in sawing and selling lumber.

Nearly all the trees of this Northwest Coast are different from the trees of Iowa and Illinois; the firs being the most numerous. There are not many pines in this part of Oregon, but there are many stately cedars, some several feet in diameter, large enough for good sawlogs, making super-excellent lumber. The oaks, ash and maples here are different from trees of that name in Iowa. Besides those species, there are but few deciduous trees, that is, trees that shed their leaves every autumn. So that

the woods are evergreen, and hence the verdure is ever blooming. In clearing land here one feels reluctant to cut down the young and beautiful firs and cedars that would be so highly valued as ornamental trees in Iowa. There are the yew tree, laurel, chittim, alder, bearberry, willows of several kinds, dogwood and some species that I know not much about, besides shrubs, such as filbert or hazel, elder bush, wild currant, wild gooseberry, salalberry, salmonberry, huckleberry, etc., etc. Here art the "continuous woods" spoken of by the poet so long ago.

The scenery here is on a scale of grandeur commensurate with the mighty forests, giant mountains and rivers of Oregon.

JAMES RICHEY.

East Portland, Oregon.

ON THE PLAINS.

Letter From Mrs. Alfred Stanton, a Well Known Pioneer of Marion County, Oregon.

May 9th, 1847.

Dear Brothers and Sisters: I now take this opportunity of informing you that we are all well at present and hope these few lines will find you enjoying the same blessing. We are now one hundred and ten miles from St. Joseph. It will be 4 weeks tomorrow since we left home. We have been delayed some on account of our company behind. The roads have been extremely good; the weather fine. We could have traveled it to St. Joseph easily in four weeks and a half if we had not laid by so much—as much as 4 days. We have had a pleasant journey. We have never been weary and tired yet. We are now twenty-one wagons strong; hundreds behind and before. We have had a hard time to get food for our cattle, it being scarce on account of such an emigration. We have paid from 5 to 10 cents a head for hay when we could get it. Sometimes went without anything; but now, since the fifth of May, we have had plenty of grass. Our cattle look well as when we started. There is a great deal said about the Mormons. They say they have gone on and joined three tribes of Indians, and are going to cut us all off. They are raising a company of volunteers, and three hundred have volunteered to go and guard us through; they

are going to all start from St. Joe. We have not heard of any going by Council Bluffs. We are asked a great many times if we are Mormons. When we tell them "no," they say, "I know you are, but you wont own it. Your wagons look like it." And then they will say, "I hope you are not; for this road is marked with stolen property and all manner of wickedness."

We could not get any kind of accommodations if we were known to be Mormons. Some would tell us the Mormons will rob you before you get half way through; but we are not afraid of them. We tell them there is a great deal done on their credit.

It has been a very backward spring here. When we were in Illinois it was as forward as it is here. Now all, except wheat in Iowa and Missouri, looks better than in Illinois. Some are planting corn here now, and corn is up in some places. Last Sunday and Monday night we had hard frosts. There is a great deal of wild fruit in this country.

The people look coarse and plain here, but appear to be clever. Last Saturday we laid by and the men went six miles to a town on the Des Moines river—Keosauqua—and bought provisions; 5 cents a pound for pork, one dollar and seventy-five cents for flour, 7 cents for rice, 10 cents for sugar. Then we crossed the Des Moines at Iowaville, 17 miles above. The water was clear in this stream, and very shallow, so that we could have taken the bed of the river for our road, I believe. Here we were detained half a day on account of some blacksmithing. The boys and girls went on the river to have a ride, and ran on a sand bar. They thought they would soon get over that place and the girls pushed and the boys got out and pulled and finally the boys had to carry the girls to shore. You may guess the rest laughed. So much for that place, and a poor little place it was.

Well it is getting so dark in my wagon, I must wait until morning to finish.

May 10th.—Another pleasant morning. Tomorrow makes me 32. Lydia has had the chills off and on ever since we left home, and two weeks before. Some others complaining this morning—myself a little headache. The water has been very bad for more than a hundred miles—scarcely anything but

slough holes—enough to make the cattle sick. I want very much to see you all. I saw all of my relatives but Alpheus and Eleanor and Cynthia and children. Perhaps you often pity our condition, but it has not been pitiable yet; so far it has been pleasant. We've not had any company but our Laporte friends, except for two nights. To do our Laporte boys justice, I must say they are a fine, decent set of fellows—very unlike our suckers. When they stop at night they have their jug and cards and fiddles and they are a rough set. I think it will be disagreeable traveling in a large company which we have avoided until now. Nothing more of interest now, as I have to close my letter before we start. The cattle are coming now, so my opportunity for writing is poor, as I have to write on a small box in the wagon with every kind of noise around me; but I thought I would write to you as I did not see you before I started. Forgive my scribbling for I have written the most of it with the oxen hitched to the wagon. I am writing now and hope you will all get ready by next spring and come. Farewell. Remember, I am your affectionate sister.

PHEBE STANTON.

To Alpheus, Waggoner, Eleanor, Benajah and Cyntha Stanton.

The girls wanted me to tell you all very much, and sent their love to you all. Alfred sends his love to all. He is on a high hill and cannot leave his oxen long enough to write, and we will soon start.

I want some of you to write to Oregon City. Perhaps we may get it when we arrive there. I shall want a letter from home very badly.

May the 12th, at night.—I did not come to a postoffice as soon as I expected. I told you of what fine roads we had, but now I will tell of what bad roads we have had. We have been crossing the three branches of Grand river, all the way through thick timber and barrens togather and on the eleventh at night it commenced raining when we were camped on the bank of the first branch and it rained all night. Next morning the ground was covered with water, and the folks that laid in the tents were almost drowned. Some wrung their beds, some laid them on brush to drain the water off which was half-shoe deep.

Then we traveled 25 miles over the worst road I ever traveled in my life. Sometimes the wheels rolled on the ground; sometimes the wagons stood on two wheels, and sometimes on one end. We overtook 5 more wagons and after 26 wagons have passed, I cannot compare the road to anything you ever saw. Now we are safe over the last branch, and what is ahead, I cannot tell. It is now dark again.

Deady, Matthew P., Associate Judge, Oregon Territory, 1853-1859; United States District Judge, District of Oregon, 1859 to date of death in 1893.

Farrar, William H., Mayor of Portland, 1862.

Grover, L. F., member of Legislature several terms; Representative in Congress, 1859; Governor, September 14, 1870-February, 1877; United States Senator, March 4, 1879-March 3, 1885.

Kelly, James K., United States Senator, March 4, 1871-March 3, 1877; Chief Justice, 1878-1880.

Logan, David, Mayor of Portland, 1863.

McBride, John R., State Senator, 1860; member of Congress, March 4, 1863-March 3, 1865; Chief Justice of Idaho Territory, February 28, 1865.

McCormick, Stephen J., Mayor of Portland, 1859.

Prim, Paige P., Chief Justice, 1879-1880.

Shattuck, Erasmus D., Associate Justice for many years; Chief Justice, 1866-1868.

Smith, Delazon, United States Senator, February 14, 1859-March 3, 1859.

Williams, George H., Chief Justice, 1853-1859; United States Senator, March 4, 1865-March 3, 1871; one of the Joint High Commissioners in settling the "Alabama Claims," 1871; United States Attorney-General, 1872-1875; Mayor of Portland, 1903-1904.

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

Thirty-Eighth and Thirty-Ninth Annual Reunions

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association

Portland, June 22, 1910, and June 21, 1911

CONTAINING THE

Diary of Alvah I. Davis, Oct. 11, 1852, to April 6, 1854
and Diary of Jesse Harritt, 1845

AND

Proceedings of the Twenty-Fifth and of the Twenty-Sixth
Grand Encampments of Indian War Veterans
of the North Pacific Coast

AND

Other Matters of Historic Interest

PORTLAND, OREGON
CHAUSSE-PRIDHOMME CO., PRINTS
1914

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

38th Annual Reunion

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association

Portland, June 22, 1910

CONTAINING THE

Diary of Alvah I. Davis, Oct. 11, 1852—April 6, 1854

—— AND ——

Proceedings of the Twenty-Fifth Grand Encampment of Indian War Veterans of the North Pacific Coast

—— AND ——

Other Matters of Historic Interest

PORTLAND, OREGON
CHAUSSE-PRUDHOMME CO., PRINTERS
1914

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Portland, Oregon, April 11, 1910.

The Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met in the rooms of President Frederick V. Holman, 501-506 Chamber of Commerce, to arrange for the annual reunion of 1910—the thirty-eighth.

Present: Frederick V. Holman, 1852, Portland, President; P. H. D'Arcy, 1857, Salem, Vice President; George H. Himes, 1853, Portland, Secretary; Robert A. Miller, 1854, Corresponding Secretary; John W. Minto, 1848, and Nathan H. Bird, 1846, Portland, Directors.

The minutes of the last annual meeting were read and approved.

The following order of business was submitted by the Secretary and, upon motion of P. H. D'Arcy, was adopted:

1. Selection of place of meeting.
2. Selection of speaker for annual address.
3. Selection of Grand Chaplain.
4. Selection of Grand Marshal.
5. Appointment of Committees: (a) Committee of Arrangements; (b) Finance Committee; (c) Committee on Building and Music; (d) Committee on Invitations; (e) Committee on Transportation; (f) Reception Committee; (g) selection of Chairman of Woman's Auxiliary.

After considerable discussion, on motion of Mr. Himes, seconded by Mr. Miller, Wednesday, June 22, 1910, was voted to be the date of the Reunion.

On motion of Mr. D'Arcy, of Salem, seconded by Mr. Miller, Portland was chosen as the place at which to hold the Reunion.

On motion of Mr. Himes, seconded by Mr. Minto, Prof. Frank H. Grubbs, 1852, was chosen to prepare the annual address, his subject to be the "Early Schools of Oregon."

On motion by Mr. Himes, seconded by Mr. Bird, Rev. David Baxter Gray, 1851, Portland, was chosen to act as Chaplain.

On motion of Mr. Miller, seconded by Mr. D'Arcy, Joseph Buchtel, 1852, Portland, was appointed Grand Marshal, with power to choose his own aides.

On motion it was voted that the Committee of Arrangements should be composed of Mr. Himes, Mr. Holman and Mr. Miller.

On motion of Mr. D'Arcy it was voted that Messrs. Himes, Holman and J. D. Lee should act as the Committee on Finance.

The matter of securing a place of meeting and suitable music and all other matters, were referred to the Committee of Arrangements.

Secretary Himes was appointed the Committee on Transportation, also the Committee on Invitations

It was voted that the Reception Committee should be made up of the full Board of Directors, the Marshal and such aides as he might select.

On motion of Mr. Himes, seconded by Mr. Magers, Mrs. Charlotte M. Cartwright, 1845, was selected as Chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary, with power to select her own assistants.

The Secretary was authorized to have one thousand copies of the Annual Transactions of 1910 printed, and also such envelopes, letterheads, badges, programmes, announcements, etc., as in his judgment might be necessary.

No further business appearing, the Board adjourned.

GEORGE H. HIMES, Secretary.

THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REUNION.

Portland, June 22, 1910.

Beginning with a grand assembly in the Masonic Temple, at which the annual address was delivered, following which came an automobile ride throughout the city and thence to the Armory, where a banquet was served, and ending with the annual business meeting and "campfire" gathering of the Oregon Pioneer Association, Portland today paid honor to the early settlers of Oregon.

It is estimated that there were fully fourteen hundred people gathered together for the occasion, coming from all over the West. Men and women, gray-haired and bent with age, who blazed the trail and brought the first civilization to this then wild country, were the guests of Portland, and right royally were they received and entertained.

It was the crowning event of the year for the "boys" of the early days in Oregon. The Masonic Temple was crowded to overflowing, and the Armory was filled with hungry visitors who were given a repast such as will be a cherished memory to all those who attended.

To every man must come the time when he feels that one of the turnstiles of life has been passed, when, by something accomplished or by the occurence of some circumstance, the time will always remain in his memory. To hundreds of Oregon's pioneers such a time came yesterday, when, at the close of the programme, the visitors were met at the door of the Masonic Temple by automobiles in which they were transported about the city. This noteworthy experience came about as a result of the Secretary of the Association requesting Mayor Simon to exert his influence with the Automobile Club of Portland to that end.

Gray-haired women and men trembled with suppressed excitement when they were told that the big touring cars were there for their particular use.

"Yep, I'm a-goin' to ride in one o' them pesky things all right," said one of the "boys." "It's the first time in my life, but I've fit Indians and I guess I can stand the excitement of riding in this thing."

That was the way with the most of those brave old men and women. It was all new to them, their first automobile experience.

All of those grand old men and women were given "a ride," and such great joy as they felt was expressed in their faces, which literally shone with happiness, notwithstanding the wrinkles of age.

To E. Henry Wemme and members of the Portland Automobile Club must be given a great deal of credit. Mr. Wemme was right on the spot, here, there and everywhere, helping the old people into the cars and sending them off on the greatest "joy-ride" of their lives. President M. C. Dickinson, of the Automobile Club, personally drove his machine, carrying loads of pioneers back and forth.

"Well, if we'd a' had one of these things to cross the plains in the early days, it wouldn't have been quite so hard," was a sentence heard from the lips of many of the old-timers.

The annual reunion began at 2 o'clock, when the aged pioneers assembled at the Masonic Temple. They were welcomed at the door by Grand Marshal Joseph Buchtel and a large corps of aides, and shown the way to the auditorium above.

Long before the hour set the big hall was filled with people, and promptly on time the exercises were begun. Frederick V. Holman, President of the Association, called the assembly to order in a few words, after which Rev. D. B. Gray delivered the invocation, asking a blessing on those gray heads gathered from far and near.

Joseph Simon, Mayor of Portland, was introduced by President Holman to give the address of welcome to the visiting pioneers. The Mayor spoke in happy vein, as follows:

"I congratulate you on the auspicious circumstances that attend the opening of your thirty-eighth annual reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association. We welcome you to the metropolis of the great State of Oregon, and with pardonable pride we assert that at no period has this state been more prosperous than it is today.

"Compare its present condition—rich in resources, beautiful in landscape and fertile in soil, its great highways of commerce, its churches, schools and universities—with the conditions of the country that confronted you pioneers when your feet first trod Oregon's soil! How should any of you have dreamed at that time what this country was destined to become?

"I congratulate this Association upon the auspicious opening of the Reunion, and on behalf of the City of Portland, I welcome you one and all and extend most cordial greetings."

In response to the Mayor's address of welcome, Mr. Frederick V. Holman, President of the Association, said:

Mr. Mayor, Oregon Pioneers, Ladies and Gentlemen:

On behalf of the Oregon Pioneer Association, and as its president, I wish to thank the mayor of Portland for his kindly welcome to the Association and to its members, many of whom are Oregon pioneers. For many years the people of Portland have shown their appreciation of these pioneers by generous contributions to pay the expenses of the annual meeting of the Association. The women of Portland have gladly prepared and managed the annual banquet. There has been on each and all of these occasions a kindly and heartfelt welcome and a showing of esteem, regard and affection for those who found or made the way over the plains and mountains, made their homes here, and laid the foundations of the State of Oregon, and assisted in its civilization and present prosperity.

I speak of this not as personal to me, for, while I have been a member of the Oregon Pioneer Association for many years, I am not a pioneer in the true meaning of that word. I was born in Oregon, and my parents were pioneers of 1846, and my grandfather, John Holman, was one of the pioneers of 1843. There are certain rules by which persons may become members of the Association, but that does not make them pioneers. That is a title of honor—not an honorary degree—a title which cannot be conferred by constitutions, public or private, nor by statutes, nor by initiative petitions, nor by higher institutions of learning who have the right to confer degrees. It is not acquired by being a member of a pioneer association or society; it is an honor which cannot be conferred; it had to be earned by being in fact an Oregon pioneer. Originally, the word "pioneer" was a military term applied to those whose duty it was to march before an army, to make and repair the roads, and to clear the way from obstructions and perform other work to assist the progress of the soldiers who fought. But in civil life, it has come to be applied to those who go early to a new country to find and to prepare the way for others to follow, to begin the work of civilizing the wild land, and then to assist in its upbuilding into communities and as a commonwealth. As the trials and tribulations of being an Oregon pioneer are over, and the

name is now one so honorable and entitles its holder to the esteem and affection of all Oregonians and of all respecters of patriotism, courage and steadfastness of purpose, I regret to see occasionally in the newspapers in the notices of deaths of respected men and women who have lived, in some instances, many years in Oregon, who are called pioneers in these notices, but who are not Oregon Pioneers, and who are not even eligible to membership in this Association. It sometimes seems strange that these so-called pioneers—men and women of the 'sixties, the 'seventies, the 'eighties, and the 'nineties—are not also called Oregon Indian War Veterans, for they are as much entitled to be so called as to be given the name and title of Oregon pioneer. Possibly, some of these accounts are furnished by sorrowing relatives to secure some reflected but imaginary glory for themselves. It is a curious phase of the human mind to try to honor the dead with a false pretense.

Those were great things the Oregon pioneers did; they found and made the way to Oregon; they surmounted every obstacle and overcame every difficulty; they assisted in saving to the United States the part of the Oregon country south of the forty-ninth degree of latitude, by their indomitable will, their courage, their perseverance, their patriotism, and by coming to Oregon. They made the Willamette Valley, which was the habitat of Indians, into a land of American homes, humble, indeed, at first, but nevertheless homes, for themselves and their families and abiding places for those who came later. Even the commonplaces of those pioneer days are now lighted with a gleam of romance, as the tribulations of those days are being forgotten. These pioneer men and women—for the women are entitled to praise and to be remembered as well as the men—are worthy of the honors which belong to them for the part they took in the heroic days of Oregon. Heroes and heroines they were and are in civil life, the winners and makers of Oregon. They are all the more deserving to be so known, because they did not fully realize what great things they really were doing. They strove, they suffered, they persisted, quietly but effectively, but they accomplished.

These once sturdy men and women, young then, are old now; every year their number is fewer. We have given up the marching at the annual meetings of the Association, for feet which never faltered in the long march of five or six months along the rough Oregon trail to the Willamette Valley, now become weary in walking a few blocks on Portland's paved streets. Their willing hands, which assisted in the upbuilding of Oregon, are tired now. God bless these weary feet and these tired hands that have done so much for Oregon, and which all too soon will be at rest. Today, the people of Oregon bow their heads in respect and reverence to its true pioneers. As long as there are any of them living. Portland will be glad to welcome and entertain these survivors here. It will be only a few years when these pioneers will all have passed away, leaving to their descendants and to the people of Oregon the heritage of lives well spent, of duty well done.

While what these Oregon pioneers were and what they did will be remembered and treasured by their descendants and by all who know the history of Oregon, it is well often to speak of them, not that we, but lest others, do not know, or, knowing, forget. It is well, too, at every meeting of the Oregon Pioneer Association, to recall the one great heroic and historic man who, mentally and physically, stood head and shoulders above all of his contemporaries; the greatest of all Oregon citizens, the Father of Oregon, one of the world's greatest humanitarians, Dr. John McLoughlin.

These old pioneers do not need to be reminded of him, for, from their own experiences, they know what manner of man he was and what he did for them and theirs. There are present some of the pioneers of 1843, whose lives he saved from massacre by the Indians; there are many present who personally, or whose ancestors, were saved from suffering and want, and whose needs were supplied by his humanity. Thus they were enabled to live and to prosper in Oregon by his fostering care. There are grandfathers and great-grandfathers still living in Oregon whose children's lives were saved through the care and attention given by his commands. These pioneers and their descendants can never forget Dr. John McLoughlin, whose loving kindness and humanity were Christlike.

These themes are so pleasing that one might expatiate on them for the whole time allowed for these exercises. I have already taken more time than was intended to be allowed me to respond to the welcome of the mayor and to greet the Oregon pioneers.

In conclusion, I give you Oregon pioneers a heartfelt welcome and say, God bless you, one and all. May each of you live long and give the people of Oregon an annual pleasure in entertaining you as you so truly deserve.

Thomas W. Prosch, of Seattle, a member of the Washington Pioneer Association, conveyed the fraternal greetings of that body as follows:

Friends: This is the first time that it has come to me to stand upon an Oregon platform. That those before me on this occasion should be pioneers is extremely gratifying. I congratulate myself upon this fact. Above all other people I respect, regard and revere the pioneers of Oregon and Washington. That I should be considered worthy of place among their numbers, among your numbers, with my small measure of qualification, is to me cause of constant amazement. I am rejoiced, however, that it is so.

Pioneers of Oregon: Your people were our people in the earlier days; your acts were our acts; your teachings and your examples were our teachings and our examples. Sixty years ago we were Northern Oregon locally, but politically and generally to all the world you and we together were one and the same Oregon We had the same history, the same interests, the same antecedents and the same aspirations. All that led to our separation was the immensity of our area, and the impossibility of satisfactory state government in a sparsely populated region, approximating half a million square miles. In the separation was the utmost good feeling, accompanied by sincere regret for the necessity. We have since watched your upward and onward course with the eye of filial affection. We have been glad when you were glad. We have been proud, and are proud, of every step in advance in any part of "Old Oregon."

Ladies and Gentlemen: Our Association, in your daughter state to the north, is modeled after your own. You people, of our mother state to the south, have shown us the way to go, and we have gone. What you have thought wise and well, we have thought wise and well. We were near you physically, and we wanted to be near you otherwise. The only difference between the two Associations is that caused by the conditions connected with their separate admissions to statehood. Washington was forty years behind Oregon in this matter. Our pioneer period, therefore, is brought to a later date than your own, though in the State of Washington are pioneers of as early dates as any in the State of Oregon.

Pioneers: We extend to you our greetings. We wish you well individually and collectively. We hope to have you with us at our reunions. You will always be welcome, warmly welcome. All will be free to you as to us. It will be a real pleasure to see you, to hear you, to have you. Come, and see if what I say is not true.

On account of physical inability, Professor Frank H. Grubbs could not be present to deliver the annual address, which was prepared by him. Consequently he delegated J. D. Lee, an ex-president of the Association, and a life-long friend, to read the address, the title of which was "Reminiscences of the Early Schools of Oregon." The story told by Professor Grubbs was unusually interesting and was full of valuable historical allusions. In a clear voice which could be heard over the entire hall, Mr. Lee delivered the address, and it was listened to very attentively.

At the close of the address a little time was spent in old-time greetings, and at 4:00 p. m. the announcement was made that "dinner was ready." At that the assembly marched in irregular squads to the Armory.

The "hi-yu-muck-a-muck," always the crowning feature of the annual meetings of the Oregon Pioneer Association,

large cakes, bushels of small cakes, sixty gallons of ice-cream, a wagon-load of bread and a river of coffee. The table service included 1400 tumblers, 1400 cups and saucers, 1800 plates, 170 butter dishes, 210 sugar bowls, 130 small pitchers, 160 large pitchers, 180 salad bowls, 712 platters, 1400 sets of knives and forks and as many spoons.

All the food was donated. Cannerymen furnished the salmon, which were cooked at the Portland and Oregon hotels and at the Arlington and Commercial clubs. The coffee was made by Mrs. A. J. Roberts, of Hood River, who has made coffee for each banquet for eighteen years.

The corps of waiters was made up of 120 volunteers from the pioneer families in Portland and the booths where the food was stored required the services of fifty more women. In all two hundred were kept busy all day preparing for the banquet and serving it, and they did it without the slightest confusion. The women who had charge of the tables have taken the same part at the banquet for many years and have systematized the work until it is up to the best standard.

The decorations were beautiful and presented a pretty color scheme entirely by accident. Women in charge of each table selected their own flowers without consulting the others, and coincidently the tables alternated with yellow and red decorations.

The banquet was prepared and served by the Woman's Auxiliary, as follows:

President, Mrs. Charlotte M. Cartwright; Vice President, Mrs. John W. Minto; Secretary, Miss Anna M. Cremen; Treasurer, Miss Nannie E. Taylor; Executive

Board, Mrs. Benton Killin, Mrs. D. P. Thompson, and Mrs. Irving W. Pratt.

Table No. 1.—Miss Failing, Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton: assistants, Miss May Failing, Mrs. H. C. Cabell, Mrs. M. Welch, Mrs. Henry Huffman.

Table No. 2.—Mrs. W. R. Sewall, Mrs. Charles T. Kamm; assistants, Miss Inez Barrett, Miss Madeline Walker, Miss Imogene Raffety, Mrs. W. F. McKinnon.

Table No. 3.—Mrs. George H. Lamberson, Mrs. P. W. Gillette; assistants, Miss Grace Lamberson, Miss C. Lamberson, Miss Marie Meussdorffer, Preston Gillette.

Table No. 4.—Mrs. June McMillen Ordway, Mrs. E. W. Spencer; assistants, Miss Fay C. Himes, Miss Myrtle B. Moffett, Mrs. W. L. Spencer, Miss Ella Brown.

Table No. 5.—Mrs. M. C. George, Mrs. Irving W. Pratt; assistants, Miss Gertrude Pratt, Mrs. Maud Upton Scott, Miss Jessie George, Mrs. H. G. Colton.

Table No. 6.—Mrs. Milton W. Smith, Mrs. Grace Watt-Ross; assistants, Miss Josephine Smith, Mrs. Allen Ellsworth, Miss Watt, Mrs. Jackson.

Table No. 7.—Mrs. Frank M. Warren, Mrs. W. E. Robertson; assistants, Miss Frances Warren, Miss Grace Warren, Miss Nan Robertson, Miss Mary Robertson.

Table No. 8.—Mrs. L. A. Lewis, Mrs. J. Wesley Ladd; assistants, Miss C. Flanders, Miss Sallie Lewis, Mrs. William Warrens, Mrs. John E. Cronan.

Table No. 9.—Mrs. P. L. Willis, Mrs. M. A. M. Ashley; assistants, Mrs. Maud Hughes, Miss Frances Jeffery, Mrs. A. H. Morgan, Mrs. Letitia McKinnon.

Table No. 10.—Mrs. H. H. Northup, Mrs. Tyler Woodward; assistants, Miss Mae Hirsch, Mrs. Arthur Gay, Miss Jessie Farrell, Mrs. Allison.

Table No. 11.—Mrs. George H. Himes, Mrs. Edward E. McClure; assistants, Mrs. Harold G. Rice, Miss Lurah M. Himes, Miss Jean McClure, Mrs. W. D. Brown.

Table No. 12.—Mrs. A. Meier, Mrs. P. J. Mann; assistants, Mrs. Julius Meier, Mrs. Fred Seller, Miss Laura Northup, Miss Louisa Bickel.

Table No. 13.—Mrs. George Taylor, Mrs. I. L. Patterson; assistants, Miss Blanche Catlin, Miss Mary A. Adair, Mrs. Roger B. Sinnott, Miss Lucille Parker.

Table No. 14.—Mrs. A. B. Croasman, Mrs. J. M. Freeman; assistants, Mrs. W. W. Harder, Miss Lilian Croasman, Mrs. Ben Gadsby, Mrs. I. G. Davidson.

Table No. 15.—Mrs. John Gill, Mrs. J. L. Hartman; assistants, Miss Elsa Gill, Mrs. J. R. Myers, Miss Frances Gill, Miss Ethel Thompson.

Table No. 16.—Mrs. James F. Failing, Mrs. A. M. Crane; assistants, Mrs. William L. Brewster, Miss Kate Failing, Mrs. W. M. Crane, Miss Elizabeth Parker.

Table No. 17.—Mrs. George W. Weidler, Mrs. John McCraken; assistants, Miss Charlotte Sherlock, Miss Weidler, Miss Hurley, Mrs. Hattie Pratt.

Table No. 18.—Mrs. H. B. Nicholas, Miss Lavilla Humason; assistants, Mrs. James Malarkey, Miss Hazel Williams, Mrs. I. C. Sandford, Mrs. Josephine Arnold.

Table No. 19.—Mrs. William D. Fenton, Mrs. Otto Metschan; assistants, Miss Clara Wiley, Mrs. Edwin Caswell, Miss Hazel Morrow, Miss Nita Matlock.

Table No. 20.—Mrs. H. S. Gile, Miss Kate Holman; assistants, Miss Eleanor Gile, Miss Crellin, Mrs. F. D. Chamberlain, Miss Laura Murch.

Booth No. 1.—Bread, biscuit, cake, etc.—Miss Nannie E. Taylor, Chairman; assistants, Miss Anna M. Cremen, Mrs. Robert Porter, Mrs. T. T. Struble, Mrs. D. W. Taylor, Mrs. Sigmund Frank, Miss Lambert, Miss Hildegarde Plummer, Miss M. Agnes Kelley, Miss Linley Morton, Miss Bess Bodman, Miss Plummer, Mrs. M. L. Myrick, Mrs. M. Fleischner, Mrs. Bruce L. Carr.

Booth No. 2.—Meats, fish, salads, etc.—Mrs. John W. Minto, Chairman; assistants, Mrs. Herbert Holman, Mrs. Archie L. Pease, Mrs. J. W. Morrow, Mrs. Norman Pease, Mrs. B. Trenkmann, Mrs. Berry, Mrs. G. L. Campbell, Miss Matlock, Miss Morrow, Mrs. C. W. Fulton, Mrs. L. M. Irwin, Mrs. A. D. Charlton, Miss Gussie Marshall, Mrs. R. H. Birdsall, Mrs. D. J. Malarkey.

Booth No. 3.—Ice cream, milk, cream and butter.—Mrs. Albert Brown, Chairman; assistant, Mrs. A. J. Van Wessenhove.

Booth No. 4.—Mrs. Lily Parrish Moffett, Mrs. E. A. Breyman, Mrs. Jackson.

Booth No. 5.—Miss Weidler, Miss Clara Teal, Mrs. J. A. Newell.

Booth No. 6.—Mrs. Clara Watt Morton, Miss Anna M. King.

Booth No. 7.—Mrs. E. Brown, Mrs. J. F. Alex. Mayer, Miss Lena Bickel.

Reserve Tables.—Mrs. Charles Hohan, Mrs. William Grooms, Miss Caroline Hohan and Liola Struble.

Aides.—Clifton Minto Irwin and Preston Gillette.

EVENING MEETING.

The pioneers assembled in the Masonic Temple and elected officers for the next year as follows:

P. H. D'Arcy, of Salem, 1857, President; Secretary, George H. Himes, 1853, of Portland; Treasurer, Charles E. Ladd, 1857, of Portland; Directors, Joseph Buchtel, 1852, of Portland; N. H. Bird, 1848, of Portland, and Cyrus H. Walker, 1838, of Albany.

George H. Himes, who was re-elected Secretary, has served his 25th year in that capacity, and no other nominations would be entertained for the place by retiring President Frederick V. Holman, who placed Himes in nomination himself, declared the nominations closed and cast the unanimous vote of the Association for him.

Immediately following the election of officers, William Galloway read the resolutions and they were passed. Before the vote was put, however, Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway attempted to have them amended so that the Association would be placed on record as favoring the equal suffrage law to be submitted to the voters by initiative in the Fall elections. She was ruled out of order, but took occasion to refer to the ruling as unfair during the "campfire" discussion.

The resolution included the favoring of a permanent home for the State Historical Society; acceptance of the invitation of the Pierce County (Wash.) Pioneer Association to meet with them in August; expressing sympathy for Professor F. H. Grubbs in his illness, which kept him from attending the reunion, and also to all infirm afflicted members.

The following resolutions were also adopted:

Be it resolved, That the thanks of this Association be extended to the Mayor, officials and citizens of Portland for their generous recognition of the men and women whose efforts have made it possible to build this great Western metropolis.

Resolved, That our thanks are due the representatives of the press for kind mention and consideration.

Resolved, That to the various transportation lines are due our thanks for courtesies extended; also are our thanks due and are hereby extended to the Portland Automobile Club, which so kindly gave the old pioneers a free ride over the city and to the Armory. And be it further

Resolved, That our heartfelt thanks and gratitude be extended to the noble women of Portland who at this meeting, as in the past have been assiduous and unreserving in their attention to every want of the Oregon pioneers attending this annual meeting, not to mention the bounteous repast annually provided with queenly grace and hospitality.

J. C. CARSON,
J. D. LEE,
WILLIAM GALLOWAY,
Committee.

At the close of the business meeting the campfire was opened by J. D. Lee, who presided. He started by calling it to order in Chinook, which occasioned much laughter and started the good feeling. After that nearly all of the speakers used more or less Chinook.

A unique feature was the singing of a song in the famous Pacific Northwestern aboriginal tongue by Cyrus H. Walker, of Albany, who was born near Walla Walla in 1838, being the oldest living white man born west of the Rocky Mountains. He next delivered a speech, which

met with cheers. After this there was a general cross-fire of questions hurled at him in the tongue from all over the house.

Then came the talks, reciting stories of the trip across the plains, the early days of Oregon life, the Indian wars, the hardships and all the events that have since become history. Out of respect to the memory of the late General George H. Williams, who was one of the most active in last year's reunion, at the instance of ex-Governor T. T. Geer, the members stood for a bare moment, silent, with bowed heads.

One of the most interesting of the campfire features was the old fiddlers' carnival. Mrs. S. J. Anderson, of Vancouver, a pioneer, of 1847; Henry M. Jackson, 1852; George C. Rider, 1852, and D. C. Bowers, 1852. The rendition of each number was the signal for a burst of applause. All the pieces played were the tunes of pioneer days. At one time it looked as if an old-fashioned Virginia reel would be danced when an old pioneer and his wife arose and commenced dancing.

Among those who related experiences were Major James Bruce, of McMinnville; Oscar Canfield, of Canfield, Idaho, who called attention to the fact that two of Oregon's most noted pioneers are buried at Oregon City in unmarked graves. They are Peter Skene Ogden and Dr. John McLoughlin. Mrs. N. A. Jacobs and Mrs. Elizabeth Sager Helm; Mrs. John C. Cartwright, pioneer of 1845, now living at Berkeley, Cal.; Charles B. Moores, of Salem, and many others spoke. Thomas B. Merry, who came to Oregon in 1870, one of the state's oldest journalists, delivered

a short address, saying he had come back to Oregon to stay, after remaining away since 1888.

The restless march of a determined people across the great American desert when the Nation was young, not lured by the lust of gold, but seeking homes, was retold by a score or more of white-haired, battle-scarred veterans.

At 10 p. m. the moment for parting had come. A lull fell upon the assembled pioneers. Some silently shook hands, others stood with bowed heads, while the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner" were played by Henry M. Jackson, a pioneer of 1852, on his violin. Now and then a tear would steal down the cheek of some one of the assembled throng.

Soon, however, they fell to shaking hands and saying goodby, and the 38th annual reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association came to a close.

It was the big night of the reunion and the campfire feature, which has come to be one of the most enjoyable events of each year, was no disappointment.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE INDIAN WAR VETERANS OF THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST.

Portland, Oregon, June 22, 1910.

Agitation looking toward the placing of the veterans of the Indian wars on the same basis with the veterans of the Civil and other wars in the matter of pensions was strongly emphasized at the 25th annual Grand Encampment of Indian War Veterans of the Northwest, held in the White Temple in this city yesterday. There were fully four hundred persons in attendance.

That no attempt will be made, by means of initiative, to agitate the claims of the Indian War veterans was the sense of the gathering yesterday, but a committee was appointed for the purpose of going before the State Legislature and working on this subject. Five veterans entitled to back pay from the Government were selected as follows: James Campbell, J. Walker, Harvey W. Scott, T. V. B. Embree and C. Williams.

Letters were read from the Oregon Congressmen at Washington which showed apparently that the only drawback to securing recompense for the Indian War veterans was in the person of Speaker Cannon, who, it is said, has opposed the granting of increased pensions.

One of the important matters of the day was the election of officers for the ensuing year. T. V. B. Embree, 1844, of Dallas, was chosen as Grand Commander, and Harvey W. Scott, 1852, was selected as Senior Vice-Grand Commander. Other officers who were elected are as fol-

lows: A. B. Stuart, 1849, Junior Vice-Grand Commander; Otto Kleeman, Grand Adjutant; Charles Chambreau, Grand Commissary Sergeant; W. D. Ewing, Grand Chaplain; John Storan, Captain of the Guard, and Patrick Maloney, Grand Marshal.

There were present at the gathering veterans from all of the states of the Northwest, including Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana and California. There was also one man in attendance from the State of Alabama. Washington was especially well represented, there being delegates from Puget Sound and Olympia, as well as several other parts of the state. Of Indian fighters there were about 175 present, the rest being widows of veterans and members of the Sons and Daughters of Indian War Veterans.

Business matters were attended to in the morning, while the afternoon was given over to a repast given by the Sons and Daughters of Indian War Veterans, to speech-making and getting acquainted.

Considerable feeling was displayed by the veterans, who expressed themselves vigorously in general conversation in regard to the manner in which the Indian War veterans have been treated with regard to back pay, pensions and payment for personal property lost during the wars.

"I think it ought to be worth more to kill Indians than it is to kill our white brothers," said Grand Commander Embree. "At least, I am sure that the veterans of the Indian wars deserve just as much consideration from the Government as is given the veterans of other wars. I am sure that it would be easy to have our bills passed if the Easterners could be made to understand the merits of our claims."

"An Indian war veteran, apparently, is worth more dead than alive," said Otto Kleeman, Grand Adjutant. "He is given a pension of $8 a month while he is living, but when he dies his widow receives $12 per month. We should have a pension of not less than $16 per month, even as the Civil War veterans receive, and from that amount upward.

"There is another factor also which must be taken into consideration, and this is the loss of personal property entailed by the men who fought in the Indian Wars. As an example, I might cite the number of horses which were killed, belonging to men who could ill afford to lose them. Horses were very valuable in those days, as there was very little good stock—other than the native cayuses—to be had."

The social feature of the annual gathering of Indian fighters was well taken care of yesterday. The luncheon served by the Sons and Daughters of Indian War Veterans was a pleasant surprise to all the visitors. It was served in the basement of the White Temple.

An interesting address was made during the afternoon by John W. Cullen, 1847, who gave his experiences during the Indian Wars at Olympia. He fought under Captain Goudy. Other speakers were Comrade Wills, Cyrus H. Walker, Patrick Maloney and Comrade Wilkes.

PIONEERS IN ATTENDANCE.

Those who registered with the Secretary were as follows:

1821

La Chapelle, Mrs. Lucier A., St. Louis. Oregon 1821

1837

Alpin, Mrs. Mary, Woodburn..... Washington 1837
Beers, Benjamin, Independence..... Connecticut 1835

1838

Walker, Cyrus H., Albany..... Oregon 1838

1839

Abernethy, William, Dora..... Oregon 1840

1840

Edwards, Mrs. Wiley, Corvallis..... Oregon 1840
Mattoon, Mrs. E. A., Portland..... Indiana 1838

1841

Elliott Mrs. Mary, Holbrook..... Canada 1837
Hood, Mrs. C. I., Portland..... Illinois 1840
Mountain, Capt. Thomas, Portland.... Massachusetts 1822

1842

Beers, William, Oregon City..... Oregon 1842
Carter, D. A., Sheridan..... Oregon 1842
Holman, Geo. P., Salt Lake, Utah..... Oregon 1842
Matthieu, F. X., Portland..... Canada 1818

1843

Adair, Dr. Owens, (Mrs.) Warrenton.. Missouri 1840
Baker, Mrs. Catherine, Portland..... Missouri 1823
Bertrand Mrs. Isabell, Portland..... California 1841

Cullen, Mrs. Anna E., Hillsdale.....Missouri 1837
Dixon, Mrs. L. A., Portland.....Missouri 1840
Eberman, Mrs. Emma, Seaside.....England 1836
Griffiths, Mrs. Rebecca, Portland.....Missouri 1837
Hembree, W. C., McMinnville.....Tennessee 1829
Hembree, Mrs. W. C., McMinnville....Kentucky 1836
Hill, Mrs. Sarah Jane, Gaston.....Missouri 1821
Jenkins, Diantha, Yaquina Bay..... *Plains 1843
Lenox, S. S., Gaston.....Illinois 1841
McHaley, A. J., Sellwood.....Missouri 1839
Swick, Mrs. M. Gilmore, The Dalles...Oregon 1843
Wright, Mrs. L. E., Portland.....Indiana 1829

1844

Adams, Mrs. J. H., Portland.....Oregon 1844
Bain, Mrs. Ann, Portland.....Iowa 1840
Baker, Mrs. Perry G., Portland.....Canada 1835
Bedwell, Mrs. Elizabeth, North Yamhill.*Plains 1844
Burton, H. H., Portland.....At sea.....1844
Caples, Hezekiah, St. Helens.....Ohio 1840
Croll, Mrs. Samantha, Little Rock, Wn.Missouri 1836
Harvey, Mrs. Francis M., Portland.....Oregon 1844
Helm, Mrs. Elizabeth, Portland.....Ohio 1837
Johnson, Burr, Pendleton.....Indiana 1840
Klinger, Mrs. L. J., Dufur.....*Plains 1844
Lewis, Frank Lee, Portland.....Canada 1830
Minto, John, Salem.....England 1822
Morrison, Mrs. Hannah, Portland.....Missouri 1839
McHaley, Mrs. Mary A., Sellwood....Missouri 1842
Nelson, J. C., Newberg.....Missouri 1827
Olds, N. H., Lents.....Indiana 1840
Olds, Eli, Tillamook.....Indiana 1837
Ramsdell, Thos. M., Portland.....Vermont 1821
Reynolds, Mrs. S. E., Portland..... 1844
Russell, Mrs. Wm., North Yamhill.....Indiana 1843
Riley, Mrs. Olive M., Corvallis.....Oregon 1844

Sax, Mrs. M. P., Portland.....Iowa 1835
Stillwell, Wm., D., Tillamook.....Ohio 1824
Welch, James W., Astoria.....Iowa 1842

1845

Archibald, Francis, Portland.....Iowa 1842
Allen, Albert, Boyd.....Iowa 1843
Anderson, Mrs. C. J., Salem.....Kentucky 1839
Arthurs, Mrs. Sarah Williams, Portland Illinois 1844
Belieu, J. W. A., Portland.....Missouri 1841
Bennett, Mrs. L. J., Portland.....Missouri 1832
Bolds, Charles, Jefferson.....Kentucky 1822
Boynton, Mrs. C. O., Woodburn.....
Bozorth, C. C., Vancouver, Wash.....Missouri 1832
Bonney, B. F., Molalla.....Illinois 1838
Carter, J. L., Hood River.....Oregon 1845
Cappo, Mrs. E. R., Portland.....*Plains 1845
Cartwright, Mrs. Mary.....Missouri 1843
Catching, Mrs. A. F., Portland.....Kentucky 1842
Comstock, Mrs. M. J., Portland.....Missouri 1838
Cornelius, Mrs. C., Portland.....Missouri 1845
Cornelius, Mrs. B., Portland.....Indiana .....
Cox, P. W., Colfax, Wash.....Iowa 1841
Crandall, Mrs. Lydia, Portland.....Missouri 1844
Denny, Mrs. E. H., La Fayette.....Illinois 1839
Durbin, Solomon, Salem.....Ohio 1829
Farrell, Mrs. Susan, Brooks.....Iowa .....
Foster, Mrs. M. E., Hood River.....Indiana 1841
Gew, Mrs. Philomena, Wilbur.....Oregon 1845
Griffith, J. M., Oregon City.....Illinois 1842
Hawk, Mrs. Sarah E., Portland.....Illinois 1832
Helm, W. F., Portland..... Kentucky 1834
Hendrix, Mrs. M. J., Carlton.....Virginia 1830
Hurley, Mrs. Mary A., Portland.....Iowa 1842
Jackson, Mrs. Sarah B., Glencoe.....Virginia 1828
Johnson W. Carey, Portland.....Ohio .....
Kenney Mrs. Elizabeth, Jacksonville..Illinois 1845
Lamberson, H. C., Scappoose.....Missouri 1844
Lamberson, J. L., Houlton.....Iowa 1840
Latourette, Mrs. A. E., Hillsdale.....Illinois 1839
Lloyd, A. G., Waitsburg, Wash.....Missouri 1836

Manning, Mrs. Elizabeth, Hillsboro....Missouri 1836
Meldrum, Jno. W., Oregon City.....Iowa 1839
Moore, Mrs. Mary, Hillsboro.....Missouri .....
Moore, Mrs. M. O., Portland.....Iowa 1834
Morgan, Mrs. A. H., Portland..... *Plains 1845
Morgan, G. W., Cornelius.....Ohio 1840
McCarver, Mrs. Mary E., Oregon City..Ohio .....
McCown, Mrs. Sarah, Portland.....Iowa 1845
McNamee, Adam, Portland.....Missouri 1841

Parker, G. L., Mount Tabor.....Iowa 1843
Patterson, Mrs. Emily, Dufur.....Illinois 1843
Patterson Mrs. L. A., Portland.....Michigan .....

Reuter, Mrs. Delia, Portland.....Illinois 1834
Rogers, Ellery, Bellingham, Wash.....Missouri 1844

Sears, H. A., Portland.....Vermont 1843
Simmons, C. S., Portland.....Michigan 1841

Thomas, Geo. B., Bull Run.....Missouri 1828
Terwilliger, Hiram, Portland..... 1845
Thyng, Mrs. E. C., Portland.....Iowa 1842

Wilcox, Mrs. Julia, Portland..... Virginia 1823
Wilcox, Mrs. G. W., Portland.....Kentucky 1836
Wilkes, J., Hillsboro.....Indiana 1832
Wood, Mrs. Lydia, Portland.....Illinois 1834

Jacobs, Mrs. N. A., Portland.....New York.....1840
Johnson, Miss Amy, Portland.....Iowa 1845

Rees, Mrs. Amanda, Portland.....Missouri 1830
Rees, Mrs. M. H., Portland.....Missouri 1828

Scott, Mrs. Margarett, Portland.....Iowa 1845
Smith, Mrs. Sidney, Vale.....Ohio 1829

1846

Bartenstein, Mrs. Eva, Portland.....Tennessee 1846
Bingman, Mrs. Jennie, Canemah.....Oregon 1846
Bird, N. H., Portland.....Tennessee 1846
Brown, J. M., Silverton.....Missouri 1844

Catlin, Mrs. Jno., Portland.....Missouri 1844
Church, A., South Bend, Wash.....Ohio 1840
Clymer, Mrs. Mary, Portland.....Ohio 1826
Cone, A. S., Aurora.....Indiana 1827

D'Arcy, Mrs. M. Hunsaker, Portland....Illinois 1842
Deady, Mrs. Matthew, Portland.....Missouri 1835
Davidson, Mrs. Mary E., Parker.....Missouri 1839

Davis, E. C., Portland.....Ohio 1830
De Bord, Mrs. G. W., Dilley.....Ohio 1835
Dolman, Mrs. Morris, Portland.....Missouri 1837

Failing, Mrs. Olivia H., Portland.....Oregon 1846
Foster, Mrs. E. B., Lake County.....Vermont 1842

Gribble, J. K., Aurora.....Missouri 1844
Guthrie, D. M., Dallas.....Missouri 1824

Hill, F. M., Gaston.....Oregon 1846
Hall, L. M., Monmouth.....Illinois 1839
Hall, W. R., Buena Vista.....*Plains 1846
Holman, Miss Frances A., Portland....Missouri 1843
Holston, Mrs. Prudence, Portland.....Oregon 1846

Johnson, Mrs. Susan E., McMinnville..Illinois 1844

Marks, Mrs. Olivia G., Portland.....Oregon 1846
McEwan, Mrs. Clementine, Lents.....Illinois 1838
Myrick, Mrs. M. L., Portland.....California 1846
Murch, Mrs. M. E., Portland.....Missouri 1836

Olds, Emmet, Grass Valley.....Oregon 1846

Poppleton, Mrs. N. E., Portland.....Missouri 1839

Riggs, G. B,. Orchard, Wash.....Missouri 1836

Starkweather, Mrs. Eliza, Milwaukie...Indiana 1831
Smith, Mrs. Sarah A., Gladstone.....Illinois .....

Wood, Mrs. S. G., Walla Walla, Wash.Oregon 1846

1847

Adams, H. R., Gresham.....Missouri 1840
Anderson, Mrs. S. J., Vancouver, Wash.New York 1847
Avery, Mrs. Martha.....Pennsylvania 1824

Baldra, Mrs. S., Hillsboro.....Oregon 1824
Barger, Mrs. R. J., Portland.....Ohio .....
Baughman, Mrs. J. H., Gervais.....Missouri 1843
Beal, Geo. Washington, Sayers.....Indiana 1839
Bonser, S. D., Portland.....Ohio 1830
Buel, Sand, Sheridan.....Iowa 1845

Caufield, David, Oregon City.....Ohio 1845
Capps, Mrs. Nancy, Portland.....Missouri 1840
Chapman, Wm., Sheridan.....New York 1824
Canfield, O. F., Canfield, Idaho.....Pennsylvania 1837
Churchill, E. C.. Salem.....Illinois 1841
Corby, Mrs. E. J., Salem.....Illinois 1837

Cosper, Mrs. M. J., Dallas.....Illinois 1841
Cottle, Mrs. C. W., Portland.....Oregon 1847
Cullen, Jno. W., Hillsdale.....Indiana 1838

Denny, Mrs. O. N., Portland.....New Jersey 1837
DeWitt, Mrs. Otelia, Portland.....Indiana 1814
Dixon, Cyrus, Lents.....Oregon 1847

Finley, A. B., Portland.....Illinois 1838
Ford, Mrs. Rachel, Portland.....Illinois 1840
Forgey, Mrs. Hannah, Lents.....Indiana 1830
Fulton, James,, The Dalles.....Oregon 1847

Gibson, James W., Reedville.....Missouri 1834
Garrett, C. C., Vancouver, Wash.....Illinois 1840
Gibbons, E., Carrolton, Wash.....New York 1835
Griffith, Mrs. Nancy, Dexter.....Ohio 1833
Guild, J. S., Portland.....Illinois 1844

Hager, Mrs. S. T., Portland.....Missouri 1842
Hibbard, Mrs. Geo. L., Portland.....Iowa 1845
Hill, C. H., Orting, Wash.....Vermont 1837
Howell, Mrs. Mary V., Oregon City....Iowa 1842

Iller, W. E., Portland.....Missouri 1845

Jackman, Mrs. Lizzie Devaul, Portland.Indiana 1835
Johnson, Mrs. Burr, Pendleton.....Texas 1847
Johnson, J. F., Vancouver, Wash.....Texas 1841
Jolly, Wm. B., Portland.....Illinois 1843

King, Mrs. Eva A., Alderdale.....Sandwich Islands..1845
Klinger, L. J., Dufur.....Missouri 1837

Landess, Mrs. Elizabeth J., Portland....New York 1821
Langworthy, A. J., Portland.....Illinois 1826
Laughlin, Lee, Yamhill.....Missouri 1833
Lee, Norman L., Junction City.....Illinois 1837

Merchant, Wm., North Yamhill.....Iowa 1843
Merrill, Geo., Deer Island.....Ohio 1826
Morfitt, Wm., Portland.....England 1838
Morgan, Seth, The Dalles.....Illinois 1846
McBride, Thos. A., Oregon City.....Oregon 1847
McCullough, Mrs. Lucinda, Echo.....Iowa .....
McDaniel, Mrs. Virginia, Portland.....Missouri 1828
McPherson, Mrs. N. J.. Portland.....Illinois 1840
McGrew, Mrs. Phebe Walling, Portland.Iowa 1844
Perry, Mrs. S. J., Portland.....Oregon 1847
Powell, Mrs. W. S., Portland.....Vermont 1839
Prettyman, H. W., Portland.....Delaware 1839

Reeves, S. E., Portland.....Iowa 1842

Rexford, E. V., Hubbard, Wash.....Canada 1832
Riggs, G. W., Lents.....Missouri 1836
Roe, Mrs. E. Elizabeth, Portland.....Missouri 1836
Roland, Mrs. Elizabeth, Portland.....Iowa 1843

Shane, Mrs. Elvira, California.....
Scofield, Mrs. S. V., Cornelius.....Missouri 1847

Hovenden, Mrs. Elizabeth, Woodburn..Indiana 1841
Hunsaker, A. J., McMinnville.....Illinois 1834
Hubbard, Mrs. Alice Woodburn.....Indiana 1845

Isaacs, Mrs. H. P., Walla Walla, Wash.Missouri 1841

Kent, Mrs. C. F., Portland.....Illinois 1834

Meline, Mrs. E., Portland.....Illinois 1833
Mulkey, H., Sherwood.....Missouri 1841

Olds, Mrs. N. E., Portland.....Iowa 1841

Pendleton, Mrs. Sarah, Woodburn.....Indiana 1842

Slavin, Mrs. Emma R., Hillsdale.....Ohio 1836
Smith, Seneca, Portland.....Indiana 1844
Starr, S. E., Portland.....Ohio 1835
Stinson, Mrs. A. L., Salem.....Illinois 1843

Thorpe, Mrs. Emerette, Portland.....Illinois 1831
Todd, Mrs. M. H., La Fayette.....Texas 1840

Veazie, Mrs. H. L., Portland.....Oregon 1847

Watts, F. A., Portland.....Illinois 1846
Watts, L. W., Portland.....Oregon 1847
Whalley, Mrs. J. W., Portland.....Missouri 1841
Wilcox, G. W., Portland.....Ohio 1831
Wilcox, Wm., Estacada.....Ohio 1836
Wilson, Mrs. W. H., Drain.....New Jersey.....1832
Wright, Mrs. Melcena, Portland.....Missouri 1839
White, Mrs. Eliza E., Portland.....Oregon 1847
Woods, J. C., Portland.....Missouri 1838
Wooley, Mrs. E. G., Portland.....Missouri 1845

1848

Bartlett, Mrs. C., Vancouver, Wash....Oregon 1848
Bowie, Mrs. C. W., Portland.....Missouri 1846
Bowman, Mrs. A. W., Gresham.....Missouri 1843

Chance, Mrs. M. A., Portland.....Illinois 1839

Byrd, Mrs. Sarah L., Seaside.....Iowa 1843

Graham, J. K., Portland.....Illinois 1847

Fisher, Mrs. Lydia, Fishers Landing...Oregon 1848
Hibbard, O. F., Grass Valley.....Illinois 1839
Hinton, Mrs. H. E., Portland.....Arkansas 1844
Holmes, Mrs. D. J., Salem.....Oregon 1848
Johnson, Mrs. J. F., Ft. Vancouver, Wn..Oregon 1848
Kellogg, Mrs. A. A., Portland.....Iowa 1847
Lee, J. D., Portland.....Oregon 1848
Merrill, Edwin, Arleta.....Oregon 1848
Merchant, Warren, North Yamhill.....Oregon 1848
Minto, John W. Portland.....Oregon 1848
Miller, Charles, Jefferson.....Indiana 1830
Morgan, Mrs. E. E., Portland.....Indiana 1836
Morton, Mrs. Clara Watt, Portland.....Missouri 1846
Parker, Mrs. W. W., Portland.....Illinois 1845
Purvine, Mrs. J. L., Salem.....Missouri 1844
Purvine, S., Salem.....Illinois 1839
Reasnor, Mrs. A., Portland.....Oregon 1848
Robinson, F. M., Beaverton.....Oregon 1848
Shute Mrs. Lizzie, Hillsboro.....Oregon 1848
Stennett, Mrs. M. O., Cottage Grove..Oregon 1848
Slocum, Mrs. Sarah, Vancouver, Wash.Illinois 1844
Walker, Mrs. Louisa, Portland.....Illinois 1831
Wright, Mrs. Mary, Hillsdale.....Oregon 1848

1849

Adair, S. D., Portland.....Kentucky 1847
Backenstos, J. S., Portland.....Oregon 1849
Bonney, A. A., Tygh Valley.....Oregon 1849
Brackett, Wm. H., Portland.....New York.....1830
Benson, Mrs. A., Portland.....Missouri 1840
Butler, W. L., Portland.....Illinois 1849
Campbell, Hector B., Portland.....Massachusetts 1829
Caples, Mrs. Nancy, St. Johns.....Maine 1829
Carter, Mrs. Louisa, Vancouver, Wash..Washington 1849
Clark, Mrs. Julia A., La Fayette.....Oregon 1849
Crissell, Mrs. N. P., Wilsonville.....Oregon 1849
Crabtree, J. A., Yamhill.....Kentucky 1831
Dart, Mrs. Ellen, St. Helens.....Missouri 1846
Deardorff, Mrs. Rebecca F., Mt. Tabor.Indiana 1833
De Lashmutt, Mrs. V. B., Portland....Kentucky 1846

Edwards Mrs. D. W., Twin Falls, Ida..Oregon 1849
Fox, Mrs. Louise, Portland.....Oregon 1849
Hayter, T. J., Dallas.....Missouri 1830
Hays, H. E., Oregon City.....Connecticut 1831
Hughes, Mrs. P. B., Cresswell.....Oregon .....
Kelly, Silas G., Hillsdale.....Missouri 1848
Laman, Jere, Portland.....New York.....1829
Lee, Mrs. A. M., Junction City.....Illinois 1849
Loomis, C. P., Lents.....Missouri 1840
Padrick, Mrs. M. G., Sellwood.....Missouri 1843
Patterson, C., Albany.....Illinois 1833
Powers, W. M., Albany.....New York.....1827
Freeman, Mrs. Margaret E., Portland..Oregon 1849
Gilmore, Robert, Grand Dalles, Wash..Oregon 1849
Glover, James M., Spokane, Wash....Missouri 1837
Johnson, H. A., Salem.....Oregon 1849
Quivey, Mrs. M. B., Portland.....Oregon 1849
Roberts, Mrs. A. M., Portland.....Missouri 1846
Robinson, G. D., Portland.....Tennessee 1831
Stuart, A. B., Portland.....New Jersey 1828
Taylor, Mrs. M. A., Portland.....Oregon 1849
Timmens, J. H., Ilwaco, Wash.....Germany 1829
Wait, Mrs. E. M., Portland.....Massachusetts 1836
Watson, H. H., Salem.....Illinois 1843
Welch, Mrs. Olivia Rees, Astoria.....Oregon 1849
Williams, Mrs. Mary W., Oregon City.Oregon 1849

1850

Adams, Mrs. Serena, Portland.....Indiana 1840
Bales, O. J., Portland.....Oregon 1850
Baughman, E. W., Sand Point, Ida....Illinois 1833
Belieu, C. L., Portland.....Kentucky 1840
Blevins, Jno. N., N. Yakima, Wash....Connecticut 1848
Boynton, C. O., Woodburn.....Indiana 1827
Bruce, James, McMinnville.....Oregon .....
Bybee, James, La Camas, Wash.....Kentucky 1827
Caples, J. W., Forest Grove.....Ohio 1840
Chapman, W. S., Portland.....Oregon 1850
Clark, Mrs. Elizabeth, Portland.....Illinois 1843

Davidson, I. G., Portland.....Illinois 1845
Dixon, Mrs. M. E., Lents.....Oregon 1850
Dunbar, D. S., Cleone.....Missouri 1844

Earl, Robert, Portland.....Oregon 1850
Epler, Mrs. S. J., Portland.....Missouri 1849
Exon, Mrs. Hannah C., Portland.....Missouri 1841

Ferguson, Mrs. Jane, Portland.....Indiana 1843
Farrar, Mrs. Abbie Hatch, Salem.....Oregon 1850
Flinn, John, Portland.....Ireland 1817

Gault, Mrs. J. A., McMinnville.....Oregon 1850
Gatton, Samuel, Seattle, Wash.....Ohio 1833
Gleason, M. J., Portland.....Ireland 1844
Griffin, Mrs. Hannah M., Portland.....Oregon 1850
Griffin, Benj., Beaverton.....North Carolina...1831
Grooms, Mrs. Wm., Portland.....Ireland 1825

Baugherman, J. H., Gervais.....Ohio 1827
Bonney, W. E., Colton.....Oregon 1850
Brainerd, Mrs. E. Maria, Portland.....Ohio 1834
Brooks, S. L., The Dalles.....Oregon 1830
Breyman, Werner, Salem.....Germany 1829

Guild, Mrs. Emma, Portland.....Illinois 1845

Hanna, Wm., North Yamhill.....Pennsylvania 1825
Hazard, Wm. C., Vancouver, Wash....Rhode Island 1827
Hendershott, Mrs. L. B., Portland.....Oregon 1850
Herlin, Mrs. D. M., Cleone.....Missouri 1848
Heulat, Mrs. Sarah E., Portland.....Kentucky 1840
Hoopengarner, Mrs. S. J., Portland.....Oregon 1850
Hunt, Mrs. E. A., Portland.....Wisconsin 1844

Irvin, W. W., Aurora.....Oregon 1850

Johnson, H. B., Forest Grove.....Oregon 1850

Kellogg, Mrs. M. E., Portland.....Indiana 1842
Kinsey, Mrs. P. B, Portland.....Oregon 1850

Ladd, Mrs. E. J., Portland.....Ohio 1839
Lamberson, Mrs. S. E., Scappoose.....Oregon 1850
Lucas, Mrs. S. J., Portland.....Illinois 1833

Merrithew, Mrs. Alvina Short, Lents..Oregon 1850
Miles, Samuel A., St. Helens.....Kentucky 1830
Millard, S. B., Milwaukie.....Oregon 1850
Miller, Mrs J. N. T., Portland.....Missouri 1832
Moffett, Mrs. Thos., Portland.....Illinois 1848
Musgrove, W. H., Portland.....Kentucky 1835
McClane, G. F., Castle Rock, Wash...Oregon 1850
McIntire, Rainier.....Missouri 1849

McRiggs, Mrs., Newberg.....Missouri 1849
Pillsbury, Mrs. M. S., Lents.....Oregon 1850
Plummer, Mrs. Martha E., Portland...Oregon 1850
Powell, Joseph, Portland.....Pennsylvania 1830
Ryan, Mrs. E., Portland.....Indiana 1832
Scott, H. W., Portland.....Illinois 1838
Sheppard, Mrs. M. W., Barlow.....Missouri 1850
Simmons, S., Portland.....Missouri 1845
Thomson, H. C., Portland.....Missouri 1829
Umphlett, Mrs. S., Amity.....Missouri 1833
Walling, Mrs. Celia, Salem.....Missouri 1850
Weatherford, Mrs. Millie, Portland....Indiana 1844
Wilcox, Edwin, Portland.....Oregon 1850
Wilmot, R. B., Oswego.....Missouri 1839
Woods, C. L. (Mrs.), Portland.....Ohio 1843
Yocum, Hathaway, Lents.....Illinois 1831

1851

Barstow, Joseph, Portland.....Massachusetts 1826
Bergevin, Mrs. Rose, Portland.....Oregon 1851
Bickel, Fred, Portland.....Germany 1832
Brown, Mrs. Eveline, Sheridan.....Illinois 1835
Carter, Mrs. M. J., Sheridan.....Illinois 1846
Chase E. S., Portland.....Utah 1849
Daugherty, Mrs. Orilla, Portland.....Indiana 1839
Dearborn, Mrs. H. A., Portland.....Connecticut 1842
Eagan, John, Woodburn.....Illinois 1840
Earl, Mrs. Robert, Portland.....Ohio 1844
Failing, Mrs. W. S., Portland.....Ohio 1844
Faulconer, T. N., Portland.....Missouri 1830
Frazier, Mrs. M. E., Portland.....Oregon 1851
Frost, Mrs. J., Canemah.....Oregon 1851
Geer, T. T., Portland.....Oregon 1851
Gibson, J. T., Portland.....Oregon 1851
Gillihan, J. T., Portland.....Oregon 1851
Gray, David Baxter, Portland.....Ohio 1836
Gray, F. B., Montavilla.....Illinois 1840
Gray, Mrs. F. B., Montavilla.....Maryland 1843
Haines, Wm. W., Eugene.....Illinois 1828
Hackett, E. C., Oregon City.....Oregon 1851
Hackett, Mrs. E. E., Oregon City.....Indiana 1830

Henrici, Wm., E., St. Helens.....Missouri 1848
Howe, Zack, Seattle, Wash.....Indiana 1835
Huffman, J. P., Portland.....Oregon 1851

Jennings, C. H., San Diego, Calif.....Oregon 1851
Jette, Mrs. M., Aurora.....Oregon 1851
Jones, Mrs. Griff, Portland.....Missouri 1851
Johnson, Amanda V., Troutdale.....Illinois 1842
Johnson, J. H., Lents.....Illinois 1842
Johnson, J. L., Woodburn.....Illinois 1830

Keniston, Mrs. F. P., Portland.....Oregon 1851

Lownsdale, J. P., Portland.....Indiana 1830

Manning, A. J., Cottage Grove.....New York.....1829
Mathews, R. A., Portland.....Oregon 1851
Merchant, Mrs. Martha, North Yamhill.Oregon 1851
Merchant, Mrs. S., Yamhill.....Oregon 1851
Miller, Jacob, Oregon City.....Indiana 1831
Mitchell, Mrs. Annie E., Portland.....Oregon 1851
Moody, Z. F., Salem.....Oregon 1832
McCartney, J. F., Portland.....Indiana 1830

Olds, James H., La Fayette.....Ohio 1830
Odell, W. H., Portland.....Ohio 1830

Parsley, Mrs. A. C., Portland.....Ohio 1840
Paulsell, Jeremiah, Woodstock.....Indian Territory..1816
Pope, T. A., Oregon City.....New York 1842
Pope, Capt. Wm. H. Portland.....New York 1840
Prosch, Mrs. Virginia McC., Seattle, Wn.Oregon 1851

Rauch, Mrs. Mary A., Gladstone.....Oregon 1851
Rice, H., The Dalles.....Ohio 1829
Rood, Mrs. L. A., Hillsboro.....Oregon 1851

Smith, Mrs. K., Portland.....Missouri .....
Smith, Mrs. Sarah, Portland.....Oregon 1851
Steel, Mrs. Eva Pope, Overland.....New York.....1848
Southworth, L., Corvallis.....Missouri 1832
Stratton, Mrs. Helen L., Portland.....Oregon 1851
Smith, Mrs. Levi, Forest Grove.....Missouri 1837
Stringer, E., Portland.....Illinois 1839

Utter, Peter, Newberg.....Oregon 1851

Williams, Mrs. Emma, Portland.....Oregon 1851
Williams, George, Portland.....Ohio 1839
Williams, Richard, Portland.....Ohio 1836
Wilbur, Mrs. H. C.....Oregon 1850
Wilson, Robert E., Portland.....Missouri 1847

1852

Adair, Mrs. M. M., Portland.....Missouri 1836
Adair, Mrs. W. H., McMinnville.....Missouri 1852
Adams, Mrs. C. H., Hillsboro.....Illinois 1829
Alderson, Mrs. Mary C., Portland.....Illinois 1842
Armstrong, Mrs. J. W., Portland.....Oregon 1852
Arrigoni, Mrs. S. N., Portland.....Ireland .....

Ball, Mrs. Nancy A., Oswego.....Indiana 1844
Banzer Mrs. Sarah, La Center, Wash...Iowa 1849
Barney, Mrs. Mary J., Portland.....Ohio 1848
Bartlett, J. P., Vancouver, Wash..... .....
Barrett, Cornelius W., Portland.....Valparaiso, S. A.....
Beck, Mrs. Anna Elizabeth, Portland...Pennsylvania 1825
Beck, Wm. G., Portland.....Missouri 1849
Biles, Mrs. J. D., Portland.....Canada 1841
Bodyfelt, Mrs. Melissa Gilson, Portland.Iowa 1852
Bowers, D. C., Portland.....Indiana 1849
Bonney, Mrs. E. J.....Indiana 1848
Bowers, Mrs. E A., Coeur d'Alene, Ida. .....
Boyd, J. K., Oregon City.....Missouri 1838
Bozorth, Mrs. L. A., Portland.....Ohio 1826
Brainerd, Wm. E., Portland.....Ohio 1832
Brallier, Henry, Seaside.....Pennsylvania 1830
Brown, Miss Frances, Portland.....Iowa 1839
Brown, Miss Martha, Portland.....Iowa 1837
Brown, Mrs. S. J., Hillsboro.....Missouri 1830
Buchanan, Mrs. L. A., Gresham.....Illinois 1851
Buchtel, Joseph, Portland.....Ohio 1830
Burk, J. A., Kalama, Wash.....New York 1832
Burns, W. P., Portland.....Maine 1823
Burns, Mrs. W. P., Portland.....Illinois 1826
Bybee, Miss Ella E., Portland.....Iowa 1849
Bybee, Mrs. L. E., Portland..... .....
Byers, Mrs. Elizabeth, St. Johns.....Indiana 1834

Caples, Mrs. H. L., Forest Grove..... Iowa 1847
Cardwell, Mrs. B. P., Portland.....Massachusetts 1833
Cardwell, Dr. J. R., Portland.....Illinois 1830
Carll, Mrs. Wm., Portland.....Iowa 1851
Carpenter, Mrs. M. J., Arleta.....Illinois 1851
Carter, Mrs. J. L., Hood River.....Missouri 1848
Carter, Mrs. Louise U., Portland.....Kentucky 1840
Catlin, Mrs. Chas. T., Portland.....Missouri 1846
Chambreau, Mrs. B. A., Portland.....Ohio 1837

Coburn, Mrs. C. A., Portland.....Illinois 1839
Conyers, E. W., Clatskanie.....Kentucky 1820
Cooper, Thomas, Kalama, Wash.....Oregon 1852
Crane, Mrs. A. M., Mount Tabor.....Iowa 1851
Creighton Mrs. Mary J., Portland.....Iowa 1845
Chance, W. G., Portland.....Oregon 1852
Chaney, Mrs. F. E., Portland.....New York.....1834
Church, Mrs. S. S., South Bend, Wash.Iowa 1850
Clemmens, H. C., Monroe.....Missouri 1834
Cline, M. W., Gervais.....Illinois 1829
Coffee, C. M., La Camas, Wash.....Missouri 1831
Cox, Thomas, Gales Creek.....Virginia 1825
Creecy Mrs. Emily A., Grants Pass....Iowa 1843
Colvin, Mrs. A. J., Portland.....Iowa 1847
Coombs, Mrs. Jane, Portland.....Indiana 1827
Conner, W. R., Barton.....Indiana 1835
Copeland, Mrs. C. G., Newport.....Oregon 1852

Dalton, Mrs. M. A., Portland.....Illinois .....
Daly, W. J., Portland.....Massachusetts 1834
Davis, J. F., Portland.....Indiana 1845
Dekum, Mrs. P. M., Portland.....Ohio 1840
Deardorff, Geo. R., Arleta.....Illinois 1850
Dickman, Mrs. Lydia, Portland.....Oregon 1852
Donnell, Mrs. C. T., The Dalles.....Indiana .....
Donovan, John, Ireland.....Ireland 1827
Dunn, Mrs. L., Croy.....Ohio .....
DeWitt, F. M., Portland.....Oregon 1852
Dimmick, Mrs. S. A., Portland.....Missouri 1844
Dunbar, Mrs. M. M. Cleone.....Indiana 1849
Duniway Mrs. A. Scott, Portland.....Illinois 1834
Durbin, Mrs. S., Salem.....Missouri 1839

Enright, Mrs. Olive E., Salem.....Oregon 1852
Ewing, W. D., Portland.....Ohio 1832
Davis, Alvah I., Portland.....Ohio 1825
Davis, Hardin, Roseburg.....Tennessee 1829
Donaldson, T. B., Woodburn.....Mississippi 1839

Findley, Mrs. A. B., Portland.....Missouri 1842
Fulton, John, Wasco.....Oregon 1852
Fitzgerald, J. J., Detroit.....Iowa 1851
Flinn, Mrs. John, Portland.....Illinois 1833
Fontaine, W. R., Orting, Wash.....Missouri 1832
Fuller, Mrs. E. L., Portland..... .....

Galloway, Wm., Salem.....Wisconsin 1845
Gates, W. H., Sprague, Wash.....Ohio 1836
Gay, Mrs. Keturah, Portland.....Oregon 1852

Gibson, Geo. D., Arleta.....Illinois .....
Gibson, Mrs. Laura, Arleta.....Missouri 1844
Glisan, Mrs. Minnie, Antelope.....Ohio 1844
Greer, Geo. H., Newberg.....Pennsylvania 1836
Grieve, Mrs. Anna, Portland.....Indiana 1850
Griffith, Mrs. Elizabeth, Oregon City...Missouri 1850
Gulliford, J. A., Dufur.....Illinois 1834

Harlow Mrs. Lydia A., Milwaukie.....Ohio 1844
Hackleman, T. P., Albany.....Oregon 1852
Hamblin, Mrs. E., Portland.....Indiana 1832
Harding, Mrs. Belle, Oregon City.....Nebraska 1852
Harer, Mrs. Elizabeth J., Arleta.....Arkansas 1832
Harman, Mrs. Catherine, Gresham.....Texas 1849

Fitzgerald, Z., Portland.....Arkansas 1847
Fry, Mrs. M. L. S., Bonner's Ferry, Ida..Iowa 1849

Gerow, Mrs. Ellen L., Chinook.....Massachusetts 1841
Gibson, A. B., Salem.....Illinois 1842

Harrington, J. N., Portland.....Iowa 1848
Harris, Mrs. M. M., Portland.....Oregon 1852
Hawkins, W. H., Rainier.....Ohio 1841
Hawley, W. B., Cottage Grove.....Illinois 1851
Hayes, Mrs. Elizabeth, Portland.....New York.....1849
Hayes, H. T., Woodburn.....Ohio 1848
Hembell, Mrs. E. E., Savannah, Calif..Missouri 1851
Hess, Mrs. R. M., Sherwood.....Illinois 1848
Holmes, Mrs. W. H., Astoria.....Oregon 1852
Holman, Fred V., Portland.....Washington 1852
Holman, Mrs. M. E., Portland.....Indiana 1836
Holtgruber, Mrs. E. R., Portland.....Iowa 1840
Hovenden, Mrs. Sarah, Portland.....Tasmania 1839
Howard, Mrs. M. E., Portland.....Illinois 1842
Hunt, Mrs. M. E., Portland.....Virginia 1849
Huntington, S. J., Portland.....Indiana 1841
Hurley, Mrs. M. F., Portland.....

Irvine, J. P.....Missouri 1845

Jackson, H. M., Portland.....Illinois 1837
Jette, A., Aurora.....Canada 1825
Jeffery, E. J., Portland.....New York.....1835
John, Mrs. Olive, Portland.....Wisconsin 1849
John, F. A., Portland.....Iowa 1843
Johnson, S. B., Gresham.....Missouri 1833
Johnson, Mrs. Hannah J., Gresham.....Missouri 1836

Kelly, Mrs. C., Oregon City.....Iowa 1844
Kelly, Mrs. S. J., Portland.....Pennsylvania 1841

Kellogg, J. B., Portland	Ohio	1829
Kellogg, Mrs. Jane, Portland	Ohio	1830
Kelty, J. D., McCoy	Indiana	1832
Kelty, James Monroe, Portland	Indiana	1842
Kelly, Mrs. M. F., Portland	Ohio	1829
Kessling, Mrs. C., Portland	Ohio	1844
Kinder, Samuel, Deer Island	Illinois	1833
Kline, Mrs. M., Portland	Indiana	1835
Kirk, T. J., Oregon City	Michigan	1836
Kiser, Mrs. S. A., Newport	Iowa	
Knaggs, Geo. H., Portland	Michigan	1830
Kulper, Mrs. W., Dayton	Indiana	1850
Kyle, R. M., Portland	Ohio	1847
La Forrest, Mrs. Mary, Oregon City	Germany	1835
Lake, Mrs. Susan, Portland	Iowa	1841
Lamberson, Mrs. S. C., Houlton	Indiana	1850
Lance, Mrs. Sarah E., Milwaukie	Illinois	1850
Laws, Andrew J., Washington	Illinois	1833
Layfield, Wm., Portland	Oregon	1852
Lee, Mrs. J. D., Portland	Tennessee	1848
Leisy, Esther, Portland	Michigan	1836
Lewellen, John, Oregon City	Missouri	1848
Lewis, Mrs. I. B.	Iowa	1846
Lewis, Mrs. Mattie, Portland	Oregon	1852
Lockhart, Mrs. Mary R.	Missouri	1849
Lockwood, Mrs. M. C., Portland	Indiana	1830
Long, Mrs. Eliza, Portland	Iowa	1837
Looney, Samuel, Portland	Tennessee	1827
Livermore, W. H., Portland	Illinois	1852
Loomis, L. A., Nahcotta, Wash	New York	1830
Magers, J. E., Portland	Ohio	1847
Manning, Henry, Woodburn	Missouri	1827
Marshall, John H., Portland	England	1837
Marshall, Mrs. J. H., Portland	Indiana	1843
May, Mrs. M. E., Portland	Iowa	1848
Meldrum, Georgia Pope, Oregon City	Oregon	1852
Mercer, Mrs. Lucy, Portland	New York	1843
Merrill, E. S., Portland	Indiana	1831
Merrill, Frank, Portland	Oregon	1852
Miller, J. W., Portland	New York	1827
Mills, Mrs. M. E., Portland	Missouri	1842
Mitchell, H. A., St. Johns	Illinois	1836
Mock, John, Portland	Pennsylvania	1838
Moody, Mrs. J. F., Salem	Indiana	1836
Montgomery, Miss Flora A., Portland	Illinois	1849
Moreland, J. C., Portland	Tennessee	1844
Morgan, E. N., Tualatin	Illinois	1837

Morgan, H. B., Portland	Illinois	1834
Morris, C. B., Portland	Missouri	1849
Morris, Douglas A., Sylvan	Illinois	1843
Morris, P. D., Portland	Illinois	1846
Morris, Mrs. S. E., Portland	Oregon	1852
Mount, Mrs. H. D., Silverton	Indiana	1844
Mulkey, Mrs. Sarah, Sherwood	Illinois	1850
Musgrove, Mrs. N. A., Portland	Illinois	1849
Myers, W. H. H., Forest Grove	Missouri	1830
McAtee, Mrs. Angeline, Portland	Missouri	1849
McBee, Isaiah, Portland	Missouri	1840
McCown, Jas. L., Portland	West Virginia	1841
McCully, Violet, Newberg	Oregon	1852
McFarland, E. B., Portland	Ohio	1849
McKay, Mrs. Rachel, Beaverton	Indiana	1832
McKnight, J. W., Portland	Illinois	1832
McMorris, Lewis, Walla Walla, Wash.	Ohio	1831
Newhard, S. F., Portland	Pennsylvania	1830
Nicholas. Mrs, H. B., Portland	Oregon	1852
Noblitt, C. W., Aurora	Virginia	1822
Nooning, Mrs. Susan M., Portland	Ohio	1851
Norris, Mrs. J. W., Oregon City	Missouri	1847
Oatfield, Mrs. M. P., Portland	Oregon	1852
Olds, F. M., Portland	*Plains	1852
Olson, Mrs. E., Kelso, Wash	Indiana	1839
Owen, Sarah J., Portland	Tennessee	1826
Palmateer, R. G., Estacada	Canada	1844
Palmateer, Mrs. Sarah, Portland	Illinois	1843
Parker, H. B., Portland	Vermont	1825
Paquet, Joseph, Portland	Missouri	1841
Parker, Hollon, Portland	New York	1832
Parker, S. F., Portland	Oregon	1852
Parrish, L. M., Portland	Missouri	1842
Parsons, Mrs. Mary C., Portland	Ohio	1829
Patty, Mrs. Lucy, Amity	Missouri	1851
Pittock, Mrs. H. L., Portland	New York	1852
Powell, Mrs. A. E., Port Townsend, Wn.	Pennsylvania	1834
Powell, Mrs. John, Portland	Tennessee	1833
Powell, W. S., Capt., Portland	Ohio	1832
Pomeroy, Mrs. Henrietta, Portland	Missouri	1839
Pratt, Mrs. Mary A., Portland	Missouri	1833
Preston, Mrs. P. A., Portland	Oregon	1852
Proebstel, G., Umatilla	Missouri	1842
Pugh, Jno. W., Clatskanie	Missouri	1847
Raffety, Dr. Dav, Portland	Missouri	1844
Raley, Mrs. A. M., Pendleton	Wisconsin	1848

Rathburn, Mrs. J. S., Portland	Illinois	1845
Reasoner, J. C., Portland	Indiana	1845
Reed, Mrs. Mary, LaCenter, Wash	Ohio	1845
Reeves, G. H., Cedar Mills	Illinois	1835
Reeves, Mrs. Mary E., Cedar Mills	Missouri	1848
Remington, Mrs. L. E., Portland	Oregon	1852
Rider, G. C., Portland	Tennessee	1835
Rider, Mrs. Mary E., Portland	Iowa	1845
Richey, Edgar, Sellwood	Iowa	1840
Richey, Mrs. Clara Starr, Portland	Oregon	1852
Richey, John A., Boring	Iowa	1849
Rindlaub, Mrs. Rebecca, Portland	Missouri	1845
Ripperton, Mrs. Sarah E., Portland	Missouri	1837
Roberts, Mrs. C. S., Portland	Indiana	1847
Roberts, Jno. F., Gresham	Illinois	1847
Robinett, Mrs. Mary B., Oak Grove	Illinois	1838
Root, L., McMinnville	Ohio	1825
Royal, C. F., Salem	Indiana	1834
Rowland, L. B., Portland	Illinois	1839
Rowland, Mrs. Elizabeth, Portland	Illinois	1841
Russell, A. E., Croy	Ohio	1832
Sails, Mrs. Jennie, Portland	Missouri	1851
Saunders, Mrs. Martha E., Milwaukie	Illinois	1849
Seaman, Mrs. C. B., Portland	Pennsylvania	1844
Settle, Mrs. Carrie, Oakland	Missouri	1850
Sharp, Mrs. Wm., Sholl	Indiana	1834
Shaver, Adam, Sherwood	Ohio	1834
Sheperdson, Mrs. Flora, Kelso, Wash	Indiana	1841
Shorey, Mrs. Mary E., Seattle, Wash	Iowa	1844
Shobert, Stephen, Portland	Pennsylvania	1837
Short, Mrs. W. P., Portland	Oregon	1852
Simmons, Mrs. Julia A., Gervais	Illinois	1846
Simmons, J. B.	Indiana	1837
Slocum, Mrs. Laura, Portland	Iowa	1836
Smith, Mrs. M. C., Portland	France	1852
Smith, W. V., Portland	Oregon	1852
Smith, Thos. A., Portland	*Plains	1852
Snuffin, Mrs. Mary E., Portland	Iowa	1845
Spray, Mrs. C., Salem	Illinois	1834
Starr, Hugh B., Portland	Indiana	1852
Stuart, Chas. B., Portland	Oregon	1852
Stillwell, Gilford, Portland	Oregon	1852
Stott, Mrs. M. E., North Yamhill	Ohio	1842
Strang, Mrs. Lydia, Portland	Ohio	1832
Sunderland, Mrs. Susan, Portland	Arkansas	1852
Sunderland, A., Portland	Illinois	1852
Swank, H., Portland	Indiana	1831

Sweek, Mrs. Maria, Tualatin.....Missouri 1845
Swick, Mrs. M. V., Dayton.....Oregon 1852

Thompson, R. H., Portland.....Oregon 1852
Taylor, Mrs. L. S., Portland.....Illinois 1834
Test, Mrs. Mary A., Portland.....Illinois 1840
Thornton, Alfred, Vancouver, Wash....Indiana 1846
Troup, Mrs. E. J., Portland.....Michigan 1838
Thomas, Mrs. Rhoda, Bull Run.....Tennessee 1835
Tibbitts, Francis M., Portland.....Indiana 1837
Tong, J. N., Arleta.....Iowa 1846
Tucker, Thos., Portland.....Indiana 1831
Turpin, Mrs. N. C., Portland.....Missouri 1851

Underwood, Amos, Underwood, Wash..Ohio 1834

Wagonblast, Mrs. Margaret, Portland...Missouri 1852
Wagner, P. M., Estacada.....Iowa 1851
Waldron, Mrs. E. J., Oregon City..... .....
Walker, Mrs. Ellen C., Portland.....Oregon 1852
Wallace, E. P., Amity.....Indiana 1829
Warren, Mrs. Ellen C., Portland.....Iowa 1850
Watts, Mrs. E. M., Scappoose.....Ohio 1845
West, Mrs. M. K., Portland.....New York 1845
Westfall, Wm. M., Portland.....Indiana 1834
Westfall, Mrs. M., Portland.....Indiana 1843
Wiberg, Mrs. Pauline Ingram, Portland.Illinois 1841
Wishard, S. E., Portland.....Indiana 1835
Wiggington, J. G., Beaverton.....Iowa 1846
Wigle, Jno. L., Portland.....Illinois 1838
Whitwell, Mrs. Susan Gill, Portland....Kentucky 1841
Winters, Mrs. P. A., Lents.....Wisconsin 1829
Wishard, Mrs. Sarah F., Portland.....Missouri 1848
Wiseman, J. W., Portland.....Missouri 1845
Wooden, R. M., Astoria.....Kentucky 1836
Wood, Mrs. B. C., Portland.....Illinois .....
Wright, Mrs. Elizabeth, Portland.....Missouri 1843
Wright, Mrs. F. M., Hillsdale.....Missouri 1826

Yergen, Mrs. Elizabeth, Portland.....Illinois 1833

1853

Abel, Jack, Sauvies Island.....Ohio 1834
Abbott, Mrs. M. L., Vancouver, Wash..Missouri 1833
Armsworthy, Levi, Wasco.....North Carolina ..1829
Ashpaugh, Mrs. H., Portland.....Missouri 1833
Ashpaugh, D., Portland.....Missouri 1833
Ayers, Mrs. M. A., Portland.....Indiana 1836

Bailey, Mrs. B. A., Portland	Illinois	1836
Baker, Mrs. M. A., Portland	Ohio	1834
Baker, Mrs. A. J., McMinnville	Illinois	1846
Baker, John W., Portland	Kentucky	1847
Barlow, Miss Mary S., Portland	Oregon	1853
Bartlett, Mrs. L. B., Portland	Missouri	1851
Basey, Mrs. Martha A., St. Johns	Indiana	1850
Bills, Mrs. Ann E., Portland	Indiana	1829
Blackesly, Mrs. Margaret, Oak Grove	Kentucky	1846
Bold, W. H., Gresham	Iowa	1841
Borthwick, Mrs. Alice C., Portland	Oregon	1853
Bowers, Mrs. Orilla, Portland	Maine	
Bowen, Mrs. Sarah L., Burns	Missouri	1848
Bruce, D. C., Portland	Indiana	1834
Bryant, C. W., Portland,	New York	1827
Buchtel, Mrs. Josephine L., Portland	Michigan	1835
Bunn, Mrs. Mary E., Vancouver, Wash.	Oregon	1853
Bunnell, C. B., Oak Grove	Ohio	1832
Campbell, Mrs. Elizabeth, Portland	Wisconsin	1849
Carey, Mrs. J. J., La Fayette	Indiana	1848
Cason, Mrs. H., Portland	Ohio	1827
Chase, Mrs. S. A., Portland	Illinois	1842
Cochran, Mrs. M., Portland	Missouri	1845
Cone, Mrs. Mary, Aurora	Ohio	1837
Coats, E. B., Elk Head	Missouri	1837
Cummins, Mrs., Portland	Ohio	1821
Cummins, John, Portland	Indiana	1838
Cummings, A. S., Portland	Indiana	1835
Cummings, Mrs. Catherine, Portland	Connecticut	1826
Cummings, W. H., Gresham	Indiana	1850
Curry, Norwood L., Portland	Oregon	1853
Dailey, Mrs. Mary, Hillsboro	Illinois	1842
Daly, Mrs. Priscilla, Portland	Illinois	1839
Davies, H. G., Portland	Indiana	1837
Deardorff, Mrs. Georgia, Oakland	Ohio	1837
Deady, Edward N., Portland	Oregon	1853
DeBoard, Geo. W., Dilley	Indiana	1830
De Lin, Mrs. Gertrude, Portland	Germany	1840
Dodd, Chas. H., Portland	New York	1838
Dodson, Z. T., Cleveland, Wash	Tennessee	1849
Eckler, J. P., Portland	Illinois	1830
Elgin, Mrs. Josephine, Salem	Tennessee	1841
Epperly, John, Portland	Virginia	1835
Failing, James F., Portland	New York	1842
Files, Mrs. Candace, Portland	Tennessee	1839

Fliedner, Wm., Portland.....Germany 1832
Forgey, A. W., Lents.....Oregon 1853
Frush, Chas. W., Portland.....Maryland 1853

Gage, Jno. P., Sherwood.....Michigan 1834
Gardiner, Mrs. Mary, Portland.....Washington 1853
Gavitt, Mrs. E. H., Seattle, Wash.....Ohio 1847
Gibbons, Mrs. C., Oregon City.....Illinois 1830
Giesey, A. W., Portland.....Kentucky 1848
Gile, Mrs. M. J., Portland.....Isle of Man.....1843
Gile, Simeon, Portland.....Ohio 1829
Going, J. W., Portland.....Missouri 1833
Goodnell, New Castle, Calif.....Illinois 1848

Hall, Mrs. N. B., Gaston.....Iowa 1850
Hallock, Mrs. M. E., Dallas.....Illinois 1840
Harlow, F. C., Milwaukie.....Maine 1847
Hart, Mrs. R. A., Portland.....Indiana 1844
Hatch, Mrs. Irilla, Portland.....Oregon 1853
Hilburn, Mrs. Mary, Ashland.....Michigan 1832
Himes, Geo. H., Portland..... Pennsylvania 1844
Henderson, J. H., Fossil.....Tennessee 1836
Henderson, Mrs. J. A., Fossil.....Indiana 1840
Henderson, Mrs. M. M., Lents.....Arkansas 1849
Holcomb. W. W., St. Johns.....Oregon 1853
Holden, Mrs. Frances, Portland.....Illinois 1846

James, Mrs. Lilly A., Portland.....Indiana 1852
Jamison, Mrs. Jane, Vancouver, Wash..Tennessee 1840
Johns, Mrs. Sarah C., Portland.....Ohio 1834
Johnson, Mrs. H. P., Portland.....Oregon 1853
Johnson, Mrs. Josie De Vore, Portland.Illinois 1845
Johnson, Mrs. Martha J.. Lents.....Kansas 1845
Johnson, Mrs. Mary E., Portland.....Connecticut 1843
Johnson, Mrs. Estella, Portland.....Oregon 1853
Jones, Mrs. Elizabeth Evans, Portland.Wales 1827

King, John, Vancouver, Wash.....Ohio 1835

Downing, George S., Salem.....Pennsylvania 1836

Gaither, Mrs. S. J., Astoria.....Missouri 1848
Gibbs, Mrs. Keziah, Yamhill.....Missouri 1843
Gibbs, W. S., Yamhill.....Ohio 1833

Knox, Mrs. Agnes E., Portland.....England 1839
Krape, Mrs. C. H., Portland.....Oregon 1853

Lacy, W. C., Portland.....Iowa 1849
La Rue, Mrs. L. W., Portland.....Michigan 1834
Libby, Mrs. R. E., Portland.....Illinois 1835

Mack, J. W., Prairie City.....New York.....1829
Marks, Mrs. Mary A., Sellwood.....Illinois 1840
Mack, Mrs. Sarah P., Sellwood.....Illinois 1833
Mattock, Mrs. S. C., Portland.....Missouri 1838
Miller, Mrs. A. F., Portland.....Illinois 1844
Miller, Mrs. Annie S., Lents.....Oregon Territory.1853
Miller Mrs. Betsey, Portland.....England 1833
Mitchell, D. I., Pendleton.....Kentucky 1834
Mattoon, A. R.....Oregon 1853
Morton, Mrs. Eliza, Kalama, Wash....Indiana 1830
Morton, William, Portland.....Ohio 1823
Mosher, Mrs. F., Lafayette.....Indiana 1840
Mossman, Isaac V., Dead Oak Point....Indiana 1830
Mulkey, F. B., Portland.....Missouri 1837
Murphy, Mrs. E. C., Portland.....Kentucky 1841
McClure, Mrs. K. Henderson, Portland.Pennsylvania 1845
McCreedy, Wm., Cleveland, Wash.....Ohio 1830
McCullough, C. A., Portland.....Indiana 1852
McCully, Alfred, Newberg.....Oregon 1853
McDuffy, Mrs. Susan T., Portland.....Ohio 1826
McKennan, John, Portland.....Massachusetts ...1850

Nickum, A. J. Sellwood.....Indiana 1832
Niles, Mrs. Anna, Portland.....Oregon 1853

Patterson, Wm. W., Dufur.....Tennessee 1830
Pearcy, Mrs. Francis, Portland.....Iowa 1848
Pittock, H. L., Portland.....Pennsylvania 1837
Porter, W. H., Salem.....Indiana 1840
Pope, Seth L., Portland.....Massachusetts 1837
Pope, Wm. Henwood, Portland.....Massachusetts 1838
Pratt, Mrs. Irving W.....Ohio 1849

Nelson, Mrs. J. C., Newberg.....Indiana 1842

Prince, Mrs. Mary F., Portland.....Oregon 1853

Rhoades, Mrs. Sarah, Dayton.....New York.....1831
Richey, Cynthia C., Sellwood.....Illinois 1848
Riggs, Cass, Rickreal.....Illinois 1849
Riggs, Pierce, Portland.....Illinois 1852
Robinson, Geo. C., Yamhill.....Illinois 1837
Rohr, Mrs. Mary, Salem.....Indiana 1843
Rohr, Mrs. Mary A., Portland.....Indiana 1841
Royal, Rev. S. O., Dayton.....Ohio .....
Royal, Rev. T. F., Portland..... .....

Skofield, Mrs. B. F., Portland.....Washington 1853
Sharp, Mrs. J. R., Portland.....Oregon 1853
Skidmore, J. M., South Bend., Wash....Kentucky 1832
Skidmore, Mrs. J. N., So. Bend, Wash..Kentucky 1840

Smith, B. F., Sellwood.....Missouri 1846
Simmons, R. G., Woodstock.....Illinois 1830
Smith, Mrs. Lizzie Wyatt, Salem.....Illinois 1849
Smith, W. K., Portland.....Pennsylvania 1826
Snipes Geo. R., The Dalles.....North Carolina ..1832
Spencer, Mrs. Sevilla, LaCenter, Wash..Missouri 1851
Spooner, Mrs. T. J., Jennings Lodge....Oregon 1853
Starr, Mrs. A. E., Portland.....Oregon 1853
Stevenson, J. W., Cape Horn, Wash....Illinois 1835
Stevenson, S. A., Oakland, Calif.....Illinois 1842
Stoops, Wm., Eugene.....Illinois 1842
Stoops, Mrs. M. J., Eugene.....Michigan 1848
Swick, B. F., Dayton.....Illinois 1842

Tate, Mrs. Eliza, Portland.....Indiana 1827
Taylor, G. W. N., Aurora.....Ohio 1828
Taylor, Douglas W., Portland.....Iowa 1851
Tout, Mrs. Ellen, Portland.....Iowa 1848
Tower, Mrs. Ellen, Portland.....Ohio 1834
Tithrow, Mrs. M. A., Independence.....Michigan 1848
Timmons, Mrs. Hannah, Ilwaco, Wash.Illinois 1842
Tucker, Mrs. Anna M., Portland.....Indiana 1841

Varner, Mrs. Pauline, Portland.....Missouri 1852

Warrinner, Mrs. Emily, Portland.....Indiana 1826
Warrinner, R. C., Portland.....Missouri 1852
Watts, Mrs. Mary, Reuben.....Iowa 1852
Weed, Harry, Portland.....Ohio 1836
Willetts, Mrs. D. J., Portland.....Indiana 1842
White, John, Bonneville.....Missouri 1831
Wills, Mrs. R. A., Portland.....Illinois 1838
Wiseman, Mrs. B. J., Portland.....Iowa 1851
Wolverton, Bruce, Portland.....Oregon 1853
Woodruff, Mrs. W. H., Portland.....Oregon 1853
Workman, Mrs. M. A., Salem.....Iowa 1837
Wynkoop, Mrs. L. W., Portland.....Oregon 1853

1854

Arnold, Mrs. Lucy Evans, Lyle, Wash..Oregon 1854
Arnold, Mrs. Cora H., Portland.....Oregon 1854

Bell, Mrs. Sarah E., Portland.....Kentucky 1829
Blanchard, Dean, Beaverton.....Maine 1832
Bird, Millard F., Portland.....Oregon 1854
Bonser Mrs. Marrissa, Portland.....Washington 1854
Boyd, Mrs. Mary Baker, Portland.....Oregon 1854
Bolton, D. C., The Dalles.....Oregon 1854
Branham, Julia, Portland.....Michigan 1849

Charman Mrs. M. M., Oregon City.....Germany 1838
Clark, George, Oregon City.....Ireland 1832
Cochran, Mrs. Emma M., Oregon City.Oregon 1854
Cook, V., Portland.....Illinois 1841
Copley, Mrs. Jessie L., Portland.....Canada 1846
Cornelius, Dr. C. W., Portland.....Oregon 1854
Crandall, Mrs. Lulu D., The Dalles....Oregon 1854
Croasman, Mrs. L. M., Portland.....Oregon 1854
Cross, H. E., Oregon City.....Oregon 1856

Dickinson, Charles T., Oswego.....Oregon 1854
Dillon, Mrs. W. F., Portland.....Wales 1849
Dix, Mrs. Seatta, Portland.....*Plains 1854

Fletcher, Mrs. A. J., Portland.....Oregon 1854
Fuchs, Mrs. Elizabeth, Portland..... .....
Frakes, Mrs. R. J., Scappoose.....Oregon 1854
Freeman, Mrs. B. M., Portland.....Ireland .....

Gray, Mrs. L. W., Pendleton.....Missouri .....

Handsaker, Mrs. S. J., Eugene.....Indiana 1837
Hardin, Jno. R., Portland.....Oregon 1854
Henderson, M. B. Portland.....Vermont 1836
Henkle, Jno. A., Portland.....Oregon 1854
Horning, J. P., Portland.....Oregon 1854
Huntington, Miss Alice, Portland.....Oregon 1854

Irwin, Mrs. G. A., Philomath.....Kentucky 1839

Jackson, Mrs. Will, Portland.....New York 1848
Johnson, J. H., Lents..... Ohio 1852

Kelly, Mrs. Mary E., Portland.....Oregon 1854
Kent, L. A., Portland.....Oregon 1854
Klum, James, St. Johns.....Oregon 1854

Leezer, Mrs. Loretta, Portland.....Oregon 1854
Lloyd, Mrs. Lois, Waitsburg, Wash.....Kentucky 1841
Lett, Mrs. M. B., Molalla.....Kentucky 1836
Looney, Miss P., Jefferson.....Kentucky 1854

Martin, Mrs. Clemmie Gladstone.....Oregon 1854
Miller, Robt. A., Portland.....Oregon 1854
Molloy, Mrs. A. A., Portland.....Ohio 1828
Morgan, Mrs. E. E., Portland.....Oregon 1854
Morris, Mrs. E. J., Portland.....New York 1847
McCully, Mrs. L., Portland.....Washington 1854
McDaniel, Mrs. Julia, Portland.....Oregon 1854
McDonahue, Mrs., Portland.....Oregon 1854
McLeod, Mrs. M., Portland.....Oregon 1854
McGrew, Mrs. Emily L., Lents.....Oregon 1854

McKernan, Mrs. Hattie, Portland.....Oregon 1854
McMickey, John, Vancouver, Wash....Illinois 1834

Pierce, Mrs. Viola, Carlton.....Oregon 1854
Powers, Mrs. W. W., Lents.....Ohio 1850
Purdin, Ira E., Portland.....Missouri 1845

Reed, Robert, Portland.....Maine 1829
Reynolds, Mrs. Maggie F. Portland....New York.....1847
Riggs, Miss Emma, Portland.....Oregon 1854
Roberts, Mrs. N. A., Portland.....East Tennessee...1838
Royal, Mrs. Emma J. C., Mt. Tabor....Ohio 1850

Smock, Mrs. Emma, Sherwood.....Oregon 1854
Starr, S. A., Portland.....Oregon 1854
Steel. Mrs. Ella Weatherford, Portland.Oregon 1854
Spaulding, Mrs. M. E., Portland.....Oregon 1854
Stratton, Mrs. Lucy M., Gresham.....Oregon 1854

Taylor, Miss Nannie E., Portland.....Oregon 1854
Thomas, Mrs. E. T. B., Molalla.....Kentucky 1842

Millen, Mrs. Parmelia, Lents.....Oregon 1854

Rood, L. A., Hillsboro.....Wisconsin 1837

Sanford, Mrs. Clara, Salem.....Oregon 1854

Thompson, T. W., Portland.....Pennsylvania 1831
Thompson, Mrs. T. W., Portland.....Indiana 1841
Thompson, Mrs. Sarah, Portland.....New Brunswick...1827

Wakefield, D. W., Portland.....Vermont 1836
Watkins, L. M., Mountain Home, Ida..Oregon 1854
Watts, Mrs. M. J., Portland.....Oregon 1854
Winnie, Mrs. M. A., Portland.....Illinois 1854
Woodruff, R. A., Roseburg.....Ohio 1839

1855

Bacon, Mrs. L. N., Gresham.....Oregon 1855
Barrett, W. N., Hillsboro.....Oregon 1855
Bettman, L., Portland.....Bavaria 1835

Caples, E., St. Johns.....Oregon 1855
Coakley, James, Portland.....Ireland 1825

DeShields, J. K., Arleta.....Arkansas 1851
Douthit, Mrs. Margaret, Troutdale.....Missouri 1846
Dowling, Emily A. Portland.....Oregon 1855
Duback, Mrs. Dorothea, Portland.....Germany 1839

Eastabrook, Mrs. Jeannetta L., Portland.Oregon 1855

Elwert, Miss Carrie M., Portland.....Oregon 1855

Failing, Mrs. Jane Conner, Portland....Oregon 1855
Fanno, A. J., Portland.....Oregon 1855
Fulton, Mrs. B. Gilmore, Wasco.....Oregon 1855

Gilham, Mrs. N. L., Hillsdale.....Oregon 1855
Gratton, Geo. S., St. Johns.....Oregon 1855
Gribble, Mrs. Mary E., Aurora.....Oregon 1855

Humphries, Mrs. Mary Gault, Portland.Oregon 1855

Jolly, Mrs. Harriet E., Portland.....Oregon 1855

Kelly, Dr. Richmond, Portland.....Oregon 1855
Kuykendall, Mrs. C. B., Yamhill.....Oregon 1855

Lane, Dr. Harry, Portland.....Oregon 1855
Leavens, Mrs. A. C., Portland.....Oregon 1855
Leavens, Mrs. C., Portland.....Oregon 1855
Lewis, Jno. M., Portland.....Oregon 1855
Looney, Mrs. Harriet Clarke, Salem....Oregon 1855

Mann, Mrs. Anna E. Portland.....Indiana 1842
Monahan, Mrs. M., Carson, Wash.....Ireland 1838
Moores, A. N., Salem.....Oregon 1855

Barker, Mrs. Laura Adair, Portland....Oregon 1855
Bunnell, C. B., Oak Grove.....Oregon 1855

Evans, Mrs. A. E., Portland.....Oregon 1855

Gaylord, Clarence E., Halfway.....Oregon 1855

Olson, Mrs. A., Portland.....Oregon 1855
Ordway, Mrs. June McMillen, Portland.Oregon 1855

Richardson, A. J., Portland.....Maine 1835

Riggs, Mrs. M. B., Rickreall.....Oregon 1855
Roberts, Mrs. Mary E., Portland..... Oregon 1855
Robertson, W. E., Portland.....New York 1854

Scott, Mrs. Clara L., Portland.....Oregon 1855
Stearns, J. O., Portland.....Oregon 1855
Stone, Mrs. L. M., Portland . .....Oregon 1855

Van Sant, Mrs. Elizabeth, Ashland.....Oregon 1855
Warriner, Mrs. Laura K., Portland.....Oregon 1855
Watters, Mrs. J. A., Portland..... Oregon 1855

Prosch, Thomas, Seattle, Wash.... ...New York 1850

Shirley, Mrs. Susan, Portland.....Oregon 1855
Simmons, Mrs. Caroline, Portland.....Missouri 1852

1856

Caufield, Mrs. Mary R., Oregon City...Oregon 1856
Cornell, Mrs. F., Salem.....Oregon 1856
Campbell, Mrs. J. F., Portland.....Oregon 1856
Curry, Mrs. Lucy, L., Portland.....Oregon 1856

Denny, B. K., Beaverton.....Oregon 1856
Duniway, W. S., Portland.....Oregon 1856

Edmunds, Mrs. Mary, Portland.....Oregon 1856
Fitzgerald, Mrs. E. L., Portland.....Oregon 1856
Foul, Mrs. A. J., St. Johns.....Washington 1856

Garrison, Henry, Roseburg.....Missouri 1856
Gray, Mrs. D. B., Portland.....Indiana 1845

Henninger, Mrs. Hattie M., Oswego...Oregon 1856
Heter, Mrs. Peter, Newberg.....Oregon 1856
Hulin, C. S., Newberg.....Oregon 1856
Hutchinson, Mrs. Flora, The Dalles....Oregon 1856

Johnson, Mrs. H. B., Forest Grove.....Oregon 1856

Kelly, Mrs. Sarah, Portland.....Oregon 1856
Kennedy, Mrs. Mary, Woodburn.....Oregon 1856
Kulper, Hein, Dayton.....Germany 1836

Macbeth, Mrs. Josie Imbrie, Portland.. Oregon 1856
Miller, Mrs. Lou, Jefferson.....Oregon 1856
Moore, Mrs. E., Portland.....Oregon 1856
McClane, Mrs. G. F., Castle Rock, Wn.Oregon 1856
McClung, J. H., Portland.....Ohio 1837

Bishop, C. P., Salem.....California 1854
Cross, Mrs. Alice M., Portland.....Oregon 1856

Ellis, Mrs. J. M., Portsmouth.....Oregon 1856
English, Mrs. Lillian J., Portland..... Oregon 1856

Kinny, H., Portland.....New York.....1821

Meldrum, Mrs. Eugenia, Oregon City...Oregon 1856

Newell, Mrs. Mildred A., Portland.....Missouri 1852

Olds, Mrs. M. J., Portland.....Missouri 1836
Oleson, Mrs. Mary, Portland.....Oregon 1856

Pope, Capt. Geo., Portland.....Scotland 1840

Reynolds, Thomas H., Portland.....Missouri 1846
Riggs, Seth, Portland.....Oregon 1856
Roberts, Mrs. J. F., Gresham.....Oregon 1856

Sellwood, J. A., Salem.....Illinois 1843

Sellwood, T. R. A., Milwaukie.....Illinois 1844
Scott, Mrs. F. W., Portland.....Oregon 1856
Shattuck, Mrs. J. N., Gresham.....Missouri 1850
Stowell, J. A., Portland.....Indiana 1836
Sellwood, J. A., Portland.....Illinois 1846
Sellwood, Mrs. Lizzie E., Portland.....Oregon 1856
Wilmot, Mrs. Mary L., Oswego.....Oregon 1856
Thomas, J. W., Molalla.....Oregon 1856
Turner, Mrs. Ella, McMinnville.....Oregon 1856
Wallace, P. T., Portland.....New York.....1837
Workman, A. T., Portland.....Oregon 1856

1857

Baker, Mrs. S. A., Portland.....Washington 1857
Barger, Mrs. Maggie, Portland.....Oregon 1857
Baum, Mrs. Marianna, Portland.....Germany 1838
Bergman, I., Portland.....Germany 1829
Brasel, Mrs. Kate, Portland.....Australia 1842
Christensen, Mrs. E. A., Portland.....Oregon 1857
Clarke, Wm. J., Gervais.....Oregon 1857
Cooper, D. J., The Dalles.....Tennessee 1836
Clymer, Mrs. Jane Patton, Fossil.....New York 1854
D'Arcy, Peter H., Salem.....Oregon 1857
Eaton, Mrs. M. Hendershot, Salem....Iowa 1850
Fulton, Mrs. N. M., Black Rock.....California 1857
Gage, Mrs. Phoebe, Portland.....Oregon 1857
Gillihan, Ed., Kelso, Wash.....Oregon 1857
Henkle, Mrs. M. E., Portland.....Oregon 1857
Jensen, Mrs. Frances O., Portland.....Oregon 1857
Kelty, G. L., Newberg.....Oregon 1857
Lawson, Mrs. L. G., Portland.....Oregon 1857
Livingston, Chas. E., Portland.....Oregon 1857
Lockwood, S. F., Vancouver, Wash....Oregon 1857
Bird, Mrs. Elizabeth, Vancouver, Wash.Hawaiian Islands..1857
Cremen, Mrs. Mary, Portland.....Ireland 1838
Dennis Mrs. C., Portland.....Oregon 1857
Du Gas, Mrs. A. L., Portland.....Oregon 1857
Fulton, C. F., Portland.....Oregon 1857
Burnett, G. T., Portland.....Missouri 1850

Backenstos, E. L., Portland.....Oregon 1857
Charlton, James W., Vancouver, Wash..Oregon 1857
Magness, Mrs. Amy, Portland.....Oregon 1857
Meek, S. A. D., Cornelius.....Oregon 1857
Moores, Mrs. A. N., Salem.....Oregon 1857
Morris, Mrs. Sarah E., Portland.....Michigan 1853
McNeilly, Martha, Colfax, Wash.....Oregon 1857
Newsom, Mrs. W. E., Portland.....Oregon 1857
Parrish, Mrs. S. B., Portland.....Oregon 1857
Patton, B. R., Hillsdale.....Oregon 1857
Roberts, Mrs. Myra H., The Dalles....Maine 1835
Scofield, Ben, Cornelius.....Illinois 1840
Sanborn, H. D., Portland.....New Hampshire..1834
Shipley, Mrs. J. J., Portland.....Oregon 1857
Slocum, C. W., Portland.....Massachusetts 1834
Smith, Mrs. Letitia M., Portland.....Oregon 1857
Stearns, D. S., Portland.....Oregon 1857
Stormer, John, Estacada.....Oregon 1857
Tandy, E. N., Harrisburg.....Kentucky 1829
Thelman, Mrs. J. A., Portland.....Oregon 1857
Wing, Abraham, Portland.....Poland 1835
Wing, Mrs. Abraham, Portland.....California 1854
Young, G. A., Portland.....Massachusetts 1833

1858

Allen, Mrs. Maggie E., Portland.....Tennessee 1842
Bailey, Mrs. L. E., Portland.....Washington 1858
Baird, Mrs. R., Yamhill.....Oregon 1858
Brooks, Mrs. Emma, Portland.....Oregon 1858
Bybee, Mrs. Hellen, La Camas, Wash..Ireland 1857
Burt, Mrs. Ella Wilson, Portland.....Ireland 1858
Craig, T. J., Portland.....Oregon 1858
Delmater, Mrs. Mary A., Portland.....Oregon 1858
Giltner, B. F., Portland.....Pennsylvania 1833
Green, Mrs. G. C., Portland.....Oregon 1858
Gleason, James, Portland.....Oregon 1858
Harvey, Mrs. S. C., Portland.....Oregon 1858
Haven, Mrs. Clara, Vancouver, Wash..Washington 1858
Hawley Ira J., Cooledge, Wash.....Oregon 1858
Hill, Mrs. Anna, Newberg.....New Jersey.....1852

Himes, Mrs. Anna F., Portland.....Connecticut 1849
Housworth, Frank, Yamhill.....Hungary 1828

Jeffries, S. T., Portland.....Oregon 1858
Johnson, G. E., Portland.....Oregon 1858
Johnson, Mrs. Mary, Portland.....Oregon 1858
Jones, Mrs. S. F. Portland.....Massachusetts 1839

Kennedy, Mrs. Sarah, Woodburn.....Oregon 1858
Kraemer, Julius, Portland.....Germany 1837
Kandle, Mrs. L., Portland.....California 1856

Lieser, Mrs. H. C., Vancouver, Wash...Oregon 1858

Mitchell, McKinley, Portland.....Oregon 1858
Montgomery, Mrs. Nettie, Portland....Oregon 1858
Moore, May W., Portland.....Oregon 1858
McCarver, Mrs. Della, Portland.....Oregon 1858
McDonald, Mrs. M., Newberg.....Oregon 1858

Oldham, Mrs. W. N., Portland.....Oregon 1858

Prosser, Mrs. S. E., Oswego.....Oregon 1858

Risley, C. W., Milwaukie.....Oregon 1858

Winch, Mrs. Mertie W., San Francisco.Oregon 1858

Johns, C. A., Baker City.....Oregon 1857
Kamm, Mrs. Chas. T., Portland.....Oregon 1858
Klum, Mrs. James, St. Johns.....Oregon 1858

Magone, Mrs. H., St. Johns.....Oregon 1858
Miller, Mrs. M. B., Portland.....Ohio 1847
McCargul, Mrs. Ella, Portland.....Oregon 1858

1859

Bolander, Mrs. Jennie, Tacoma, Wash.Washington 1859
Bonney, Mrs. J. M., Woodburn.....Oregon 1859
Brown, Mrs. A. M., Portland.....Oregon 1859

Church, R. G., Portland.....Oregon 1859
Cornelius, Miss Tillie, Portland.....Oregon 1859
Cummings, Mrs. Emma, Heppner.....Oregon 1859
Cummings, G. W., Heppner.....Iowa 1843
Creighton, D., Portland.....Pennsylvania 1835

D'Arcy, Miss Maria F., Salem.....Oregon 1859
Davidson, L. M., Oswego.....Indiana 1844
De Shields, Mrs. Sarah B., Arita.....Oregon 1859
Dittmer, Mrs. Laura, Portland.....Oregon 1859
Drake, Mrs. E. M., Portland.....Oregon 1859
Dyer, Mrs. Thurza Anne, Portland....Oregon 1859

Dufur, W. H. H.,.....Vermont 1834

Beats, Mrs. A. M., Portland.....Oregon 1859
Buchtel, Mrs. Mary E., Portland.....Indiana 1844
Burns, Mrs. C. E., Oregon City.....Michigan 1856
Burnette, Mrs. G. T., Portland.....Oregon 1859

Cowles, Mrs. Hanna, Gaston.....Oregon 1859

Ferguson, Mrs. E. T., Portland.....Oregon 1859
Frazer, Mrs. Mary, Portland.....Scotland 1859
Fleury, Mrs. Ella, Portland.....Oregon 1859

Hibbard, G. L., Portland.....Vermont 1835

Gardner, Mrs. Lucy A., Rose Lodge....Oregon 1859

Hoover, Mrs. Martha, St. Johns.....Oregon 1859

Ikerd, Mrs. S. M., Portland.....Oregon 1859

Keenen, Mrs. Clara, Portland.....Oregon 1859
Kerns, Mrs. Addie E., Portland.....Oregon 1859
Kelly, H. L., Oregon City.....New York.....1840

Lane, Mrs. Harry, Portland.....Oregon 1859

Meussdorffer, C. H., Portland.....Germany 1842
McCoy, Mrs. Rhoda, Yamhill.....Oregon 1859
May, Mrs. I. A., San Francisco, Calif..Oregon 1859
McGinn, Henry E., Portland.....Oregon 1859

Gurling, Fred, Portland.....Germany 1840

Kelly, Mrs. Elizabeth Rose, Portland..Scotland 1856

Partlow, J. W., Oregon City.....Oregon 1859
Pio, Mrs. Flora, Portland.....Oregon 1859
Powell, D. C., Portland.....Oregon 1859

Reed, Mrs. E. L., Portland.....Illinois 1852
Reynolds, B. P., Portland.....Vermont 1851
Reynolds, Mrs. B. P., Portland.....Vermont 1851
Rice, R. F., Portland.....Missouri 1838
Richards, Mrs. Sol, Portland.....Germany 1838

Sharp, O. P., Sherwood.....Oregon 1859
Smith, W. Hampton, Portland.....Pennsylvania 1836
Struble, Mrs. May, Portland.....Oregon 1859

Tate, Mrs. Sarah E., Portland.....Oregon 1859
Taft, Mrs. S. V., Portland.....Canada 1859
Tibbetts, Mrs. Y. A., Portland.....Massachusetts 1848

Wrage, Mrs. Hattie, Newberg.....Oregon 1859

Young, Mrs. Lydia B., Portland.....Maine 1841

Rees, H. L., Portland	Oregon	1859
Shipley, Mrs. Stella T., Oswego	Oregon	1859
Smith, Maggie C., Portland	West Virginia	1854
Stark, Mrs. Anna, Portland	Oregon	1859
Walker, Miss Dora, Salem	Oregon	1859
Whitehouse, B. G., Portland	Massachusetts	1834

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1900.

1838	1
1839	4
1840	2
1841	1
1842	2
1843	13
1844	24
1845	38
1846	37
1847	85
1848	29
1849	29
1850	63
1851	48
1852	220
1853	103
1854	38
1855	24
1856	12
1857	21
1858	15
1859	14
Total	823

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1901.

1824	1
1838	1
1839	3
1840	2
1841	3
1842	2
1843	19
1844	21
1845	55
1846	32
1847	96
1848	31
1849	36
1850	76
1851	67
1852	243
1853	121
1854	42
1855	23
1856	12
1857	2[illegible]
1858	1
1859	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1902.

1838	1	1850	70
1839	2	1851	46
1840	4	1852	260
1841	3	1853	109
1842	2	1854	48
1843	15	1855	22
1844	21	1856	16
1845	54	1857	19
1846	36	1858	16
1847	72	1859	21
1848	38		
1849	33	Total	908

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1903.

1839	2	1851	54
1840	3	1852	285
1841	4	1853	116
1842	3	1854	56
1843	21	1855	24
1844	21	1856	14
1845	63	1857	21
1846	41	1858	24
1847	92	1859	19
1848	29		
1849	35	Total	1005
1850	68		

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1904.

1837	2	1850	78
1839	2	1851	54
1840	1	1852	272
1841	3	1853	135
1842	3	1854	58
1843	16	1855	32
1844	24	1856	21
1845	66	1857	29
1846	33	1858	30
1847	77	1859	14
1848	32		
1849	34	Total	1016

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1905.

1837	2	1850	91
1838	2	1851	79
1839	1	1852	346
1840	3	1853	197
1841	3	1854	62
1842	6	1855	47
1843	23	1856	49
1844	28	1857	45
1845	74	1858	40
1846	42	1859	34
1847	116		
1848	44	Total	1397
1849	53		

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1906.

1837	2	1850	82
1838	1	1851	77
1839	2	1852	308
1840	2	1853	159
1841	4	1854	71
1842	2	1855	40
1843	19	1856	36
1844	25	1857	25
1845	69	1858	40
1846	34	1859	35
1847	108		
1848	39	Total	1219
1849	39		

(No computation of attendance made in 1907.)

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1908.

1837	2	1850	86
1838	1	1851	74
1839	2	1852	340
1840	3	1853	194
1841	3	1854	76
1842	2	1855	50
1843	23	1856	41
1844	31	1857	46
1845	78	1858	44
1846	43	1859	57
1847	102		
1848	41	Total	1388
1849	49		

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1909.

1837	2	1850	71
1838	1	1851	58
1839	2	1852	345
1840	1	1853	185
1841	4	1854	78
1842	3	1855	48
1843	19	1856	37
1844	25	1857	50
1845	62	1858	40
1846	36	1859	56
1847	90		
1848	30	Total	1288
1849	45		

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1910.

1821	1	1849	41
1837	2	1850	69
1838	1	1851	65
1839	1	1852	307
1840	3	1853	147
1841	2	1854	80
1842	3	1855	48
1843	15	1856	48
1844	25	1857	49
1845	65	1858	40
1846	34	1859	59
1847	90		
1848	29	Total	1224

DIARY OF ALVAH ISAIAH DAVIS,

October 11, 1852, to April 6, 1854.

(Mr. Davis was born in Geauga County, Ohio, January 14, 1825, of English, Welsh and German ancestry. In 1848 he removed to Michigan, remaining one year. He had his first ride behind a locomotive that year. He returned to Ohio in 1849, and in 1850 removed to Illinois, settling in the vicinity of Lockport. In 1852 he crossed the plains to Oregon. Becoming dissatisfied with this country, he returned to Iowa in 1855; was married to Emily George on March 8, 1857; lived in Iowa twelve years, and then removed to Kansas, and in 1880 came back to Oregon and settled in the "Forks of the Santiam," Linn County. He was the father of twelve children, eight of whom were living at the time of his death.)

1852—PORTLAND, OREGON, MONDAY, OCT. 11.—Bought in this place this book, 50c; one chip hat, 35c; one pair mittens, $1.50; one wrapper, $2.00; one copy *Oregon*, 25c; bought *Harper's* September number, 50c. Engaged to work for a Mr. Morton at cutting logs on the Willamette river, about ten miles below this place, and on this side, for $50 per month; also John Vasscur, Alfred Carter, Royal and Oscar Hoag, Willamette Valley, ten miles below Portland. After selecting our axes and helves we walked down the river to our present boarding place (Mr. Richards). After dinner we went to grinding and fixing for work.

TUESDAY, OCT. 12.—Spent the most of the day cutting roads to draw logs and hay. Royal and Oscar been mowing. Appearances of rain in the A. M., but come off fine. I have now $1.35.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 13.—Spread hay A. M.; gathered hay, P. M

THURSDAY, OCT. 14.—Cloudy A. M.; mowed forenoon; put up hay P. M.; Oscar not able to work.

FRIDAY, OCT. 15.—Spread hay during the forenoon and gathered P. M.; poor hay weather.

SATURDAY, OCT. 16.—Chopped A. M.; commenced raining about noon, but cleared up toward night. Chopped during P. M. Gault moved. We helped move the things up from the river to the house, then we rowed a river boat up to Richards that was used

to move down from Portland, as there is no wagon track to this place, ten miles below Portland.

SUNDAY, OCT. 17.—We all walked down to Gault's for breakfast. After breakfast I had to wash a shirt and dry it before changing. Clear and pleasant A. M.; cloudy and signs of rain P. M. Wrote to John Gilliland; wrote a letter for John Vasscur. Rain during the evening.

MONDAY, OCT. 18.—Rained over night; pleasant in the morning, but rained before noon and showery the remainder of the day and night; worked at chopping.

TUESDAY, OCT. 19.—Pleasant A. M.; showery and thunder P. M.; Oscar and I ground axes A. M. at Richards; chopped P. M.; sent J. Gilliland's letter to Portland by Charles Morton.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 20.—Cloudy, but not rainy; been chopping.

THURSDAY, OCT. 21.—Cloudy, but not rainy; sprinkles occasionally; been chopping.

FRIDAY, OCT. 22.—Cloudy, but not rainy; working at clearing for the team and helping load logs, or attempting to, on trucks during the A. M.; Vasscur and I fixed a crotch P. M. for drawing logs.

SATURDAY, OCT. 23.—Been to Portland with Brazil Grounds in a skiff; bought one pair boots $5.00, one pair socks 75c, one copy Oregon *Times* 12c, one pencil 13c, one bottle ink, 25c, ½ bunch envelopes 12c, 6 sheets paper 13c, ½ dozen steel pens 12c, ½ dozen vest buttons 13c, ½ dozen coat buttons 25c, ½ box leather preservative 50c, dinner at Willamette House 75c. ¾ yard black Cambric 15c; borrowed $10 of Royal; showery.

SUNDAY, OCT. 24.—Warm and sprinkly; washed my shirt; wrote home; written No. 6 to Melissa; Gault gone to Sandy.

MONDAY, OCT. 25.—Rained over night; warm and but little rain during the day; been chopping; Oscar gone to Portland; sent my letters by him.

TUESDAY, OCT. 26.—Rained over night; no rain during the day; been chopping; Gault returned; Charley not able to work for lameness.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 27.—Rained most of the day; so much that we have not worked in the woods; we have killed a beef.

THURSDAY, OCT. 28.—Rained over night; rained some in the A. M.; pleasant during the middle of the day; Royal and I sawed P. M.

FRIDAY, OCT. 29.—Cloudy but no rain; been sawing; eat dinner today without any kind of breadstuff for the first time in my life.

SATURDAY, OCT. 30.—Been sawing and chopping; rained most of the time; Thomas Smith been to Portland and got some flour.

SUNDAY, OCT. 31.—Took a short boat ride this morning in Ground's skiff; been mending coat and vest; put a new back in the latter; Oscar returned, but not able to work yet.

MONDAY, NOV. 1.—Been chopping; not much rain; Charley got able to work.

TUESDAY, NOV. 2.—Quite pleasant; been chopping.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 3.—Frost over night; warm and pleasant; chopped A. M.; cut roads P. M.; John and Royal been putting raft together.

THURSDAY, NOV. 4.—Heavy frost over night; foggy in the A. M.; warm and pleasant during the day; been putting raft together.

FRIDAY, NOV. 5.—Rolled logs into the river during A. M.; been rafting P. M.; drizzling rain all day.

SATURDAY, NOV. 6.—Been rafting; rainy day.

SUNDAY, NOV. 7.—Got a raft together and started; got one mile and went ashore; cooked some potatoes and meat for supper, then sat down on some sticks of wood by a fire, in which position I am writing; a little rain.

MONDAY, NOV. 8.—We have only run the raft one-half mile over night, on account of low tide and fog; got but very little sleep; I

went to Richards and bought breakfast 50c; made 4 miles during day; Gault moved to Richards; all hands went to Gault's for supper and stayed over night; no rain.

TUESDAY, NOV. 9.—Royal and I left raft A. M.; bought nuts 25c, bought 2 copies Oregon *Times* 25c.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 10.—Boarding for $1.25 per day and looking for work; United States Mail Steamer arrived before day from San Francisco; saw many emigrant acquaintances; bought nuts 25c; bought sweet oil 12c.

THURSDAY, NOV. 11.—Rainy; been about town looking for work; Hyland arrived—perfectly "strapped."

FRIDAY, NOV. 12.—Rainy; been at work at sawmill for two dollars per day and board. Received of Charles Morton $44.25; paid Royal $10 for board.

SATURDAY, NOV. 13.—Rained over night; been running over night with diarrhoea; stopped it with brandy and syrup 13c; paid fixing revolver $5.00; bought one pair socks 75c; very rainy; seen Ben Hyland P. M.; bought one pair scissors 50c; river raising; many logs lost from mills.

SUNDAY, NOV. 14.—Rained over night and during the day, and some of the time very hard; very dull time.

MONDAY, NOV. 15.—Rained over night; no rain during the day; worked at sawmill; bought one shirt $2.00; bought one pair blankets $10.00; paid board $2.75; received of Robert Clark $1.00; borrowed at Cascades; river high and many logs floating down; business lively; wages two dollars per day.

TUESDAY, NOV. 16.—Rained over night; little rain during the day; worked about the mill; saw King.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 17.—Worked at mill; some rain; some sunshine.

THURSDAY, NOV. 18.—Sick with cold; paid Chute drawing tooth $5.00; paid for nuts 25c; not able to work; some rain.

FRIDAY, Nov. 19.—Not able to work; seen David Courtney; bought hat $1.50; river falling.

SATURDAY, Nov. 20.—Pleasant and sunshiny; Royal and David Courtney started for the mines; received of mill company $4.00; been unable to work.

SUNDAY, Nov. 21.—Rained over night and during the day; received for blankets $9.00; walked back from town two and one-half miles to Mr. Steward's to work at shingle-making.

MONDAY, Nov. 22.—Rained over night—very little rain; Carter passed here.

TUESDAY, Nov. 23.—Worked at sawing, etc., in Willamette Mountains; rainy.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 24.—Worked till noon, then walked to McMillens; received of Steward $3.75.

THURSDAY, Nov. 25.—Tualatin Plains; walked to Mr. Smith's, a distance of 12 miles; this is a very fine country; paid for breakfast, etc., $1.00; dinner 50c; passed through Hillsborough, the shire town of Washington County.

FRIDAY, Nov. 26.—Tualatin Plains. Stopped at Kitchen's (Catching's) for rain; paid for breakfast $1.00, etc.

SATURDAY, Nov. 27.—Walked to Portland; paid breakfast, etc., $1.00; dinner to Mc's 50c; paid washing 50c.

SUNDAY, Nov. 28.—Clear and pleasant; paid Gilliland for bringing carpet bag from Fort Boise, $5.00; had a great time drying my clothes.

MONDAY, Nov. 29.—Rained over night; warm and pleasant; bought axe and helve $3.00; nuts 12c; apples 13c; paid grinding axe 25c; commenced chopping wood at two dollars per cord.

TUESDAY, Nov. 30.—No rain; rained over night; been chopping; wrote home this evening.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 1.—Rainy P. M.; mail arrived last night; been chopping; wrote No. 7 to Melissa; bought *Harper's* magazine 50c.

THURSDAY, DEC. 2.—Heavy rain over night and during the day; paid board $5.00.

FRIDAY, DEC. 3.—Foggy; been chopping.

SATURDAY, DEC. 4.—Clear over night and hard frost; bought axe $2.00.

SUNDAY, DEC. 5.—Some rain and some sunshine; commenced writing to Simmons and Austin; seen Andy Lampkin.

MONDAY, DEC. 6.—Been chopping; rain by streaks.

TUESDAY, DEC. 7.—Been chopping.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 8.—Rainy.

THURSDAY, DEC. 9.—Heavy and constant rain.

FRIDAY, DEC. 10.—Sick with dysentery; rain.

SATURDAY, DEC. 11.—Worked some.

SUNDAY, DEC. 12.—Some snow flew; written to David Gould; paid board $11.00; received on wood chopping $11.00.

MONDAY, DEC. 13.—Snow flew and melted; been chopping.

TUESDAY, DEC. 14.—Froze over night; snowed during day; snow shoe deep P. M.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 15.—Snowed A. M.; snow 6 inches deep P. M.; clear and pleasant P. M.

THURSDAY, DEC. 16.—Snowed over night; snowed A. M.; clear and pleasant P. M.

FRIDAY, DEC. 17.—Clear and pleasant; made axe helve; Steamer *Columbia* arrived.

SATURDAY, DEC. 18.—Cold and wintry weather; received $6.00; been chopping all the week; Wm. Gray died; paid board $6.00.

SUNDAY, DEC. 19.—Wind easterly; very cold; bought nuts 15c.

MONDAY, DEC. 20.—Wind easterly; very cold; been chopping.

TUESDAY, DEC. 21.—Cold; no storm.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 22.—Cold and clear.

THURSDAY, DEC. 23.—Heavy snow A. M.; snow 16 inches deep; Steamer *Lot Whitcomb* laid up for cold; paid washing 50c.

FRIDAY, DEC. 24.—Cold; been chopping; snow nearly two feet deep.

SATURDAY, DEC. 25.—Been chopping; bought nuts 13c; paid washing 25c; weather more moderate.

SUNDAY, DEC. 26.—Snowy; received for wood $3.00; bought *Oregonian* 25c.

MONDAY, DEC. 27.—Rained over night and during the day; received for wood $10.00; received for bringing water 25c; paid board $11.50.

TUESDAY, DEC. 28.—Rained hard P. M.; bought helve 50c.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 29.—No rain; still thawing.

THURSDAY, DEC. 30.—Rainy

FRIDAY, DEC. 31.—Heavy rain.

1853—SATURDAY, JAN. 1.—It has rained hard over night and the ground is nearly clear of snow. I have stood at the door all night as there was a ball at my boarding house, viz., "The Ingram House," and chopped some during the day; paid washing 50c; *Lot Whitcomb* sunk.

SUNDAY, JAN. 2.—Rainy; *Columbia* arrived; pleasant yesterday.

MONDAY, JAN. 3.—Rainy; bought *Harper's* magazine 50c.

TUESDAY, JAN. 4.—Rainy; been splitting and piling; business very dull.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 5.—Heavy rain; not doing anything; written home; written No. 8 to Melissa; bought stamps 13c; mills stopped for high water.

THURSDAY, JAN. 6.—Rainy; doing nothing; no sale for wood.

FRIDAY, JAN. 7.—Rainy; river very high; doing nothing; much damage done in Oregon City by water.

SATURDAY, JAN. 8.—Wind turned northerly; quite pleasant; water falling; Carter received letter from Oscar; been chopping.

SUNDAY, JAN. 9.—Written to Wm. Hazen; written to Charles Hodges; written to C. Hoag.

MONDAY, JAN. 10.—Rainy; been chopping P. M.

TUESDAY, JAN. 11.—Not much rain; been chopping.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 12.—Crossed river and walked up two and one-half miles to Mr. Kelly's; worked P. M. gathering cabbage at $1.00 per day.

THURSDAY, JAN. 13.—Cloudy, but not rainy; worked at spading around fruit trees, hanging gate and cutting fire wood.

FRIDAY, JAN. 14.—No rain; spaded around trees A. M.; hauled wood P. M.; I am this day twenty-eight years of age, and I am very poor; I am owing $18.28 for board in town. I have some wood near town, but it is not marketable as there is so much on the ground. Among the most remarkable of my acts for the past year is my leaving a good situation with G. B. Martin in Lockport. Illinois, and coming to this country and spending all of my money and six months' time; but I am partly repaid for that in what I have seen of the world; but still I am looking for a better time to come. I am in a prospering condition at present, for I have just received $3.50 for labor that I have done this week. The times have been very hard here during the winter; provisions have been very high and labor very scarce, and the weather very bad; consequently there has been a great deal of suffering among the last emigration, but the past few days of pleasant weather seems to change the appearance of things. I am now working at Mr. Kelly's on a farm about two or three miles from Portland across the river.

SATURDAY, JAN. 15.—Rained over night; little rain A. M., but cleared off M.; pleasant P. M.; chopped down trees A. M., piled brush, laid fence, etc., P. M.; received for work $3.50.

SUNDAY, JAN. 16.—Frost over night; quite pleasant; walked to town; paid ferryage 25c; bought red precipitate 25c; saw Mt. Hood by moonlight at eight or nine P. M., a distance of eighty miles.

MONDAY, JAN. 17.—Frost and clear A. M.; rainy P. M.; walked to Kelly's A. M.; chopped P. M.; paid for three cent stamps 25c; ferriage 25c; wages raised to $1.25 per day.

TUESDAY, JAN. 18.—Clear and pleasant; cool north winds but very summer like; been chopping.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 18.—Weather same as yesterday; been chopping; Pacific mail steamer *Fremont* arrived from San Francisco.

THURSDAY, JAN. 20.—Been chopping; froze some over night; hazy A. M.; clear P. M.

FRIDAY, JAN. 21.—Warm and pleasant; frosty nights; chopped A. M.; split the first fir rails of very bad timber P. M.

SATURDAY, JAN. 22.—Been making rails; received for work $6.87.

SUNDAY, JAN. 23.—Been to town; paid ferriage 50c; paid washing 50c; bought nuts 12c; paid board $6.00; paid dinner 50c.

MONDAY, JAN. 24.—Pleasant; received for pills 75c; appearance of rain.

TUESDAY, JAN. 25.—Pleasant; been splitting rails.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 26.—Pleasant; no wind.

THURSDAY, JAN. 27.—Wind east and north; some rain and sleet.

FRIDAY, JAN. 28.—Pleasant.

SATURDAY, JAN. 29.—Pleasant; we all hands planted some peas toward night; received for work $7.50; worked for Mr. Kelly all this week.

SUNDAY, JAN. 30.—Rainy; Hampton Kelly and Margarette Fitch married; commenced writing home, and No. 9 to M.; walked to Oregon City; paid ferriage 13c.

MONDAY, JAN. 31.—Walked from the city; paid for cakes, beer, etc., 75c; paid ferryage 12c.

TUESDAY, FEB. 1.—Some rain; been clearing fence road; received first letter from Melissa; first letter from home since I left Illinois, and one from O. S. Hoag—all of which I was very glad to receive; paid postage 10c.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 2.—Rained over night; received for shirt $1.75; written to O. S. Hoag; cloudy and cold.

THURSDAY, FEB. 3.—Cold east wind; been chopping down trees; written No. 10 to Melissa.

FRIDAY, FEB. 4.—Froze over night; very pleasant.

SATURDAY, FEB. 5.—Cold and cloudy; received for work $6.25; written home.

SUNDAY, FEB. 6.—Pleasant; went to town; saw Wilder Harris and went with him to Durham's mill; wrote a letter for J. Vasscur; paid board $10.00; paid ferriage 50c; paid for stamps 50c; Charley Morton left town during the week for the mines.

MONDAY, FEB. 7.—Walked down from Durham's; took dinner with S. Blank (Stephen Blank, living at Forest Grove, 1914, G. H. H., Secy. O. P. A.) at Milwaukie; paid ferriage 25c.

TUESDAY, FEB. 8.—Frosty nights; foggy A. M.; Pleasant; been spading around fruit trees.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 9.—Pleasant.

THURSDAY, FEB. 10.— Hard freezing nights; foggy mornings and pleasant days.

FRIDAY, FEB. 11.—Pleasant; been cutting down trees.

SATURDAY, FEB. 12.—Pleasant; been chopping; received for work $6.25; Kelly's folks been ploughing this week; ground dry enough.

SUNDAY, FEB. 13.—Cloudy; stayed at Kelly's all day; rained some over night; Thomas Kelly trying to perform spiritual rappings; received for sticking salve, 10c.

MONDAY, FEB. 14.—Some rain.

TUESDAY, FEB. 15.—Some rain.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 16.—Rainy over night; showery during day; thunder; paid washing 25c.

THURSDAY, FEB. 17.—Pleasant; been chopping.

FRIDAY, FEB. 18.—Pleasant; been grubbing.

SATURDAY, FEB. 19.—Pleasant; grubbed A. M.; been to town P. M.; received for work $6.87; paid board all up $3.50; paid washing 25c; paid ferriage 50c; paid for writing paper 13c.

SUNDAY, FEB. 20.—Sour kind of a day; stayed at Kelly's all day.

MONDAY, FEB. 21.—Pleasant; been grubbing.

TUESDAY, FEB. 22.—Rainy A. M.; pleasant P. M.; guns fired in town in commemoration of the birth of Washington.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 23.—Foggy early A. M.; worked at grubbing A. M.; worked for Abraham P. M. 62c; paid washing 20c.

THURSDAY, FEB. 24.—Showery; been grubbing.

FRIDAY, FEB. 25.—Pleasant day; rainy evening; high wind yesterday and today.

SATURDAY, FEB. 26.—Showery; worked for Abraham $1.25; received for work for Kelly $5.60; peas coming up planted January 29th; rainy nights during the week.

SUNDAY, FEB. 27.—Paid town ferry 50c; heavy rains; made money purse.

MONDAY, FEB. 28.—Showery; been grubbing.

TUESDAY, MARCH 1.—Pleasant; foggy morning; helped Abraham raise a log house on Kelly's account.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2.—Pleasant; worked for Abraham $1.25.

THURSDAY, MARCH 3.—Been grubbing; warm, sunny, springlike weather.

FRIDAY, MARCH 4.—Pleasant; Abraham moved; not able to work from indigestion, with symptoms of dysentery; President Pierce takes presidential chair; paid *Harper's* Feb. magazine 50c; paid washing 30c.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5.—Pleasant; been hauling manure for a hot-bed; Kelly is marketing spring onions; received of Kelly $5.00.

SUNDAY, MARCH 6.—Pleasant; been to town; Oscar and Harris gone to California; received for stamps 12c.

MONDAY, MARCH 7.—Walked down from Kelly's A. M.; paid ferriage 25c; paid for one pair blankets $4.00; pleasant, cold north wind.

TUESDAY, MARCH 8.—Cold and pleasant; sold my watch $5.00; been sawing for Harlow P. M.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9.—Pleasant; cold north wind; hard freezing nights; been sawing wood.

THURSDAY, MARCH 10.—Pleasant; more moderate; finished sawing wood; paid board $5.00; paid filing saw 50c.

FRIDAY, MARCH 11.—South wind; rain P. M.; sold revolver $19.50; bought one pair blankets $6.50; one pair pants $5.75; one pair linen shirts $4.25; one pair cotton shirts $2.50; one pair suspenders 75c; nails 25c; began work at upper mill.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12.—Weather cleared off fine; pleasant; hazy P. M.; paid washing 25c.

SUNDAY, MARCH 13.—Pleasant; hazy P. M.; paid washing 25c.

MONDAY, MARCH 14.—Rainy A. M.; grass starting some.

TUESDAY, MARCH 15.—Pleasant.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16.—Cloudy.

THURSDAY, MARCH 17.—Showery A. M.; pleasant P. M.

FRIDAY, MARCH 18.—Showers over night; pleasant; received letter from F. Joab and Emeline Austin, informing me of the death of Uncle Philo Harris.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19.—Rainy; paid washing 25c; election to adopt city charter.

SUNDAY, MARCH 20.—Cloudy; sour day; began to write home and to J. Austin and wife.

MONDAY, MARCH 21.—Wind southerly; cloudy and showery; bought summer hat $1.25.

TUESDAY, MARCH 22.—Rainy.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23.—Rain, snow, hail and sunshine; received for work 50c.

THURSDAY, MARCH 24.—Squally; received for account of Abraham $1.75; paid board $1.00; bought nuts 25c.

FRIDAY, MARCH 25.—Northerly wind; pleasant A. M.; hazy P. M.; bought Jargon dictionary 50c; paid washing 25c.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26.—Cloudy and cold; received letter from Melissa 10c; received letter from home.

SUNDAY, MARCH 27.—Pleasant; written to Melissa No. 11.

MONDAY, MARCH 28.—A little rain.

TUESDAY, MARCH 29.—Cloudy, but no rain.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30.—Rainy; lining 20c.

THURSDAY, MARCH 31.—Rainy and cold; received letter from L. O. Simmons; bought *Harper's* magazine 50c; I have now been sawdust boy for 18 days at $1.00 per day.

FRIDAY, APRIL 1.—Showery; I commenced running the engine in the mill this morning at 12 o'clock at $2.00 per day; peach trees in bloom.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2.—Pleasant; heard from Royal.

SUNDAY, APRIL 3.—This is a lovely Sabbath; written some home to Melissa and others.

MONDAY, APRIL 4.—Pleasant; warm.

TUESDAY, APRIL 5.—Pleasant; growing time.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6.—Warm and pleasant.

THURSDAY, APRIL 7.—Warm and pleasant.

FRIDAY, APRIL 8.—Signs of rain.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9.—Some rain.

SUNDAY, APRIL 10.—Pleasant; written to D. Gould; paid washing 50c.

MONDAY, APRIL 11.—Some rain.

TUESDAY, APRIL 12.—Some clouds flying; fine growing time.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13.—Pleasant.

THURSDAY, APRIL 14.—Some cloudy; received letter from Melissa 10c; did not begrudge it.

FRIDAY, APRIL 15.—Pleasant; bought stamps $1.00; swapped pants and paid $1.00 to boot.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16.—Cloudy and cool.

SUNDAY, APRIL 17.—Cool weather; commenced writing to Melissa; bought letter books 75c.

MONDAY, APRIL 18.—Cool; been helping repair engine.

TUESDAY, APRIL 19.—Showery; been repairing engine.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20.—Showery.

THURSDAY, APRIL 21.—Showery; started engine.

FRIDAY, APRIL 22.—Showery.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23.—Pleasant; not working; no logs; stowed lumber in a brig P. M.

SUNDAY, APRIL 24.—Showery; wrote letter for J. Vasscur; began to write home; saw J. Ingersol.

MONDAY, APRIL 25.—Showery; received letter from David Gould and began an answer; received for stowing lumber $2.00; not working for want of logs.

TUESDAY, APRIL 26.—Showery; worked in mill.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27.—No rain, but cloudy.

THURSDAY, APRIL 28.—Warm and pleasant.

FRIDAY, APRIL 29.—Rainy; bought *Harper's* magazine 50c; received letter from Wm. Hazen and one from home.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30.—Showery.

SUNDAY, MAY 1.—Showery; written letter for Wm. Pumphrey; paid washing 50c; bought raisins 40c; a total of 90c.

MONDAY, MAY 2.—Showery; began working for Abrams about the mill at M. at $2 per day. (This mill was at the foot of Jefferson street—first steam sawmill in Portland. Erected in 1850; capacity 6000 feet daily.—Geo. H. Himes, Secy. O. P. A.)

TUESDAY, MAY 3.—Showery.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 4.—Pleasant, but some clouds.

THURSDAY, MAY 5.—Clear and cloudless with a cool breeze; received from Harlow for work $68.00; bought knife $1.00; paid for fixing shirts 50c.

FRIDAY, MAY 6.—Pleasant; fine breeze; been to Milwaukie to mill; bought beer and crackers 55c.

SATURDAY, MAY 7.—Pleasant; been tent sewing.

SUNDAY, MAY 8.—Some cloudy; bought quilt 50c.

MONDAY, MAY 9.—Pleasant; been sewing.

TUESDAY, MAY 10.—Some clouds with signs of rain.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 11.—Rainy all day; moved my bed to the Portland Mill Co.'s boarding house; wind southerly.

THURSDAY, MAY 12.—Rainy over night; one little shower.

FRIDAY, MAY 13.—Little rain.

SATURDAY, MAY 14.—Pleasant; Gov. Lane arrived per steamer *Fremont;* received a letter from Melissa 10c; written to Melissa.

SUNDAY, MAY 15.—Pleasant; received from Carter for caps 90c; written to Royal; written letter for Vasscur.

MONDAY, MAY 16.—Pleasant.

TUESDAY, MAY 17.—Pleasant.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 18.—Pleasant; bought envelopes 25c.

THURSDAY, MAY 19.—Pleasant; warm.

FRIDAY, MAY 20.—Very warm A. M.; strong south wind and cloudy P. M.; little rain in evening; not able to work; bought maple sugar 13c.

SATURDAY, MAY 21.—Cloudy; worked forenoon; subscribed for *Oregon Times* $2.00; bought 3 copies 75c; bought 1-cent stamps 25c; sent first lot of papers to states; began a letter to Melissa.

SUNDAY, MAY 22.—Pleasant; went over the river for strawberries.

MONDAY, MAY 23.—Not at work for repairs in mill.

TUESDAY, MAY 24.—Pleasant; received for letter books 25c.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 25.—Pleasant; upper mill stops for high water.

THURSDAY, MAY 26.—Pleasant.

FRIDAY, MAY 27.—Pleasant; sold 7 cords of wood for goods, having two cords stolen, at $1.75 per cord.

SATURDAY, MAY 28.—Pleasant, cold S. E. wind; bought one pair boots on wood trade $5.00; one neck handkerchief $1.00.

SUNDAY, MAY 29.—Pleasant; bought nuts and cider 50c; went in the evening to church; first time in Oregon.

MONDAY, MAY 30.—Cloudy; mail steamer *Fremont* arrived; received letter from Melissa 10c; received letter from home; bought *Harper's* for May 50c; written to Emeline; written to Edward.

TUESDAY, MAY 31.—Cloudy and cold; old mill stopped for high water.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1.—Cloudy and cold; John Gates started to the States.

THURSDAY, JUNE 2.—Cool; some cloudy.

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, JUNE 3 AND 4—Warm and pleasant; water very high, but not rising.

SUNDAY, JUNE 5—Very warm; written some to Melissa; written some for Vasscur; went in evening to church; water commenced falling.

MONDAY, JUNE 6.—Warm and pleasant; old mill started.

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7 AND 8—Pleasant; paid washing 25c.

THURSDAY, JUNE 9—South wind and some rain.

FRIDAY, JUNE 10—Northwest wind; little rain.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11—Pleasant, cool weather.

SUNDAY, JUNE 12—Pleasant; written to Robert Casson; been to church in evening.

MONDAY, JUNE 13—Cloudy; some rain; Carter, William and John gone to see about gold digging on the Santiam river; had peas for dinner from Mr. Kelly's.

TUESDAY, JUNE 14—Mail arrived; received a letter from home; written answer.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15—Warm and pleasant.

THURSDAY, JUNE 16—Warm and pleasant.

FRIDAY, JUNE 17—Very warm A. M.; windy and cool P. M.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18—Cool and pleasant; ate two cherries; bought paper 25c.

SUNDAY, JUNE 19—Pleasant; written to William Hazen; been to church in evening.

MONDAY, JUNE 20—Cool and pleasant; not been at work; bought cider 25c.

TUESDAY, JUNE 21—Pleasant; little rain over night.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22.—Warm.

THURSDAY, JUNE 23—Warm; not able to work.

FRIDAY, JUNE 24.—Pleasant.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25—Cooler; some rain.

SUNDAY, JUNE 26—Cold and showery; been over the river for gooseberries; went in evening to temperance lecture.

MONDAY, JUNE 27—Cool; some rain; steamer *Columbia* arrived; bought *Harper's* magazine 50c.

TUESDAY, JUNE 28—Rained nearly all day; upper mill started.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29—Cloudy and some rain A. M.; pleasant P. M.; paid Berry Vancown $1.00.

THURSDAY, JUNE 30—Cold and cloudy A. M.; pleasant P. M.; went to Vancouver to get to go in looking out the Pacific R. R. route, but did not succeed; paid dinner and ferriage $4.50.

FRIDAY, JULY 1—Pleasant.

SATURDAY, JULY 2—Pleasant; bought *Oregonian* 25c.

SUNDAY, JULY 3—Warm; went to Kelly's and Abraham's.

MONDAY, JULY 4—Warm; been to Milwaukie to celebration; bought beer 25c.

TUESDAY, JULY 5—Warm and pleasant.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 6—Warm and pleasant.

THURSDAY, JULY 7—Warm and pleasant.

FRIDAY, JULY 8—Warm.

SATURDAY, JULY 9—Cooler.

SUNDAY, JULY 10—Cloudy and a little rain; bought blue ointment 50c.

MONDAY, JULY 11—Considerable rain; bought pair cotton pants $3.50; received of A. White $50.00.

TUESDAY, JULY 12—Some rain A. M.; cleared off P. M.; received of A. White $45.00; received of Abrams & Co. $9.00; bought a share in a barrel of beer 25c.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13—Warm and pleasant; received a letter from Melissa 10c; deposited with Adams & Co. $170.00; written to Melissa.

THURSDAY, JULY 14—Pleasant.

FRIDAY, JULY 15—Very warm.

SATURDAY, JULY 16—Cool.

SUNDAY, JULY 17—Pleasant; been in evening to temperance lecture.

MONDAY, JULY 18—Very warm.

TUESDAY, JULY 19—Very warm.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 20—Very warm.

THURSDAY, JULY 21—Very warm; John Bryon started for the States; paid beer 25c.

FRIDAY, JULY 22—Not so warm; B. Hyland, Jr., started home; cut and bruised two fingers so that I quit work.

SATURDAY, JULY 23—Watched over night about the Portland mills; warm and dry.

SUNDAY, JULY 24—Been to church in evening.

MONDAY, JULY 25—Received letter from home; written home.

TUESDAY, JULY 26—Hot, dry weather.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 27—Hot and dry.

THURSDAY, JULY 28—Bought *Harper's* magazine 50c; paid foot mending 50c.

FRIDAY, JULY 29—Hot and dry.

SATURDAY, JULY 30—Hot and dry.

SUNDAY, JULY 31—Hot and dry; been berrying; been to church in evening.

MONDAY, AUG. 1—Bought pair boots; paid in wood $2.75, cash $2.25.

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY, AUG. 2 AND 3—Pleasant; not so hot.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, AUG. 4, 5, 6—Pleasant.

SUNDAY, AUG. 7—Fine rain A. M.; written letter for J. Vasscur; bought share in barrel beer 25c.

MONDAY, AUG. 8—Cloudy and cooler; sprinkled rain; bought suit clothes $32.00; received of A. White $18.50; received of Portland Mill Co. $16.50.

TUESDAY, AUG. 9—Cool and pleasant; been making a chest while watching over night.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 10—Cool and pleasant; bought chest lock and butts 63c.

THURSDAY, AUG. 11—Warmer; paid hemming handkerchief 25c; bought bedbug poison 50c.

FRIDAY, AUG. 12—Hot and dry; received letter from Goold 5c; received letter from Melissa 10c; written to Melissa.

SATURDAY, AUG. 13—Warm and dry.

SUNDAY, AUG. 14—Pleasant; went to M. E. church; went to temperance lecture in evening.

MONDAY, AUG. 15—Pleasant and dry.

TUESDAY, AUG. 16—Pleasant; wrote to Melissa over night; bought stamps 50c.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 17—Cool, with sprinkles of rain; writing to Goold.

THURSDAY, AUG. 18—Cool; occasional sprinkling.

FRIDAY, AUG. 19—Cold and rainy.

SATURDAY, AUG. 20—Cool and pleasant.

SUNDAY, AUG. 21—Warmer; been to church.

MONDAY, AUG. 22—Quite warm.

TUESDAY, AUG. 23—Very warm.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 24—Warm and dry; *Columbia* arrived.

THURSDAY, AUG. 25—Warmer; received paper from Melissa; received letter from home; written letter home; written letter for Vasscur; bought *Harper's* magazine 50c.

FRIDAY, SATURDAY, SUNDAY, AUG. 26, 27, 28—Warm and dry.

MONDAY, AUG. 29—Hot and dry; received of Mill Co. $20.00; paid *Times* $1.00; bought stamps 60c.

TUESDAY, AUG. 30—South wind; boarding house caught fire.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 31—Drizzling morning; occasional rain.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 1—Some rain over night; sunshine and clouds.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 2—Cool and cloudy.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 3—Occasional sprinkling P. M.; walked to camp-meeting near Durham's; paid ferriage 50c.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 4—Public collection 50c; came back in skiff.

MONDAY, SEPT. 5—Nothing happened.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 6—Hot and dry; wrote home.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 7—Dry and hot.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 8—Dry and hot; writing to Melissa.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 9—Hot and dry; bought paper 25c.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 10—Pleasant.

SUNDAY. SEPT. 11—Cool A. M.; written for Vasscur.

MONDAY, SEPT. 12—Quite warm; quit watching and go to firing.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 13—Cool; received letter from Joab; paid fixing Carter's watch $10.00; paid Wm. Taylor $2.00; commenced engineering at $2.50 per day.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 14—Rained over night and during the day; Albert White, Kendrick Smith and Charley left.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 15—Rainy.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 16—Showery.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 17—Showery.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 18—Pleasant; been to church.

MONDAY, SEPT. 19—Pleasant.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 20—Pleasant; bought melon 12c.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 21—Pleasant; written Joab.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 22—Pleasant.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 23—Rainy.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 24—Heavy rain over night; little rain during the day; wrote letter for Pumphrey.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 25—Cloudy; received letter from R. Hoag 5c; received letter from Melissa 10c; wrote to Royal; bought *Harper's* magazine 50c.

MONDAY, SEPT. 26—Pleasant; wrote to Melissa; received of G. Benton $5.00 for repairing Carter's watch.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 27—Pleasant.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 28—Pleasant; paid six month's subscription for *Oregonian* $3.00.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 29—Pleasant.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 30—Pleasant; quite warm.

SATURDAY, OCT. 1—Warm and pleasant; unable to work.

SUNDAY, OCT. 2—Warm; gave in church 25c; called at McMillen's and Cox.

MONDAY, OCT. 3—Quite warm.

TUESDAY, OCT. 4—Quite warm; bought wrapping paper, 12c.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 5—Commenced raining.

THURSDAY, OCT. 6—Sunshine and clouds; cold north wind; paid washing 50c.

FRIDAY, OCT. 7—Cold but pleasant.

SATURDAY, OCT. 8—Cool and pleasant.

SUNDAY, OCT. 9—Rain afternoon and evening.

MONDAY, OCT, 10—Cold; sunshine and clouds.

TUESDAY, OCT. 11—Rainy and sunny.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 12—Rainy and sunny.

THURSDAY, OCT. 13—Some rain P. M.; paid share in melon 13c.

FRIDAY, OCT. 14—Pleasant.

SATURDAY, OCT. 15—Dark and cloudy; paid poll tax $3.00.

SUNDAY, OCT. 16—Pleasant; given church 50c.

MONDAY, OCT. 17—Rainy; received from Mill Co. $15.00; bought pair boots $9.00; bought pair pants $3.00.

TUESDAY, OCT. 18—Cloudy and dark A. M.; paid boot mending 75c; pleasant P. M.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 19—Cold, cloudy and dark; received letter from home.

THURSDAY, OCT. 20—Clouds and sunshine; received from Melissa Painesville *Telegraph* and *Gleason's Pictorial* 5c; from J. Austin four Portage County *Whigs*.

FRIDAY, OCT. 21—Cold, cloudy, foggy and dark.

SATURDAY, OCT. 22—Cool and pleasant; paid washing 25c; bought 1-cent stamps 25c.

SUNDAY, OCT. 23—Clouds and sunshine.

MONDAY, OCT. 24—Rainy A. M.; pleasant P. M.

TUESDAY, OCT. 25—Some rain and some sunshine; commenced writing home; commenced writing to Melissa.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 26—Rainy.

THURSDAY, OCT. 27—Cloudy, but not rainy.

FRIDAY, OCT. 28—Very pleasant.

SATURDAY, OCT. 29—Rainy; paid washing 25c.

SUNDAY, OCT. 30—Rainy; called on J. McMillen's and Laffey's.

MONDAY, OCT. 31—Cloudy; mail steamer arrived; John Gates returned with family; received letter from home; received letter from Melissa 10c; bought *Harper's* magazine 50c.

TUESDAY, NOV. 1—Rather pleasant.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 2—Cold, cloudy, foggy and dark; bought undershirt $1.50; sunny afternoon.

THURSDAY, Nov. 3—Some clouds and some sunshine.

FRIDAY, Nov. 4—Sunny.

SATURDAY, Nov. 5—Rainy.

SUNDAY, Nov. 6—Rainy; dull, dismal Sunday.

MONDAY, Nov. 7—Received of Portland Mill Co. due Nov. 1 $160.00; weather rather pleasant.

TUESDAY, Nov. 8 — Sour weather; bought money belt $1.00; bought undershirt $1.50.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 9—Rainy.

THURSDAY, Nov. 10—Sour weather; rainy.

FRIDAY, Nov. 11—Little sunshine, rainy; bought wafers 25c.

SATURDAY, Nov. 12—Little sunshine A. M.; rainy most of the time.

SUNDAY, Nov. 13—Showery.

MONDAY, Nov. 14—Rainy weather; sold pair boots $8.00; bought pair boots $5.50; quit work to rest a few days; bought pair socks 75c; paid washing 25c; pleasant afternoon.

TUESDAY, Nov. 15—West Tualatin plains; frost and freezing over night; this morning I walked out to James H. McMillen's and then to Mr. Smith's; roads quite passable; bought dinner 50c.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 16—Cold, dark and cloudy; I have sat in the house at Mr. Smith's nearly all day; this morning I went to Mr. Walker's, a distance of about one mile, and saw Henry C. Raymond.

THURSDAY, Nov. 17—Showery and sunshine; walked 19 miles due south through a rolling, thinly timbered country to within one mile of Lafayette, the shire town of Yamhill County.

FRIDAY, Nov. 18—Showery; walked 17 miles south to Salt Lake Valley; here I got a poor supper and breakfast the same and paid $1.00.

Nov. 17—Bought dinner 50c.

Nov. 18—Bill over night $1.00; bridge toll over Yamhill river 10c; dinner 50c.

SATURDAY, Nov. 19—Showery; walked to Cincinatti (Eola in 1910), a distance of ten miles; bought dinner 50c; then walked five miles up the Willamette to a ferry; crossed over, paid 12c; walked down two miles; stayed over night for $1.00.

SUNDAY, Nov. 20—Heavy rain; walked to Salem, six miles; bought cakes 25c; heavy rain all day; during the afternoon I walked out to Mr. Stean's and found them all well, and glad to see me.

MONDAY, Nov. 21—Heavy rain over night and during the day; stayed in the house all day and visited.

TUESDAY, Nov. 22—Rainy during A. M.; not rainy P. M.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 23—Cloudy and cool; rode to Salem in an ox wagon with Stean's folks; bought ginger bread 12c.

THURSDAY, Nov. 24—Cold north wind with some sunshine; stayed on board boat *Canemah* over night in Salem; started to Oregon City; arrived there at 2 P. M.; fare $6.00; ferriage at Clackamas 12c; walked to Milwaukie; took supper at American house $1.00; stayed over night with Stephen Blank.

FRIDAY, Nov. 25—Sun and showers; walked to Portland; paid ferriage 25c.

SATURDAY, Nov. 26—Showery; received letter from Joab; loafed around town.

SUNDAY, Nov. 27—Showery; paid washing 25c; paid contribution for a looking glass to put in the dining room of the Portland Mill boarding house 10c; called at Laffey's and McMillen's.

MONDAY, Nov. 28—Constant rain; commenced work again.

TUESDAY, Nov. 29—Constant rain day and night.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 30—But little rain.

THURSDAY, DEC. 1—Quite pleasant and sunny.

FRIDAY, DEC. 2—Showery.

SATURDAY, DEC. 3—Sunny and springlike.

SUNDAY, DEC. 4—Rainy; commenced writing home; commenced writing to Joab, to L. Stean and to Melissa.

MONDAY, DEC. 5—No rain.

TUESDAY, DEC. 6—Sunny and springlike.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 7—Sunny and springlike.

THURSDAY, DEC. 8—Cloudy; some rain.

FRIDAY, DEC. 9—Warm and pleasant; wrote to Smith.

SATURDAY, DEC. 10—Cold, but no rain.

SUNDAY, DEC. 11—Some rain; received letter from Wm. Hazen 5c; received letter from Melissa 10c; commenced watching nights, paid William White $1.00 for Oregon *Times*.

MONDAY, DEC. 12—Some rain; John Vasscur, Alfred Carter, Wm. White and George Benton started for the States.

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, DEC. 13, 14 AND 15—Cold, north wind and dismal weather; bought overshirt $1.00.

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, DEC. 16 AND 17—Cold, cloudy and dark.

SUNDAY, DEC. 18—Cloudy and dark; called at Laffey's; written to Oscar Hoag.

MONDAY, DEC. 19—Some sleet over night; some sunshine A. M.; written to John Ingersol; Fred Lumbeck died A. M.

TUESDAY, DEC. 20—Cloudy with an occasional streak of sunshine; the first snow fell over night, but disappeared early.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 21—Cloudy and cold; clear over night and frost.

THURSDAY, DEC. 22—Exceedingly clear and pleasant; a splendid celebration in town in memory of the landing of the Pilgrims.

FRIDAY, DEC. 23—Light snow over night and lay on the ground during the day.

SATURDAY, DEC. 24—Rained; the snow off over night.

SUNDAY, DEC. 25—Strong south wind, with occasional rain over night and during the day; received letter from home; received letter from Melissa 10c; received letter from Wm. White 5c; written to Mr. White; steamship *Peytona* of N. Y. arrived; the citizens gave her a salute of 36 guns.

MONDAY, DEC. 26—Strong south wind and rain; bought pair boots $5.00; received from Melissa one copy of the *Illustrated News;* received from David Goold three copies of Lockport *Telegraph.*

TUESDAY, DEC. 27—Rainy over night and during day.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 28—Heavy rain over night; quite a pleasant day; run engines by daytime.

THURSDAY, DEC. 29—Sun and clouds.

FRIDAY, DEC. 30—Cloudy and cold.

SATURDAY, DEC. 31—Foggy and dark in the morning and evening; sunny, pleasant, springlike in the middle of the day.

1854—SUNDAY, JAN. 1—Cloudy and cold; been to church; written to Ingersol; written home; written to Melissa.

MONDAY, JAN. 2—Rainy over night; cloudy and foggy.

TUESDAY, JAN 3—Rainy over night; quite pleasant M. and P. M.; began to write Wm. White.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 4—Squally, rain, snow and sunshine; wind changed from south to east.

THURSDAY, JAN. 5—Very cold, windy and hard freezing over night and during the day; engines run over night to keep from

freezing; very clear and sunny, though cold, during the day; thermometer 20 below freezing.

FRIDAY, JAN. 6—Cloudy and not so cold.

SATURDAY, JAN. 7—More moderate; sold one pair boots $4.00; bought one bunch envelopes 25c; paid washing 10c.

SUNDAY, JAN. 8—Began to rain 6 A. M.; steamship *Peytona* arrived; lost on a bet 50c; written to Wm. B. Hazen.

MONDAY, JAN. 9—Rainy over night; began working half the day and watching half the night; some sunshine; bought stamps $3.00; sold stamps 12c.

TUESDAY, JAN. 10—Rainy over night and during the day.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 11—Heavy rain; rains over night; rainy day; received letter from J. Ingersol.

THURSDAY, JAN. 12—Quite sunny P. M.

FRIDAY, JAN. 13—Ground white with snow.

SATURDAY, JAN. 14—Clear, and hard freezing over night; pleasant, but cold; paid washing bill 25c; this day I am twenty-nine years old and unmarried yet; this day finds me in better circumstances than I was one year ago, as I have now over $400 and also a place to work at $2.50 per day; during the past year I have been blessed with good health and prosperity; I have worked very steady and been very saving; the most of the time for the Portland Milling Company; I am today quite homesick, as I am not very comfortable for the want of sleep, as I have to sit up one-half of every night as a night watch.

SUNDAY, JAN. 15—Clear and very cold, with hard freezing; we have to keep steam up and run the engines occasionally to prevent freezing.

MONDAY, JAN. 16—Clear and cold.

TUESDAY, JAN. 17—Two inches snow fell over night; very cold.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 18—Pleasant but cold; paid mending boots 50c; bought paper 25c.

THURSDAY, JAN. 19—Clear and cold; thermometer at or near zero; thawed some M.

FRIDAY, JAN. 20—Moderate, south wind; a good deal of ice running in the river.

SATURDAY, JAN. 21.—Wind northerly; clear and cold.

SUNDAY, JAN. 22.—Willamette frozen over; been to church, also McMillen's.

MONDAY, JAN. 23.—Cold northeast wind; I crossed the river on ice and started to Vancouver, but returned; men and boys had a great time skating and sliding on the river.

TUESDAY, JAN. 24.—Moderate; snowed over night and during the day; snow 10 inches deep; began to write to J. Vasscur.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 25.—Moderate.

THURSDAY, JAN. 26.—Moderate; getting moist.

FRIDAY, JAN. 27.—Rainy over night and during the day.

SATURDAY, JAN. 28.—Rainy.

SUNDAY, JAN. 29.—Warm, sunny, spring like; ice broke up in the river and moved out gently without doing any damage; steamer *Multnomah* started for Astoria; got swamped in the ice, broke her rudder just below town; the ground nearly clear of snow; written to John Ingersol.

MONDAY, JAN. 30.—Warm and pleasant; steamboats and ferry started.

TUESDAY, JAN. 31.—Rainy; steamship *Peytona* arrives.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 1.—Hard freezing over night; foggy A. M.; pleasant P. M.

THURSDAY, FEB. 2.—Hard freezing over night; sunny and pleasant; bought violin book $1.00; received of mill company $1.25; received for stamps 15c; received letter from Wm. White.

FRIDAY, FEB. 3.—Hard freezing over night; pleasant.

SATURDAY, FEB. 4.—Froze some over night; cold, foggy and dark A. M.; pleasant P. M.; received Painesville *Telegraph;* paid washing 25c.

SUNDAY, FEB. 5.—Cold, foggy and dark A. M.; pleasant M. and P. M.; attended the funeral of a Grand Master of the Free Masons* at the M. E. Church; called at McMillen's; written to Wm. B. White; began to write a letter to Melissa.

MONDAY, FEB. 6.—Pleasant days; freezing nights.

TUESDAY, FEB. 7.—Written home; foggy mornings.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 8; THURSDAY, FEB. 9.—Some freezing at night; foggy, dark mornings; sunny M. and P. M.

FRIDAY, FEB. 10.—Rainy; received of mill company $10.00; bought one pair boots $5.00.

SATURDAY, FEB. 11.—Squally, rain and snow.

SUNDAY, FEB. 12.—Strong south wind; rainy; called at Laffey's and McMillen's, but found them gone to Corbett's.

MONDAY, FEB. 13.—Two or three inches snow fell over night; snow and sunshine.

TUESDAY, FEB. 14.—Cold and rainy; paid postage 25c; received letter from home; received letter from Melissa, D. Goold, W. B. White, J. B. Ingersol.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 15.—Some rain; written to W. White.

THURSDAY, FEB. 16.—Wind changed north; some sunshine.

FRIDAY, FEB. 17.—Foggy and cold A. M.; sunny and pleasant M. and P. M.; received Painesville *Telegraph.*

SATURDAY, FEB. 18.—Sunny and pleasant.

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*John Elliott, who was killed on the northwest corner of Third and Alder streets, Feb. 1, 1854, by the falling of a tree.—Geo. H. Himes, Sec'y O. P. A.

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

39th Annual Reunion

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association

Portland, June 21, 1911

CONTAINING THE

Diary of Jesse Harritt, 1845

—— AND ——

Proceedings of the Twenty-Sixth Grand Encampment of Indian War Veterans of the North Pacific Coast

—— AND ——

Other Matters of Historic Interest

PORTLAND, OREGON
CHAUSSE-PRUDHOMME CO., PRINTERS
1914

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Portland, March 25, 1911.

The Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met in the office of Col. Robert A. Miller, Vice President, Worcester building, at 4 p. m., to arrange for the Annual Reunion of 1911—the thirty-ninth.

Present: P. H. D'Arcy, President, 1857, Salem; Robert A. Miller, Vice President, 1854, Portland; George H. Himes, 1853, Secretary, Portland; Cyrus H. Walker, 1838, Albany, and Nathan H. Bird, 1846, Portland, Directors.

The minutes of the last annual meeting were read and approved.

An order of business was submitted and, upon motion of Mr. Himes, was adopted, as follows:

1. Selection of place of meeting.
2. Selection of speaker for annual address.
3. Selection of Grand Chaplain.
4. Selection of Grand Marshal.
5. Appointment of Committees: (a) Committee of Arrangements; (b) Finance Committee; (c) Committee on Building and Music; (d) Committee on Invitations; (e) Committee on Transportation; (f) Reception Committee; (g) selection of Chairman on Woman's Auxiliary Committee.

After discussion upon motion of Mr. Himes, seconded by Mr. Bird, Wednesday, June 21, 1911, was fixed as the date of the Reunion.

There being no other invitation, upon the motion of

Mr. Walker, seconded by Mr. Miller, Portland was selected as the place of meeting.

In the matter of securing a speaker, Mr. Himes stated that he had been in correspondence with Hon. Milton A. Miller, of Lebanon, Linn County, a son of pioneer parents, who had consented to prepare an address if desired, therefore, upon motion of Mr. Himes, seconded by Mr. Walker, Mr. Miller was chosen as the orator of the day.

Upon the suggestion of President D'Arcy, Rev. P. S. Knight, 1853, Salem, was selected as the Grand Chaplain.

Upon motion of Mr. Himes, seconded by Mr. Miller, Mr. Bird was appointed Marshal, with power to choose his own aides.

On motion of Mr. Himes, seconded by Mr. Walker, Mrs. Charlotte M. Cartwright, 1845, was selected Chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary, with power to select her own assistants.

On motion of Mr. Miller, it was voted that Messrs. Himes and Lee should be the Committee on Finance.

On motion it was voted that the Committee of Arrangements should be composed of Vice President Miller, Mr. Himes and Mr. Bird.

It was voted that the Reception Committee should be made up of the full Board of Directors, the Marshal and such aides as he might select.

Secretary Himes was appointed the Committee on Transportation, also the Committee on Invitations.

The matter of securing a place of meeting and suitable music and all other matters, were referred to the Committee of Arrangements.

The Secretary was authorized to have one thousand copies of the Annual Transactions of 1911 printed, and also such envelopes, letterheads, badges, programmes, announcements, etc., as in his judgment might be necessary.

No further business appearing, the Board adjourned.

GEORGE H. HIMES, Secretary.

THIRTY-NINTH ANNUAL REUNION.

Portland, June 22, 1911.

Fully fourteen hundred pioneers assembled at the new Masonic Temple at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon and were welcomed by Grand Marshal Minto, 1848, and his aides, ex-Governor Geer, 1851, M. C. George, 1849, George A. Harding, 1855, H. W. Prettyman, 1847, E. J. Jeffery, 1852, James F. Failing, 1853, Nathan H. Bird, 1846, Colonel Robert A. Miller, 1854, Judge William Galloway, 1852, Penumbra Kelly, 1848, J. E. Magers, J. C. Moreland, 1852, Joseph D. Lee, 1848, and Dr. Raffety, 1852.

The session was called to order by President D'Arcy, 1851, the invocation being offered by Rev. P. S. Knight, 1853, of Salem. Several musical numbers were on the programme, DeCaprio's band playing "The Star Spangled Banner," "Old Folks at Home" and "Swanee River." Several vocal selections were given by Professor Parvin's choir.

Mayor Simon extended greetings to the pioneers and President D'Arcy responded, extolling the growth of Portland since the old days.

Before the chief address of the day by M. A. Miller, of Lebanon, Dr. Hoyt, 1850, President of Willamette University until 1861, was introduced from the platform, as were Captain Thomas Mountain, 1841, and F. X. Matthieu, 1842, who spoke a few words. Dr. Hoyt offered a brief prayer for those pioneers who had passed away in the year.

At the close of the session seventy-five automobiles in charge of W. J. Clemens, President of the Portland Auto-

mobile Club, were waiting to carry the pioneers to the Armory, where the Woman's Auxiliary had prepared a banquet of 1280 plates. A large number of the pioneers did not attend the banquet, but took a spin through the residence district of Portland in automobiles furnished by the following:

C. F. Wright, John S. Beall, H. M. Covey, W. H. Chatten, Keats Auto Co., J. L. Hartman, W. J. Clemens, F. C. Riggs, E. M. F. Co., F. B. Riley, Schacht Motor Car Co., W. H. Moser, F. I. Fuller, C. S. Jackson, Ivan Humason, Mayor Joseph Simon, Whitney L. Boise, O. K. Jeffery, Carter-Car Co., Speedwell Motor Car Co., H. S. Silverfield, Crowe Automobile Co., Auburn Motor Car Co., E. Henry Wemme, J. W. Leavitt & Co.

1911.

Yah-wa tillikums wake kla-howya
Wake sick tumtum, halo till;
Halo memoluse, wake mesachie;
Wake polaklie, halo cole.

So sang the pioneers last evening at their campfire in the Masonic Temple, the words translated meaning "There the people are not poor, have no sorrow, are not tired; they do not die, are not wicked, there is no darkness, no cold."

And if there are any people under the sun who deserve such a final home, it surely is the Oregon pioneers, fourteen hundred of whom were visible on the streets of Portland yesterday and last evening.

Early in the morning, even before the janitor at the City Hall had finished their duties, that edifice was besieged

by hundreds and hundreds who came late for their badges, and before noon one could scarcely get in or out of the building, while the rooms of the Association were thronged with a surging mass of men and women.

"I have not seen you for 40 years," was often heard as one of the old-timers met a comrade. Or perhaps it was 50 or even 60 years. And then the old reminiscences would be taken up, the old days be lived over, the old scenes recounted. "Why, I have not seen you since 1849, when you stood beside the open grave of my dead husband," said one sprightly, rosy-cheeked, quick-stepping lady—and yet she was one of those who crossed the plains in 1846, and must be at least 80 years of age. Old? In years, yes—in heart and spirit quite, quite young. And may she live to see many more reunions, to meet many more old comrades, to pass a peaceful old age.

"Do you remember when my little baby was sick on the trip and you helped us so? For two days you carried the little thing in your arms; here she is now to thank you for yourself."

And up stepped a lady of perhaps 60 to give thanks to her preserver.

At the meeting in the afternoon at the Masonic Temple the proceedings were of great interest to the old people, but the few others who gained admittance were certainly as much edified, entertained and inspired as the members. It was indeed a rare occasion, one never to be forgotten by any of the non-members, while the pioneers themselves showed by their every action that the day was a memorable one for them.

One member, Rev. F. S. [illegible] plains in 1850 but a few years later [illegible] came all the way from New York to be [illegible] a prayer in the midst of the exercises [illegible] had been read—as though over their [illegible]

And think of that roll. Among the names [illegible] who stood high in the councils of the state and Nation such as George H. Williams, 1853, Supreme Judge of Oregon Territory from 1853 to 1859; U. S. Senator [illegible] to March 3, 1871, a member of the joint high commission that adjusted the "Alabama claims" December [illegible] September 14, 1872, attorney general of the United States under President Grant, 1872-1873; mayor of Portland, [illegible] 4; La Fayette Grover, representative in congress, [illegible] governor of Oregon, 1870-1877, United States Senator March 4, 1879, to March 3, 1885; George W. McBride, Secretary of State, 1885-1887, United States Senator March 4, 1895, to March 3, 1901; Harvey W. Scott, editor of the Oregonian from May 15, 1865, to August, 1910, except four years—1872-1876. Is it any wonder the eyes of the listeners were dimmed with tears as these names and the names of many other deceased friends and comrades were read?

The oldest member present, who is said to be the oldest man in the state, was James Blakely, who came in 1846. He was born in 1812 and is therefore 99 years of age. And yet he is quite a hearty youngster. His step is sprightly, his eyes bright, his cheeks as rosy as those of some of the bonnie granddaughters present. He may attend many more reunions before his name is on that long, long roll

And there was Thomas Mountain, 1841, 89 years old, and that grand old citizen, F. X. Matthieu, 1842, 93, and John Minto, 1844, 89. All in good health, all happy and smiling—God grant, is the prayer of every Oregonian, that they may live to greet their comrades many times yet.

Up from Curry County, from his cattle ranch, and his five daughters and seven sons, came J. A. Haines; from his Eugene home came W. W. Haines, leaving his five sons and two daughters. These young chaps crossed the plains in 1851, and they are the liveliest pair of twin boys in Oregon, even if they are 85 years old. They look to be about 40, act like a couple of kids in knickerbockers, and ought to have been spanked for staying out too late Tuesday evening.

C. T. Locey, 1847, who was a student in Pacific University from the same class as Harvey W. Scott, has a ranch out in Malheur County, near Ironside Mountain. He told interesting anecdotes of his deceased college chum. Uncle John Minto told about the first rose bush ever planted in Oregon, at the mission near Chemawa; how he later bought the land on which it stood, then divided the roots and cuttings and sent them to various parts of the Northwest, thus making our rose shows possible. He told of the first fair held, the scene being on the banks of the Willamette, near Oregon City, at which he exhibited a lot of fine sheep and took prizes amounting to $100 in gold.

Uncle John was so bubbling over with joy that he broke into the proceedings a trifle, to the delight of all, and made a speech not down on the programme. Over and over he repeated "I may never see you again." And that was a remark often heard, a parting sentence often listened to—

"I may never see you again." The pity of it! And yet when the death list is read next year many of those who were so sprightly yesterday will be sleeping the long sleep.

The orator of the day was State Senator Milton A. Miller, of Lebanon, and he made a speech which his listeners will long remember. The Senator is a fine talker, a real orator, but he quite outdid himself yesterday, and at times he had many of his auditors in tears. Not bitter tears or sorrowful, but tears of joy. And his compliments to the ladies, the wives and mothers and daughters who crossed the plains to make this commonwealth a reality, were received with vociferous cheers. So much so that even Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway came forward at the close of the speech and moved that the audience extend a vote of thanks to the Senator.

After the ceremonies at the hall came the dinner, or rather the banquet, at the Armory, and such a crush has seldom been seen at that place. There were 20 tables and each table seated 62, or 1240 in all. Every seat was taken, some of them for the second and third time, so there were some 1800 or 2000 who partook of the good things provided. But there was enough and to spare, for Mrs. Cartwright, president of the Women's Auxiliary, and Mrs. Killin, in charge of the tables, and the forty ladies in charge of the tables, each with two assistants, all representing pioneer families, who waited upon the guests, knew from experience that there would be great appetites to be appeased.

And perhaps this banquet was the most enjoyable affair of all. It was rather noisy. The guests were like a lot of school children out on a picnic. They all talked at once. They laughed and joked—and cried. They told

stories, recounted the old days, went over the old scenes—were the same young people who journeyed across the plains over half a century ago. Bless their dear hearts, they will never grow old. Their hair may become more frosty, their eyes may become dim, their cheeks may even lose their roses and their steps their electricity—but they will never grow old!

And now the thirty-ninth annual reunion is a thing of the past; today the dear old people will depart for their homes. How thankful the people of Oregon should be that they nearly all go to homes of plenty, homes of comfort. If there are any citizens of the Northwest who are entitled to have their every want gratified, to have their every wish granted, they are the members of the Pioneer Association. And that includes the Indian War Veterans, for to be a veteran one must be a pioneer.

They were the conquerors of Oregon. They gave to their country a possession of untold value. They did not, as Senator Miller well said, seek the West with their ambitions fired to obtain gold—they came to make homes for themselves and families. No higher ambition than that ever filled the minds or actuated the hearts of any wanderers. They came to a wilderness, among savages—came through hardships and peril and want.

And what does Oregon owe to them? What does the Nation owe to them? What does this city owe to them? Everything that they could ask. Their annual meetings here ought to overshadow every other event of the year. They ought to be treated as royalty is treated in monarchies, as rulers and princes are treated.

And the people of the state ought to rise up as one man and see that the veterans, the fighting members of the pioneers, get decent treatment from the Government. No half-way persuasion will do. It ought to be borne in upon our Senators and members of Congress that the cause of the veterans is not only just, but the refusal to recognize it is a crime. Concerted action will accomplish this—nothing less will.

Next year when the dear old ladies and gentlemen meet here, there will be a larger death roll than there was yesterday. It will rapidly increase with each year. Soon the entire membership will be swept away.

How important it is, then, that with each succeeding year these reunions are made greater and greater events. The Mayor extended to them yesterday, and to the veterans the day before, the freedom of the city. That is but a phrase, and that is not enough—they should be the guests of the city in reality. They should not be expected to provide for themselves while here. The people of Portland can only partially repay the debt owed to them by the most liberal treatment, and that tardy liberality should no longer be delayed.

The banquet was prepared and served by the Pioneer Woman's Auxiliary, as follows:

Mrs. Charlotte M. Cartwright, president; Mrs. John W. Minto, first vice-president; Miss Kate Holman, second vice-president; Miss Anna M. Cremen, secretary; Miss Nannie E. Taylor, treasurer.

Executive board, Mrs. Benton Killin, and Mrs. D. P. Thompson.

Reception committee, Mrs. Charlotte M. Cartwright, Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway, Mrs. Matthew P. Deady, Mrs. William Grooms, Mrs. Robert Porter, Mrs. A. H. Morgan, Mrs. T. T. Struble, Mrs. M. A. Dalton, Mrs. Catharine A. Coburn, Mrs. Margaret O. M. Moore, Mrs. L. M. Parrish.

Table No. 1—Mrs. George W. Weidler, Mrs. John McCraken; assistants, Miss Charlotte Sherlock, Miss Weidler, Mrs. Hattie Pratt, Miss Ruth Scott Laidlaw.

Table No. 2—Mrs. W. E. Robertson, Mrs. Frank M. Warren; assistants, Miss Nan Robertson, Miss Mary Robertson, Miss E. Frances Warren, Mrs. Thomas Robertson.

Table No. 3—Mrs. William D. Fenton, Mrs. Alexander Muir; assistants, Mrs. Horace B. Fenton, Miss Hannah Connell, Mrs. Willard Jones, Mrs. Albert L. Lucas.

Table No. 4—Mrs. George H. Lamberson, Mrs. P. W. Gillette; assistants, Mrs. Blaine R. Smith, Miss Lamberson, Miss Marie Meussdorffer, Preston Gillette.

Table No. 5—Mrs. P. L. Willis, Mrs. M. A. M. Ashley; assistants, Mrs. Edwin Caswell, Mrs. Thomas B. Foster, Miss C. E. S. Hughes, Mrs. G. W. Hughes.

Table No. 6—Mrs. James W. Cook, Mrs. Russell E. Sewall; assistants, Miss Jessie Farrell, Miss Clarissa Wiley, Mrs. Clyde Reed, Mrs. William Streeter.

Table No. 7—Mrs. Lewis L. McArthur, Mrs. George Taylor; assistants, Miss Pauline Nesmith, Mrs. Mary Catlin, Miss Mary Adair, Mrs. Roger B. Sinnott.

Table No. 8—Mrs. L. Allen Lewis, Mrs. J. Wesley Ladd; assistants, Miss C. Flanders, Miss Sallie Lewis, Mrs. William Warrens, Mrs. Charles Chenery.

Table No. [illegible]—Mrs. [illegible] R. Sewall, Mrs. [illegible] Kamm; assistants, Miss Nita Burns, Miss Frances [illegible], Miss Madeline Walker, Miss Evelyn Calbreath.

Table No. [illegible]—Mrs. H. H. Northup, Mrs. [illegible] ward; assistants, Miss Laura Northup, Miss [illegible], Mrs. J. Noon, Mrs. Alliston.

Table No. 11—Miss Failing, Mrs. James [illegible] Failing; assistants, Mrs. H. C. Cabell, Mrs. William [illegible] Brewster, Mrs. William Jones, Mrs. H. C. Failing.

Table No. 12—Mrs. A. J. Meier, Mrs. [illegible]; assistants, Mrs. A. Meier, Mrs. Fred Seller, Miss [illegible] Morrow, Miss Nita Matlock.

Table No. 13—Mrs. Milton W. Smith, Mrs. [illegible] Watt-Ross; assistants, Miss Josephine Smith, Mrs. [illegible] Warren, Mrs. Woodworth, Mrs. Cummings.

Table No. 14—Mrs. J. K. Gill, Mrs. John Gill; assistants, Mrs. J. L. Hartman, Miss Elsie Gill, Miss Frances Gill.

Table No. 15—Mrs. M. C. George, Miss Gertrude [illegible]; assistants, Miss Rowena Cochran, Mrs. Maud Upton Scott, Miss Jessie George, Mrs. Herbert G. Colton.

Table No. 16—Mrs. George H. Himes, Mrs. F. F. McClure; assistants, Mrs. Harold G. Rice, Miss Lurah Margaret Himes, Mrs. William Feibig, Miss Florence Dayton.

Table No. 17—Mrs. June McMillen Ordway, Mrs. F. W. Spencer; assistants, Miss Fay C. Himes, Mrs. Irving Spencer, Mrs. Charles E. Spencer, Miss Ella Brown.

Table No. 18—Mrs. H. B. Nicholas, Miss Lavilla Humason; assistants, Mrs. I. C. Sandford, Mrs. Waite, Mrs. H. Humason, Miss Edith Waldo.

Table No. 19—Mrs. I. G. Davidson, Mrs. Arthur Gay; assistants, Miss Mabel Lawrence, Mrs. James Murphy, Mrs. W. W. Porter, Mrs. Fred L. Riggs.

Table No. 20—Mrs. H. S. Gile, Miss Kate Holman; assistants, Miss Gile, Miss E. Parker, Mrs. F. D. Chamberlain, Miss Jessie Murch.

Booth No. 1—Bread, biscuit, cake, etc.—Miss Nannie E. Taylor, chairman; assistants, Mrs. M. L. Myrick, Mrs. F. J. Alex. Mayer, Mrs. M. Fleischner, Mrs. D. W. Taylor, Mrs. A. H. McGowan, Mrs. Edward Boise, Mrs. Bruce L. Carr, Miss Lambert, Miss Hildegarde Plummer, Miss Linley Morton, Miss Agnes Kelly, Miss Bess Bodman, Miss Plummer, Miss Leona Struble.

Booth No. 2—Meats, fish, etc.—Mrs. R. H. Birdsall, chairman; assistants, Miss Gussie Marshall, Mrs. Thomas H. Crang, Mrs. M. Carsten, Mrs. John Hammond Hohnan, Mrs. Norman Pease, Mrs. Dan J. Malarkey, Mrs. Ben Trenkmann, Mrs. G. L. Campbell, Mrs. Charles W. Fulton, Mrs. Clara Koehler.

Booth No. 3—Cream and butter—Miss Mary McKay, chairman; assistants, Mrs. Albert Brown, Mrs. E. A. Breyman.

Booth No. 4—Ice cream—Miss Clara Teal, chairman.

Booth No. 5—Miss Louse Bickel, Miss Weidler.

Booth No. 6—Miss Bickel, Miss Anna M. King.

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING.

The annual business meeting was held at 7:30 p. m., President P. H. D'Arcy, presiding. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

President, Robert A. Miller, 1854, Portland; Vice President, Joseph Buchtel, 1852, Portland; Secretary, George H. Himes, 1853, Portland, by unanimous vote for the twenty-fifth time; Treasurer, Charles E. Ladd, 1857, Portland; Directors, Nathan H. Bird, 1846, Portland, Cyrus H. Walker, 1838, Albany, Joseph L. Carter, 1844, Hood River.

Mrs. Nancy Kincaid, Eugene, a pioneer of 1853, was elected Mother Queen of Oregon, by unanimous vote, on the motion of J. D. Lee.

The title of "Mother Queen" was created in 1907 in honor of Mrs. Mary Ramsey Lemon Woods, on account of her great age, as she was one hundred and twenty years old on May 20th of that year. She died on January 1, 1908, at the age of 120 years, seven months and eleven days.

The next pioneer lady upon whom the title was conferred was Mrs. Otelia Cullen Polk DeWitt, who died this year in her 97th year.

Hereafter the candidate for "Mother Queen" will be nominated by the Woman's Auxiliary of the Association.

A telegram was read from the Astoria Centennial committee, announcing that August 21, 22 and 23 had been set aside in honor of the pioneers and G. A. R. veterans. President Miller was authorized to name a committee to make all arrangements for appropriate celebrations on these days. He will announce his committee later.

The resolution committee did not report but will do so in the course of a week. Among the resolutions will be one urging Oregon's representatives in Congress to work for the passage of a bill appropriating $100,000 to be expended in placing monuments along the old Oregon trail that its course may be preserved. This movement was inaugurated by Ezra Meeker, of Puyallup, Wash., who twice drove teams of oxen across the continent to Washington, D. C.

A second resolution will call upon Congress to increase the pensions of Indian War veterans, to place them on a par with veteran of other wars. The Indian veterans now receive only $8 a month, while the G. A. R. men receive $12.

Songs and dialogues in the Chinook jargon, talks reminiscent of the early days in Oregon, selections by the Veteran Quartet and the Chinook Choir and old-time music by pioneer fiddlers combined to make the social session of the members of the Association one of the most enjoyable features of the annual gathering of the old-timers.

The Chinook Choir, led by Cyrus H. Walker, of Albany, born in Oregon in 1838, gave two numbers which made an immense hit. They were the Chinook translations of the hymns, "Heaven," and "Earth and Heaven," and they were sung to the tunes of "Come thou Fount" and "There's a Happy Land." Mr. Walker added to the effect by emitting a series of blood-curdling Indian war-whoops.

"Kloshe tum-tum, hi-yu wa-wa, hi-yu, he-he, hy-as ahn-kut-ti il-li-hee," which is Chinook for "Good-heart, lots of talk and lots of laughter about old times," was the motto the secretary placed at the top of the printed programmes and it well describes the social gathering.

Mrs. S. J. Anderson, 1847; D. C. Bowers, 1852, and H. M. Jackson, 1852, old-timer fiddlers, played old-time music on old-time violins and brought down the house. They played selections to which the pioneers in their youthful days, 50 years ago, used to "trip the light fantastic." One could almost hear the prompters say, "Balance all on the corners, right hand lady and grand right and left."

The Veteran Quartet, composed of W. N. Morse, H. P. Bestow, A. W. Mills and Z. N. Parvin, sang "In Grand Old Oregon," a patriotic selection, which brought round after round of applause. "Oregon, My Oregon," one of the vocal selections sung by the assemblage, was written by Mrs. Mae Beadle Frink, of Eugene, Ore., and was first published by The Oregonian February 14, 1909, the 50th anniversary of Oregon's admission to the Union. Many public schools throughout the state now use the song.

Another vocal selection, which met with vehement approval was "The Good Old Pioneers," sung by Professor Parvin and chorus. The voices of some of the pioneer vocalists were husky and somewhat weak, but what they lacked in volume they made up in enthusiasm.

Mr. Walker kept the house in an uproar when he indulged in Chinook jargon dialogues with Mrs. S. J. Anderson, Mrs. Mary Barney, 1852, and others. Those who could understand appreciated the humorous ways in which they told each other of the hardships of the trips across the plains to Oregon and of pioneer life while those who could not were charmed by the musical sound of the language and the gestures which accompanied its delivery.

Mrs. N. M. Bogart, of Tacoma, an Oregon pioneer of 1843, whose father was killed by Indians in 1856, spoke

briefly. At the conclusion of her talk she was embraced by Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway, who exclaimed: "Here's an Oregon pioneer who had something which we women of Oregon have not—the right to vote."

C. W. Bryant, of Portland, whose ancestors, he said, were Americans long before the Revolution, spoke, briefly about the early history of Oregon, outlining the hardships which the early settlers had to overcome and urging them not to be too modest in taking credit to themselves for the present greatness of Oregon.

At 10 o'clock p. m. "Auld Lang Syne" was sung, followed by "America," and thus closed the Thirty-ninth Annual Reunion.

NECROLOGY.

Members of the Oregon Pioneer Association who died since the last reunion, June 22, 1910, as far as reported, and the dates of their arrival in Oregon, are:

Ballard, W. G. 1852
Barrett, Mrs. E. J.....1854
Bergman, Isaac 1857
Bledso, Relf 1850
Bozorth, Mrs. L. A.....1852
Burns, William P.....1852
Ball, Chauncey 1855
Catching, Mrs. A. F.....1845
Carson, John C.....1850
Corner, E. L.....1851
Crabtree, J. P.....1845
Davenport, T. W.....1850
DeWitt, Mrs. Otelia.....1847
Embree, Dr. T. V. B.....1844
Grover, L. F.....1851
Grubbs, Francis H.....1852
Garrison, Mrs. Mary E...1852
Hanson, Frederick W....1857
Hartness, George 1854
Harris, Wyatt 1853
Holman, Mrs. Mary E....1852
Lownsdale, J. P. O.....1850
McBride, George W.....1854
Noblitt, Charles W.....1850
Olds, James H.....1850
Pattison, Charles 1849
Pratt, Mrs. Sophia C.....1853
Rowland, Green L.....1844
Richardson, Dr. Jas. A...1851
Rogers, Mrs. Agnes 1855
Royal, Rev. Thos. F.....1853
Reed, Cyrus A.....1849
Scott, Harvey W. 1852
Shannon, J. P.....1849
Shiveley, Chas. W.....1847
Tibbetts, Mrs. G. A.....1859
Walker, J. W.....1845
Webster, Mrs. F. Curry..1849
Weeks, Reuben 1849
Williams, George 1850
Yergen, Mrs. Elizabeth..1852

TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE INDIAN WAR VETERANS OF THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST.

Portland, June 21, 1911.

When the grand chaplain of the Indian War Veterans lifted his voice last Tuesday morning to invoke a blessing upon all of those absent and assembled, his voice came as if through tears, for there were absent many of his old friends and comrades, who had been laid to rest in the past year.

Then Mayor Joseph Simon, himself a pioneer of 1857, extended the welcome and hospitality of the city, a city which they had seen grow from three or four log huts to the Portland of today, a city which they had made possible by their valorous deeds. And it is but justice to say that the Mayor felt the weakness of words at such a time and in such a cause, for the pioneers, particularly those who bore arms in the early days, need no welcome to a city that is all their own.

And then the roll of officers was called, and to the two first names came the answer, "dead!" How was it that at that moment something seemed to get wrong with the eyes of the comrades and friends of the departed; how did it happen that so many glasses needed wiping, that the silence was like the silence of death? "Dead!" Harvey W. Scott (1852), the vice-commander, and T. V. B. Embree (1844), the grand commander, have laid down their arms and gone to join their comrades on the farther shore, where they wait to welcome the coming of those who are still left, but who will so soon join them.

Presently the secretary read a sort of financial report, showing the great wealth of the order—nearly $40. And what were the chief expenses of the year? Flowers for the dead! Could anything be more appropriate than to decorate the homes left vacant, and the graves newly-occupied, by their dead comrades, comrades whose names will ever remain on the archives of our state as men great in war but greater, far greater, in peace; men who had so much to do with making "the Oregon country" part and parcel of the greatest country on earth!

"Smiles and cheers and tears." Happy smiles at the thought of being together and renewing old bonds of friendship and love, cheers for the deeds of valor of their comrades, tears for the dead, for those vacant chairs by the rostrum, for those vacant hearths in so many homes throughout this great Northwest! And why tears? Ah, they were not tears of pain, but rather tears of joy, knowing that their comrades are at rest, that they have put on another armor to wear throughout eternity.

In the business meeting the question of pensions came up, and it was shown that the amount they receive, $8 a month, is the smallest paid by the Government to any old soldiers or sailors. An effort to have this stipend increased to something like the pensioners of the Mexican, Civil and Spanish Wars receive has thus far met with nothing but rebuffs from Congress, but the veterans hope for better results soon. They have so hoped for many years, they probably will so hope until there are not enough of them left to fill the officers' chairs—and that will not be so many years from now.

Eight dollars a month! And many of them entirely dependent upon this pittance for a livelihood, being too feeble to work! These men are not beggars, not asking charity—simply asking justice. They are either entitled to a monthly payment commensurate with their services, as gauged by other veterans, or they are not entitled to anything. That is their position and contention. And as different ones spoke on the question it was notable that every voice was raised for the speaker's friends and comrades, and not for himself.

"I," said one speaker, "care not for myself. I will very soon join my old comrades across the river, and until then these old hands can provide my daily bread, and sustenance for the remnants of my family. I ask justice in the name and for the benefit of those who are too old to labor, and for those who now are living on the pittance of $8 a month!"

His voice trembled, his hands shook; he was weak physically but strong mentally. Brave and noble and grand he stood there giving voice for his weaker comrades—caring nothing for himself.

And was that not the spirit that inspired them 55, 60 and 66 years ago? They did not fight so much for themselves as for their friends, their families and their country. Unselfish then, they are unselfish still—and many of them would tomorrow hobble up to a recruiting office to muster in again if their country stood in danger. And yet they are receiving a treatment so niggardly from the Government as to make their case one of the most unjust and unwise ever accorded by any people to its defenders.

Forget for a moment the cause of these veterans. Dismiss them from the case—take up the cause of their wives and the widows of those who have passed on. The veterans went forth in the strength and vigor of youth or young manhood. One of the speakers said he was scarce 14 when he was mustered into the service. They fought in the open. They were scantily clothed, poorly fed, meagerly equipped. In fact, most of them furnished their own horses, their own arms and their own clothing—many their own food.

But think of their homes, of those left behind! Think of the silent vigils, the watchful nights and the days of foreboding of those at home! Were those who went forth heroes? Heroes they were in the eyes of all men; in the eyes of the Great Commander they surely were nothing less. Then what were the brave and noble women? Were not their battles, fought in tears and loneliness, greater than those fought in the field?

At the hall were hundreds of these wives and widows, hundreds more could not be present, most of the absentees being unable to pay their expenses on such a trip. As one looked at their cheery faces and remembered what they had passed through during the time their loved ones were defending their homes and their country he wondered—marveled at the spirit they then showed, at the spirit they still show. They wore badges going as far back as 1840—the earlier the date the greater the pride of the wearer. And one could not help but think of the marvelous strength they must have had to pass through the trying ordeals of those early struggles, let alone be so full of strength and youth a half century later.

In only rare cases does this Government pension women. The widows of ex-Presidents get a large sum yearly without asking for it. But they do not need it. Perhaps that is the reason. And what great deed did those women perform?

"But," says the unthinking, "it would not look well to see the widows of our rulers living in squalor."

But these noble women who foresook home, friends and even their country to form new homes, which they had to fight and suffer for—these grand and lovely women who gave the country this empire called the Northwest (they and their fellows), they must get along on a pittance of $8 a month! The pity of it, the cruelty of it! All of the widows of all of the deceased veterans getting about as much as the widow of one departed ex-President.

"There has been a large sum appropriated," said one speaker, "to erect a monument near the mouth of the Columbia to John Jacob Astor. This is the Astor who founded a trading post there a hundred or more years ago. This is the Astor who said his post was on British territory. This is the Astor who said this country gained no rights by Lewis and Clark passing down the Columbia through foreign territory. This Astor never did anything for Oregon but much against it—he never even saw or set foot on Oregon soil. And yet he is to have a monument erected to his memory.

"And Joe Meek lies in his little grave in Washington County, where he has lain for 36 years, his monument being a simple shaft erected by his children and no one says anything about erecting a public monument to his memory.

"And the Oregon of today was only made as United States territory by the action of Joe Meek. Had he not that day at Champoeg walked out and shouted for all who favored the United States to follow him and stand up and be counted—had he remained quiet on that memorable occasion it is more than likely, almost a certainty, that this would today be British soil—and there is no effort being made to erect a monument to the memory of Joe Meek!"

And this same speaker referred to the fact that the veterans received each a land warrant, and many say that this was a great gift. Some say each got a valuable section of land. He admitted that some of it is of value now—it was valueless almost when given. He sold his for 15 bushels of wheat! Had he held on to it until now? But he and his family had to have bread—and he made what was then considered a good bargain.

One of the pleasant features Tuesday was the dinner served in the basement under the hall. Tables were spread for about 600, and such a feast of jolity it was! It was well worth a year of one's life to see the hundred or so women who waited on the table, mostly immediate members of the families or the diners, or their friends or descendants. Such a cheery lot of "servers." So happy, so proud to assist the old "boys and girls" at their feast. And these "boys and girls" were young, indeed, if any faith can be placed in actions, for they romped around and behaved like children.

Next year! Yes, they are to meet next year—meet and hear the answer "death" to many a name. Meet to find many vacant chairs, meet to find the death roll rapidly increasing. But, God bless them, those who go hence will go

not as galley slaves scourged to their dungeon. They will wrap the mantle of a perfect duty about them and lie down to pleasant, pleasant dreams.

Cyrus A. Walker, born in Oregon Dec. 7, 1838, was elected Grand Commander of the Indian War Veterans last Tuesday afternoon. He received only one more vote than A. G. Lloyd (1845), one of his opponents. A. L. Coffee (1853) was also placed in nomination, but failed to receive enough votes for his election. There was no contest for any of the other officers. Those elected were: Senior vice-grand commander, A. B. Stuart (1849); junior vice-grand commander, Ed. C. Ross (1847); grand adjutant, Otto Kleeman; grand commissary sergeant, Charles H. Chambreau; grand chaplain, W. D. Ewing (1852); captain of the guard, John Storan; grand marshal, John Cullen (1847); relief committee, Otto Kleeman and Charles Chambreau.

The Grand Adjutant was empowered by the veterans to purchase and erect a monument marking the graves of Indian War veterans buried in the plat at Riverview Cemetery.

Letters and telegrams from United States Senator Chamberlain and Representatives Hawley and Jones that nothing has as yet been accomplished toward obtaining recognition of the veterans' claims to larger pensions, but holding out the hope that at the next session of Congress the desired results might be accomplished, called forth the statement that "the promises of Congressmen are like pie-crust, easily broken." J. E. Wilkes favored defeating Congressmen who would not recognize the veterans.

Among those who took part at the two sessions were Misses Helen White and Jean Miller, who sang several

duets. Miss Winona Boise played a medley of war songs on the piano and Mrs. Morgan read a selection from "The Leopard's Spots." "Dancing on Tom Farley's Puncheon Floor" was an original selection in blank verse recited by J. N. Skidmore (1853), one of the pioneers. Others who took part were Frank Hennessy, Mrs. Cornell and the Van Houten Orchestra.

DIARY OF JESSE HARRITT, 1845.

(Mr. Harritt was born in Indiana in 1818. He started for Oregon in 1845, and went as far west as the Mississippi river, where he and his family wintered, and the journey was finished the next year. Then Mr. Harritt took up a donation land claim in Polk county, two miles north of Salem, and engaged in farming. He was married in 1846 to Miss Julia F. Lewis, who bore him four children, John W., Caroline A., Byron W., and Elmer E. In 1848 Mr. Harritt went to the mines in California, having been induced to do so by a letter from James W. Marshall, the reputed discoverer, who came to Oregon in 1844, and lived in Polk county until the summer of 1846. Mr. Harritt returned to Oregon in 1849 with about $2,000, and followed farming the remainder of his life.—George H. Himes, Secretary of the Oregon Pioneer Association.)

APRIL 29, 1845.—We left the place of rendezvous on the Missouri River and traveled about five miles and stopped for the night. We stopped here two days, waiting for the cattle to be herded together.

MAY 2.—We crossed Mosquito Creek and traveled about eight miles and stopped for the night.

MAY 3.—We crossed Wolf River and traveled about six miles and stopped for the night.

MAY 4.—We traveled about twelve miles.

MAY 5.—We traveled about ten miles and encamped for the night on the waters of the Nimahaw River.

MAY 6.—This morning we were detained about three hours in consequence of the illness of an infant, of whom there is faint hopes of recovery. We traveled about eight miles and stopped on the headwaters of Wolf River.

MAY 7.—We traveled about fifteen miles and encamped at the limestone spring.

MAY 8.—Last night we had a wedding in camp between Mr. Geo. Shafer and Miss Margaret Packwood. We traveled about ten miles.

MAY 9.—We traveled sixteen miles.

MAY 10.—We traveled twelve miles and camped on the Nimahaw.

MAY 11.—We traveled fifteen miles and encamped again on the Nimahaw.

MAY 12.—We crossed the Nimahaw River, traveled five miles and stopped for the night.

MAY 13.—This morning we entered Burnett's trace; traveled ten miles, crossed Blue River and stopped for the night.

MAY 14.—This we laid still in order to repair some wagons.

MAY 15.—We again took up the line of march, traveled sixteen miles and crossed the Republican fork of Blue River and stopped for the night.

MAY 16.—We traveled eighteen miles.

MAY 17.—We had a gentle shower of rain for the first time since we started. We traveled sixteen miles and camped on the waters of Blue River.

MAY 18.—We traveled sixteen miles and stopped for the night on the banks of Walnut Creek.

MAY 19.—We crossed Sandy Creek and traveled twenty miles. We camped on Blue River.

MAY 20.—We proceeded twelve miles up Blue River and stopped for the night.

MAY 21.—We proceeded fifteen miles further up Blue River and camped for the night.

MAY 22.—We traveled thirteen miles further up Blue River. This evening we had a considerable shower of rain.

MAY 23.—The weather still remains inclement. We took up the line of march at 11 o'clock, traveled four miles and stopped for the night.

MAY 24.—We left the head of Blue River at ten o'clock and took a northwesterly course on a descending ridge for Platte River. We traveled about 20 miles and were overtaken by dark-

ness; was compelled to form corrall and stop for the night without wood or water.

MAY 25.—This morning we started at 6 o'clock and traveled five miles and stopped on Big Platte River to take breakfast, where we remained all day. Here we were passed by a company of emigrants from Independence, consisting of about thirty wagons.

MAY 26.—This morning the weather is very unfavorable, with some cold rain; we traveled fourteen miles up Platte River and encamped.

MAY 27.—Last night we had a tremendous hard rain, with thunder and lightning and considerable wind, which caused our cattle to scatter so much that we did not start until 3 o'clock P. M. and traveled five miles and camped.

MAY 28.—We remained all day to hunt cattle.

MAY 29.—We traveled sixteen miles and camped on Plum Creek, one mile above its junction with Platte River.

MAY 30.—We laid by, waiting for the cattle-hunters to return.

MAY 31.—We traveled twenty miles and camped on Platte River. This evening there is considerable confusion in camp. About twenty-five wagons stopped before night to form a new company; the remaining thirty-nine traveled one mile and camped.

JUNE 1.—This morning the company agreed to make a general division of stock, which they did with but little dissatisfaction. There were some oxen gone that we did not find until 4 o'clock P. M. The thirty-nine wagons took up the line of march and traveled six miles, where twenty-two wagons stopped for the night. The remainder traveled four miles further and camped.

JUNE 2.—We made another division of stock, which left us a respectable company of twenty-two wagons and about one hundred and forty head of loose cattle and thirty-six men able to bear arms. We traveled twenty-two miles and camped on Platte Run.

JUNE 3.—This morning we held an election of officers to govern our company, which resulted in the choice of James McNary for commander of the company and Thomas Cowan for superintendent of the loose stock. We traveled in harmony twenty miles further up Platte River and camped for the night; buffalo were seen in abundance.

JUNE 4.—Unfortunately there were ten oxen missing this morning. We sought diligently for them until about 12 o'clock, when they were discerned by a company of emigrants about sixteen miles back when myself and three other men met them, which enabled us to get them and get started at 3 o'clock P. M. We traveled five miles and encamped on the plain; had plenty of water, but had to resort to the buffalo dung for fuel, which we found to be a very good substitute.

JUNE 5.—This morning we were much gratified with the pleasure of seeing a company of about 400 dragoons who passed us on their way to the Rocky Mountains, with two cannon and sixteen baggage wagons. We traveled twenty miles up the south fork of the Platte River and encamped. Buffalo were seen in abundance. We have plenty of beef. The beholder may at one sight see hundreds of buffaloes.

JUNE 6.—We traveled eight miles further up Platte River, made our crossing and traveled four miles up the north side of the river and encamped. The river here is about 600 yards wide and there is not more than two feet of water in the deepest place in the ford.

JUNE 7.—We traveled eight miles further up the river and left the bottom. Crossed bluffs in a northwest direction and traveled eight miles further and camped in a dry plain without wood or water and almost without grass.

JUNE 8.—This morning we took an early start; traveled three miles and entered the Ash Hollow, down which we traveled five miles between large, projecting bluffs towering to a height of 200 feet, the summits of which showed an aspect of chalk partly grown over with cedar and laurel, while the valley in places was thickly set with ash. We stopped on the north fork of Platte River and

watered our oxen, took some refreshment and rested four hours. We again yoked our teams, traveled three miles up the river and encamped.

JUNE 9.—We proceeded twelve miles further up the Platte River through a sandy bottom, crossed several dry ravines, killed five buffalo and encamped.

JUNE 10.—We laid by in order to have some washing done until 3 o'clock P. M., when we took a march of five miles up the river and encamped.

JUNE 11.—We continued our march fifteen miles up the river. Crossed a small stream with considerable pine on the bluffs. About five miles from the road we encamped without wood only as we hauled it along with us.

JUNE 12.—We continued up the river, crossed a small rivulet with a wide, sandy channel; distance sixteen miles; here we met several boats, heavily loaded with skins, bound for Missouri.

JUNE 13.—Last night we had a tremendous hard wind, but no appearance of rain. The weather is very cold; this morning we are not comfortable in our best apparel. As the sun rose it grew warmer. We made a march of sixteen miles up the river and encamped. At 12 o'clock today we passed by an object more interesting—a large, isolated mound standing at the foot of the bluffs, towering to the height of 250 feet. It rises in a gradual slope 150 feet, then making a perpendicular peak of 100 feet and is about 30 feet in diameter and may be seen towering like a huge cloud at the distance of thirty miles. It is best known by the name of the Chimney (Chimney Rock).

JUNE 14.—This morning after a travel of five miles, we gradually receded from the river to pass a range of hills called Scott's Bluffs; entered the gap, traveled up a beautiful valley bounded on either side by huge bluffs worn in places by the rains and storms of ages, bearing an aspect of castles in ruins; encamped near a good spring with plenty of wood. Distance today, eighteen miles.

JUNE 15.—This morning we met three men on horseback, bound for the States, by whom there were a number of letters

sent. We traveled ten miles, crossed Horse Creek and encamped. This evening an Indian came into camp, manifesting great friendship.

JUNE 16.—Last night we had a light drizzle of cold rain; the day is very cold for the season. Traveled twenty-five miles up Laramie fork of the Platte; had plenty of cottonwood timber where we encamped.

JUNE 17.—We started again, the weather cold; upset one wagon, no serious injury done; reached Fort Laramie after a travel of eight miles. This fort is situated upon the Laramie River and is owned by the American Fur Company; here we remained all night.

JUNE 18.—This morning we are in view of the Black Hills; 10 o'clock found us winding our way through these terrible objects. The road is surprisingly good; traveled fifteen miles and encamped at a beautiful running stream with as good water as ever I drank, and a pleasant grove of cottonwood timber.

JUNE 19.—We again pursued our course over hills and dales twelve miles to Horseshoe Creek and encamped.

JUNE 20.—We crossed over to the north fork of Platte River; having come eight miles, we encamped, the evening being somewhat rainy.

JUNE 21.—We proceeded up the river six miles, where we gradually receded from the river; traveled a southwest course over hills and dales. We encamped on a stream affording timber in abundance; distance, twenty miles.

JUNE 22.—This morning we commenced our zigzag course through the Red Hills; roads bad; traveled fifteen miles and encamped on a stream affording wood in abundance.

JUNE 23.—Weather warm; roads hilly for eight miles, where we crossed a brook, affording some timber; roads good. This afternoon we reached the north fork again and encamped on Deer Creek. Here we fell in company with two other companies, consisting of fifteen wagons each; held a council to know whether or not it would be best for us to join. Our council resulted in

the connection of Hall's and McNary's, making a company of thirty-six wagons, while Capt. Thompson was rejected (Capt. R. R. Thompson's, Geo. H. Himes, secretary O. P. A.)

JUNE 24.—We took up the line of march, traveled fifteen miles and encamped on the north fork. Grass scarce; buffalo were again seen in abundance.

JUNE 25.—We continued up the river ten miles and crossed over to the north side, where we encamped. Here we met a company of mountain hunters who were in possession of some letters from Oregon written to Mr. John Packwood of Missouri, who was in our company. The river here is about 200 yards wide and runs with a rapid current, although we forded it with but little difficulty.

JUNE 26.—We left the river in a northwest direction. As we advanced the scenes of the country became beautiful, grand and picturesque; vast herds of buffalo were seen grazing on the plains as we ascended a gradual slope for several miles before we gained the summit, when we gradually descended over craggy rocks, then passed through a gap in a range of hills called the Devil's Gate; continued up a hollow some distance, where we encamped at a spring affording cold water, although so strongly impregnated with salt that we could not make use of it. One-half mile north we found plenty of fresh water and grass; found no wood. One grizzly bear was seen and two buffalo killed. Here we met with objects still more interesting and singular—a number of small mounds, rising from three to four feet high, with their margins grown over with rushes, while in the center there is a bare space of from three to eight feet in diameter with a hard scum bearing the appearance of a lime plaster from one and one-half to two inches thick, under which there is blue slime, the depth of which I am not prepared to state. In breaking this scum the slime will burst forth and run down the sides of the mound. Distance today, twenty miles.

JUNE 27.—We traveled sixteen miles and encamped on a small rivulet affording plenty of water; no wood and but little grass. Here we found sage abundantly large for fuel; it is from eight to ten feet high and eight inches in diameter.

JUNE 28.—We continued our march through a sandy plain ten miles and encamped on the Sweetwater River at a large rock called Independence Rock, on which there are hundreds of names of emigrants engraved; this rock stands on the banks of the Sweetwater in a level bottom and is 100 feet high, 400 yards in length and 150 yards wide, and is a kind of marble or flint. Passed by several natural curiosities, the most particular of which was some dry salt lakes at a distance, giving the appearance of snow, with a white sediment on its surface from two to four inches thick. This river is about twenty yards wide and is entirely destitute of timber at this place; grass tolerably good.

JUNE 29.—Weather pleasant; crossed over to the south side of Sweetwater and traveled up a sandy bottom thirteen miles and encamped.

JUNE 30.—Continued our march fourteen miles and encamped on Sweetwater. Today we passed over an elevation where we discovered some peaks of the Wind River Mountains, glittering with eternal snow. Here we found the first mountain sheep; two were killed.

JULY 1.—We continued up the river; met a small company of dragoons who were left here to hunt until the company returned from the South Pass that is expected to return in a few days. A young man—H. Cromwell—was taken very ill today, which detained us three hours, but is getting better; distance made today, ten miles, and encamped on Sweetwater; grass middling. A small company of six wagons broke off from us this morning in consequence of our slow traveling.

JULY 2.—Traveled twenty miles and encamped on Sweetwater.

JULY 3.—Something very astonishing—a general sleepy drowsiness has invaded the camp ever since we came on Big Platte River, and since we came on Sweetwater our men have been subject to severe pains in the head and back and other parts of the system with colic, cramps, sore mouths and lips; even the timber in our wagons has shrunk up so that one might with one hand shake a wheel to pieces. Traveled ten miles and encamped at a good spring on Sweetwater.

JULY 4.—Continued up the river fifteen miles and encamped [illegible] little grass.

JULY 5.—Day cold and windy; left the head of the river to the north, passed over a small divide and encamped at a good spring with plenty of grass. Here we drank the first water running to the Pacific Ocean. Distance made today eighteen miles.

JULY 6.—Morning warm until 10 o'clock when the wind suddenly shifted with a dark cloud from the west, followed by a shower of rain; almost instantly it became so cold that it was uncomfortable traveling. We passed through the gap, leaving the mountains about twenty miles to the north, covered with snow; traveled eighteen miles and encamped on Little Sandy, a branch of Green River.

JULY 7.—Roads uncommonly good; traveled twelve miles and encamped on Big Sandy, a beautiful stream 20 yards wide affording fish in abundance—trout of the finest sort.

JULY 8.—Roads very dry and dusty; traveled twenty miles and encamped again on Sandy; here met a company of twelve men on their way from Oregon to the States who were in possession of several letters which were publicly read.

JULY 9.—Seven miles this morning took us to Green River, where we encamped in order to build rafts and prepare for crossing the river.

JULY 10.—We commenced crossing; the wind being high, got only eight wagons over.

JULY 11.—Continued to cross; about noon the wind rose so high that we were compelled to stop business until evening.

JULY 12.—Finished crossing; traveled eight miles down the river and encamped; this river is about 250 yards wide and flows with a deep, rapid current in a southwest direction.

JULY 13.—Traveled sixteen miles and encamped on Ham's Fork.

JULY 14.—Continued our march eighteen miles and encamped on Black's Fork, a beautiful little stream about 20 yards wide, affording but little grass.

JULY 15.—After a travel of fifteen miles we encamped again on Black's Fork; found grass in abundance.

JULY 16.—Two miles this morning brought us to Fort Bridger; this fort is owned by the American Fur Company; traveled ten miles and encamped on Little Muddy, a small rivulet affording no timber and but little grass.

JULY 17.—We made a journey of twelve miles and encamped on a small rivulet called Big Muddy; found no timber and but little grass.

JULY 18.—We traveled fifteen miles and encamped on the head of Big Muddy at a spring affording as cold water as ever run out of the earth; found no timber, but grass in abundance.

JULY 19.—Made a stride of twenty miles over hills and dales and encamped on Bear River; grass tolerable good; at noon we overtook Captain Smith, who was encamped at a spring with six or eight men, bound for Fort Hall to sell their fur; this river is about 30 yards wide and flows with a gentle current in a northerly direction.

JULY 20.—Proceeded twelve miles down the river and encamped; found grass in abundance, and some few willows for fuel. Here we were overtaken by Captain Smith, who will accompany us to Fort Hall.

JULY 21.—Roads good; traveled twelve miles further down the river and crossed over and encamped; found grass in abundance.

JULY 22.—Traveled ten miles further down the river; crossed over to the east side and encamped; found grass and wood in abundance.

JULY 23.—We gradually receded from the river, traveled over mountains and valleys; reached Bear River and encamped; distance, ten miles.

JULY 24.—We were detained some time, hunting oxen; traveled eight miles down the river and encamped on a small stream, affording abundance of good water and grass.

JULY 25.—Made a march of eighteen miles down the river to the Soda Springs and encamped; plenty of grass and cedar wood. It would be in vain for me to try to describe all the singularities in the character of this place; the first object of note that struck our sight was two small mounds rising on the level plain about 40 feet high, composed of a kind of white lava, on the top of which are several springs of soda that are perpetually boiling and spouting; some are cold, while others are lukewarm, although all are strongly impregnated with soda. The next was seen in a low bottom, a small basin about ten feet in diameter with its margin thickly set with fine grass, while in its center a strong boil of soda gushed forth, boiling up and sinking back. The water in this was very cold and a reddish nature, with a thick sediment around it, bearing an exact appearance of Spanish brown. A few paces further we found another, still larger, affording the best of cold, clear soda, although a little impregnated with copperas. In looking further we found a number of these springs. About one-half mile further down the river, on an elevated spot of ground, we found one still more singular—a hole in a solid rock about 20 inches in diameter, out of which gushed the pure, warm soda—spouting the water at different ebullitions like the escape pipe of a steamboat, from four to five feet high. Excellent fresh-water springs are found within a few rods of those, as strongly impregnated with soda.

JULY 26.—We took up the line of march; traveled down the river a short distance; gradually left it, turning to the north to what might be properly termed the sinking valley in which were numbers of craters, out of which has been thrown large heaps of rocks; traveled two miles and camped on the Portneuf, a beautiful stream, meandering through the valley, with a few small willows on its margin.

JULY 27.—Steered our course up a beautiful rich valley; crossed several beautiful small brooks, with a few small willows on their margin; an abundance of fine currants were gathered in this valley; distance traveled, fifteen miles, and encamped at a good spring; found grass in abundance, and a few small willows.

JULY 28.—Took a west course, passed through a narrow gap in a range of mountains five miles; came on a small stream affording good water, down which we traveled ten miles and encamped; found plenty of grass and willows.

JULY 29.—Made an early start down the branch; in a few miles we entered a beautiful level plain, although very sandy, through which we traveled eight miles; entered the river bottom; the most sublime place we have seen since we left the South Fork of Platte River; a number of fine springs rose in the level plain, shaded by small willows. We continued our march through a grove of small willows, with a few large cottonwoods; reached Fort Hall, having come fourteen miles, when we encamped. This fine ford is situated on the bank of Snake River, a beautiful stream thirty yards wide. This beautiful valley is from fifty to one hundred miles wide.

JULY 30.—Left the fort this morning, also three families with five wagons who are bound for California; traveled ten miles down the valley; crossed a beautiful river about fifty yards wide composed entirely of these springs we passed last evening; we encamped for the night; found good grass and cottonwood timber in abundance; had a moderate shower of rain.

JULY 31.—Traveled ten miles, crossed several beautiful brooks, and encamped on Snake River, found grass and wood plenty. This river is about two hundred yards wide, and is a branch of the Columbia River; it runs with a rapid current in a southwest direction.

AUGUST 1.—Two miles brought us down to the American Falls; these falls are about one hundred and fifty yards long, and falls about fifty feet; traveled seventeen miles over bad roads; crossed several small streams, upset one wagon; no serious injury done; encamped on Great Rock Creek, found good grass and a few willows. I am sorry to record a difficulty that occurred in our company, in consequence of some dispute about the loss of some stock; two families with a wagon left our company, leaving us twenty wagons.

AUGUST 2.—Traveled ten miles and encamped on a small stream; found plenty of fine grass, and a few willows.

AUGUST 3.—As we advanced the appearance of the surrounding country became beautiful; to the south was a lofty chain of mountains, partly covered with snow; to the north, was an extensive plain thickly grown over with sage; traveled fifteen miles and encamped on a small stream; found good grass; no wood; short one and one-half miles.

AUGUST 4.—We traveled eighteen miles over tolerable good roads; crossed two small streams, and encamped again on Snake River; found plenty of wood and middling grass.

AUGUST 5.—Traveled twenty miles and crossed the Dry Fork and encamped on the Rock Fork; found plenty of grass and wood.

AUGUST 6.—Day warm; roads level although rocky in places; at noon we crossed the Rock Fork, a beautiful stream; passed the place of encampment, unknowingly; traveled through the dry plain until nine o'clock at night, having come twenty-four miles; we stopped for the night without wood, water or grass.

AUGUST 7.—This morning at daybreak our oxen being yoked we hitched to our wagons, took a pull eight miles to a small stream at Snake River, when we stopped and got breakfast; rested our teams until 2 o'clock P. M., when we took another pull of six miles to Salmon Falls Creek; found plenty of *good grass* and a few willows, to our great satisfaction. Four families with six wagons left our company, leaving us fourteen wagons.

AUGUST 9.—The weather continues warm. Laid by all day to rest our teams and do some washing.

AUGUST 10.—This morning we had a death in camp—an infant about eight or ten months old died with the whooping cough; made a start at 10 o'clock; five miles brought us down to the Salmon Falls where we bought a number of fine salmon from the Indians; traveling until dark, we stopped without water or grass for stock; we descended the lofty bluff of the river and got water for family use; distance, eighteen miles.

AUGUST 11.—This morning we drove our stock to the river to get water; made another start, reached the crossing of Snake River after traveling of fourteen miles; crossed one small arm of it and encamped on an island; found grass and a few willows; had two horses stolen last night by the Indians, one belonging to myself and the other to Mr. Noble. This morning Mr. Glawser, a young man, and myself, started to the Indian camp in pursuit of the horses; reached them about one hour after dark, where we remained all night; was kindly treated; found no horses; returned to the camp, reached it late in the evening, the wagons all being taken across the river; we hired an Indian to conduct us over; in a few minutes we were in camp and gladly relieved our despairing friends.

AUGUST 12.—Finished crossing the river and encamped; here we found a company of thirty-nine wagons awaiting our arrival. The Walla Walla Indians, being the next we have to pass through, are said to be very hostile against the Americans, hence we have thought it prudent to wait for a reinforcement of wagons and men.

AUGUST 13.—This morning a company of forty wagons took up the line of march; two of our oxen were missing; we were compelled to remain; six families and thirteen wagons stopped with us; found our oxen; this evening about sixty wagons came to the river; forty were crossed over and encamped.

AUGUST 14.—The weather pleasant; made a start at 10 o'clock in company with fifty wagons; traveled eleven miles and encamped on a small branch; found plenty of grass and wood except sage; had a pleasant shower of rain this evening.

AUGUST 15.—Laid by all day to rest our teams.

AUGUST 16.—Took up the line of march and crossed three small streams; the latter was a branch formed by the hot spring; these springs rise nearly in a level plain at the foot of the mountain and are hot enough to boil meat perfectly done in a few minutes; six miles further we encamped at a good spring; found grass in abundance; no wood except sage; distance made today, eighteen miles.

AUGUST 17.—The road level, although very stony; traveled eight miles and encamped on Carroll Creek, a small stream running to the south; grass tolerable scarce; some willows and a few cottonwoods.

AUGUST 18.—The road tolerable good; traveled sixteen miles and encamped on Charlotte's Fork, a small branch of Snake River; found plenty grass, willow and cottonwood, birch and Balm of Gilead.

AUGUST 19.—Good roads; made a march of twenty miles, and encamped on Boise River; found good grass and timber in abundance; this is a beautiful stream, about thirty yards wide, running in a south course to Snake River.

AUGUST 20.—The road uncommonly good; traveled fifteen miles down Boise River and encamped; found grass and timber in abundance; this evening we were visited by a number of Indians who manifested great friendship; bought of them some fine salmon.

AUGUST 21.—Road good; twelve miles further down the river we encamped; found grass and timber in abundance.

AUGUST 22.—Proceeded five miles down the river; crossed over to the north side, continued eleven miles further down the river and encamped.

AUGUST 23.—Four miles brought us down to Fort Boise. This fort is situated on the north bank of Lewis or Snake River and is owned by the Hudson's Bay Co.; crossed over to the south side where we encamped; found grass and a few small willows; the river here is about three-fourths of a mile wide; the water is about four feet deep and runs with a gentle current.

AUGUST 24.—Leaving the river we traveled a southwest course over a good road; made an advance of twelve miles and encamped on a stream affording grass and willows.

AUGUST 25.—Here we left the former route, bearing a little south of west; we steered our course over a tolerable good road thirteen miles and encamped on the same stream, found grass and fine willows.

AUGUST 26.—Proceeded ten miles further up the creek and encamped; found grass and fine willows; had about four miles of very bad road; balance good.

AUGUST 27.—Commenced winding our way through the Blue Mountains; at noon we left the pleasant stream to the left, turning gradually to the northwest; traveled over a tolerable bad road; reached the head of a small sinking rivulet affording excellent water and timber, cottonwood, willow and alder, the latter being the principal part, of which there is some of the largest I ever saw, measuring from twelve to fourteen inches in diameter; traveled twelve miles.

AUGUST 28.—Turned to the southwest; passed over a range of mountains; had bad roads; traveled five miles and encamped on a small stream; found but little grass—wood plenty.

AUGUST 29.—Traveled twelve miles over the mountain; had bad road; encamped at a good spring, affording plenty of water for camp use; none for stock; found tolerable good grass and a few willows.

AUGUST 30.—Had a fine shower of rain last night; this morning the fog was so thick that we had great difficulty in collecting our cattle; made a start at 9 o'clock, traveled ten miles over huge mountains, and encamped on Hill Fork, a beautiful little branch; found good grass and willows; a few rods from us was a warm spring bursting from the side of a lofty mountain, a little above blood heat.

AUGUST 31.—Road tolerable good; made an advance of five miles, and encamped on a stream affording the best of water; grass and timber in abundance.

SEPTEMBER 1.—Made a small move of five miles over a bad road and encamped on the same stream opposite Fremont's Peak, one of the loftiest points of the Blue Mountains; found good grass and alder timber in abundance.

SEPTEMBER 2.—Made an early start, over bad roads for two miles; broke an axletree, which detained us about two hours; balance of the road tolerably good; traveled twelve miles, and en-

camped on a small rivulet winding its way through a level valley, with its margin beautifully adorned with small willows.

SEPTEMBER 4.—Made a new axletree; started late; had good road; traveled seven miles and encamped on the South Fork of the Malheur River; found good grass and willows.

SEPTEMBER 5.—Made an advance of eleven miles and encamped in a deep hollow out of which proceeded a number of fine springs, affording us good water as ever run, with a few small willows.

SEPTEMBER 6.—As we advanced we gradually ascended a beautiful mountain; gained the top upon which grew a number of pine and cedar trees; a few miles farther a beautiful landscape appeared to sight; to the west a large valley; to the southwest the Cascade Mountains; to the northwest was the Columbia River; we gradually descended this lofty mountain, entered the valley, down which we proceeded five miles; came to a beautiful little rivulet with its banks shaded by a few small willows, where we encamped, having come twelve miles.

SEPTEMBER 7.—Continued down this rich valley fourteen miles and encamped on Crooked River, a small murmuring stream running to the south, shaded on its banks by a few willows. As we advanced this morning the beautiful scenery increased; this valley is one of the most sublime places I ever saw; it is from appearances from thirty to fifty miles wide from north to south, the length of which I am not able to determine; the soil is rich and beautifully set with fine grass, intermingled with patches of sage; the mountains to the north in places are thinly set with pine and cedar timber.

SEPTEMBER 7.—Road beautiful and level, traveled sixteen miles; crossed one small stream and encamped on the margin of a large lake; had an abundance of fine grass; no wood except sage.

SEPTEMBER 8.—Road sometimes delightful; had ten horses stolen last night by the Indians; traveled ten miles, and encamped on a small stream affording good grass and a few small willows; a dreadful occurrence, a few minutes after we were in

camp—the sudden death of an infant by that disease which had been fatal before in our company—the whooping cough.

SEPTEMBER 9.—Attended to the burial of the deceased this morning, before we started; made a start at ten o'clock, traveled six miles over a delightful road and encamped at a spring; found no wood and but little grass.

SEPTEMBER 10.—Made a late start; traveled a west course over a tolerable level road; very stony in places; found no grass or water for twenty-five miles; at one o'clock this morning we gradually descended a long slope, found a good spring affording an abundance of water and grass, with a few willows.

SEPTEMBER 11.—Laid by all day to rest our teams.

SEPTEMBER 12.—Made a small move of five miles, and encamped on a small branch; found tolerable good grass and cedar timber in abundance.

SEPTEMBER 13.—Made a start, traveling three miles; met the man who had accompanied the pilot in search of water; found none; we returned to our old encampment, and stopped for the night.

SEPTEMBER 14.—Laid still all day, waiting for the return of the pilot, who returned late in the evening; found no water.

SEPTEMBER 15.—Despatched a company of men with their pack horses, loaded with water and provisions, in search of water.

SEPTEMBER 16.—The hunters returned this morning at nine o'clock; found water; in a few minutes the company were in parade for their oxen made a general collection of stock; between four o'clock and sundown about eighty wagons left the branch for the next encampment; traveled all night; at daybreak we reached the place of encampment at a small mountain stream, winding its way through a level valley; found no wood except sage, which grew in abundance near its margin; having come twenty-five miles we stopped to take some refreshments and rest our teams.

SEPTEMBER 17.—After taking some refreshments we yoked our teams, at two o'clock P. M., traveled six miles and encamped on

Sandy—a delightful stream running to the northwest, affording an abundance of fine grass—no wood.

SEPTEMBER 18.—Three miles down we crossed over to the west side and after a travel of twelve miles we encamped at a good spring; found good grass, and some cedar timber.

SEPTEMBER 19.—Made an advance of twelve miles and encamped again on the Sandy, found grass and fine small willows.

SEPTEMBER 20.—Continued down the brook, passed through several narrow avenues (canyons) where the mountains closed in on both sides, where we were compelled to follow down the channel of the Sandy for several hundred yards in water up to our wagon beds, continued to follow its meanders, crossing its channel a number of times; after an advance of thirteen miles we encamped; found grass and willows.

SEPTEMBER 21.—Down the creek ten miles had bad road; we encamped; found grass, willow, and cedar timber in abundance.

SEPTEMBER 22.—Three miles brought us to the foot of a huge mountain, where we commenced ascending through thick cedar timber; at two o'clock P. M. we gained the top; the scene of the country became beautiful and level; passed through several groves of pines and cedar timber; at eleven o'clock we came to a stream affording abundance of water, grass and timber; encamped, having come fourteen miles.

SEPTEMBER 23.—Started late; had good road; traveled twelve miles; stopped at nine o'clock at a spring; found good grass, no wood except a little sage.

SEPTEMBER 24.—The road is good; traveled fourteen miles through the level plain and stopped for the night without wood or water.

SEPTEMBER 25.—Made an early start; traveled six miles and encamped on Chutes or Fall River; this river is the most singular in its character of any we have seen; it washes the eastern margin of the Cascade Mountains and flows with a rapid current through a deep avenue (canyon) of rock, having a channel of

from twenty to thirty yards wide, and is from three to four hundred feet below the level plain.

SEPTEMBER 26.—Turned a northeast direction, traveled three miles and encamped at a good spring in company with about two hundred wagons.

SEPTEMBER 27.—Laid by all day to rest.

SEPTEMBER 28.—Traveled eight miles and encamped on a small branch; found good grass and wood.

SEPTEMBER 29.—This morning we came to a huge mountain and were compelled to double our teams; gained the top; at twelve o'clock we continued our journey over the level plains until eight o'clock, when we encamped on the margin of a bluff, down which we descended two hundred feet and found a small stream of water, shaded by a beautiful grove of pine trees; distance, ten miles.

SEPTEMBER 30.—Traveled ten miles and encamped on a small branch; found a few willows.

OCTOBER 1.—Had bad roads; traveled six miles and encamped at a good spring; found a few willows.

OCTOBER 2.—Road continues bad; traveled four miles and encamped on Chutes, or Fall River.

OCTOBER 3.—Spent the day in crossing the river; had no timber to make boats; were compelled to make boats of our wagon beds to cross our families and goods.

OCTOBER 4.—Rigged our wagons, loaded up and traveled three miles to a delightful stream shaded by a pine and cottonwood trees, where we encamped for the night.

OCTOBER 5.—Traveled twelve miles and encamped in a beautiful white oak grove; found no water.

OCTOBER 6.—Made an early start; traveled five miles to a branch, where we stopped to take breakfast; rested two hours and started again; five miles farther brought us to another stream where we encamped for the night.

OCTOBER 7.—Eight miles brought us to the mission on the Columbia River (at The Dalles), where we got a fresh supply of provisions; the price is as follows: Flour, $8.00 per hundred; beans, 6 and 7 cents; potatoes, 62½ cents per bushel; wheat, $1.50; coffee, 33⅓ cents; tea, $2.00; sugar, 20 cents. The soil here is quite productive for almost every kind of produce. The Indians have become very much civilized and have turned their attention to agriculture.

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

37th Annual Reunion

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association

Portland, June 11th, 1909

CONTAINING THE

Annual Address by Hon. P. H. D'Arcy, 1857
OF SALEM

—— AND ——

Proceedings of the Twenty-Fourth
Grand Encampment of Indian War Veterans
of the North Pacific Coast

—— AND ——

Other Matters of Historic Interest

PORTLAND, OREGON
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MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Portland, Oregon, March 12, 1909.

The Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met in the Gerlinger Building, at the rooms of President J. E. Magers, at 4 P. M., to arrange for the Annual Reunion of 1909—the thirty-seventh.

Present: J. E. Magers, 1852, Portland, President; Frederick V. Holman, 1852, Portland, Vice-President; George H. Himes, 1853, Portland, Secretary; Robert A. Miller, 1854, Portland, Corresponding Secretary; William M. Merchant, 1847, Carlton, Yamhill County, and P. H. D'Arcy, 1857, Salem, Marion County, Directors.

The minutes of the last annual meeting were read and approved.

An order of business was submitted and, upon motion of Mr. Himes, was adopted, as follows:

1. Selection of place of meeting.

2. Selection of speaker for the annual address.

3. Selection of Grand Chaplain.

4. Selection of Grand Marshal.

5. Appointment of Committees: (a) Committee of Arrangements; (b) Finance Committee; (c) Committee on Building and Music; (d) Committee on Invitations; (e) Committee on Transportation; (f) Reception Committee; (g) selection of Chairman of Woman's Auxiliary Committee.

The matter of the date was discussed at some length, and upon the motion of George H. Himes, seconded by Robert A. Miller, it was decided that Friday, June 11, should be fixed as the date of the reunion.

On motion of Mr. D'Arcy, seconded by Mr. Merchant, Portland was chosen as the place for holding the next reunion.

On motion of George H. Himes, seconded by Mr. Holman, Mr. P. H. D'Arcy was selected to give the Annual Address.

Rev. John Flinn, 1850, was chosen as the Grand Chaplain.

Joseph Buchtel, 1852, was selected as Grand Marshal, with power to choose his own aides.

On motion of Mr. Himes, seconded by Mr. Holman, Mrs. Charlotte M. Cartwright, 1845, was selected as Chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary, with power to select her own assistants.

On motion of Mr. Magers, it was voted that Messrs. Himes, Lee and Holman should be the Committee on Finance.

On motion it was voted that the Committee of Arrangements should be composed of President Magers, Mr. Himes and Mr. Miller.

It was voted that the Reception Committee should be made up of the full Board of Directors, the Marshal and such aides as he might select.

Secretary Himes was appointed the Committee on Transportation, also the Committee on Invitations.

The matter of securing a place of meeting and suitable music and all other matters, were referred to the Committee of Arrangements.

The Secretary was authorized to have one thousand copies of the Annual Transactions of 1909 printed, and also such envelopes, letterheads, badges, programmes, announcements, etc., as in his judgment might be necessary.

No further business appearing, the Board adjourned.

GEORGE H. HIMES, Secretary.

THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REUNION.

Portland, June 11, 1909.

Surviving founders of Oregon assembled in Portland today at the Masonic Temple, corner West Park and Yamhill streets, at 2 o'clock P. M., to attend the thirty-seventh annual reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association. The extent to which the ranks of these statebuilders are being decimated was strikingly apparent from a comparison of today's assemblage with that of a year ago. Enfeebled by age, many of the oldest pioneers today either tottered across the convention hall or were assisted to the Secretary's desk, where probably for the last time they signed the register.

The pioneers were welcomed by Grand Marshal Joseph Buchtel and his aides, and the literary and musical exercises took place according to the following

PROGRAMME.

Call to order, by Judge J. E. Magers, 1852, President.

Music—Brown's Military Band.

Invocation, by the Rev. John Flinn, 1850, Chaplain.

Address of Welcome—Hon. Harry. Lane, Mayor of Portland.

Response—President J. E. Magers.

Annual Address—Hon. P. H. D'Arcy, 1857, Salem.

Baritone Solo—Stuart McGuire, grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Francis McGuire, pioneers of Portland in 1852.

Address on Fiftieth Year of Statehood—Hon. George H. Williams, 1853, one of the three surviving members of the Constitutional Convention of Oregon.

Music—Brown's Military Band.

Benediction—Chaplain.

Mayor Lane was especially gracious in welcoming the pioneers to the city. It was an assignment, he said, that he regarded as a rare privilege, while the opportunity of the people of Portland annually to entertain the state's founders was likewise an inestimable privilege. He complimented the pioneers for having founded not only a great empire, but for having established an advanced form of government, which had been the subject for study by political economists throughout the world.

Responding to the address of welcome, Judge J. E. Magers, President of the Association, confessed that the pioneers themselves were proud of the State, its accomplishments and its possibilities. "But while we are proud of our past history and delight to recall its incidents and stirring experiences, yet we would not have you understand that we spend all our time in looking backward, nor do we regard our work as finished, for while the 'frosts of many winters may be upon our heads, the flowers of spring are blooming in our hearts,' and we are looking forward with bright hopes and anticipations to the highest development of the unlimited resources of our great state.

"We believe that the Pacific Ocean is to be the ocean of the commerce of the future, and that the greatest markets of the world will be found in the Orient, and that they will reach their highest development as civilization advances and ignorance and superstition melt away before its magic wand. We believe that the people of the Pacific Coast are in the best position to reap the largest benefits from these markets, and in order to do so there must be built up great manufacturing centers and cities on this coast, and we want Portland to be the greatest of them all.

"As the foundation builders of this great state, we take pride in its rapid development in every part, but we are especially proud of this beautiful city. We believe it is destined to become the commercial, educational and religious center of the Pacific Northwest, and so we heartily join hands with you and the enterprising citizens of Portland in your slogan, '500,000 inhabitants in 1912.'"

At the point in the annual address where reference was made to Hon. George H. Williams, 1853, Hon. La Fayette Grover, 1849, and Hon. William H. Packwood, 1849—the three surviving members of the Constitutional Convention of 1857—Secretary Himes sprung a surprise on the assembled pioneers by drawing to one side two large American flags, which had been suspended just back of the platform, thus exposing to the great audience large crayon portraits of the surviving members of that convention, encased in a frame of choicest roses. This act was greeted with prolonged applause, followed with three cheers for the venerable men.

Notable among the pioneers attending the meeting were Judge George H. Williams, one of the three surviving members of the Constitutional Convention which, in 1857, drafted the State Constitution which was subsequently ratified by the voters of the state, and F. X. Matthieu, of Butteville, only surviving member of the historical gathering at Champoeg, on May 2, 1843, which voted for the establishment of a provisional form of government in the Oregon country. Mr. Matthieu is in his ninety-second year.

The reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association today served two purposes. It commemorated the golden jubilee of Oregon's admission as a state in 1859 and afforded an

opportunity to pay deserved tribute to the sturdy pioneers who builded better than they knew.

At 4:30 o'clock, escorted by Brown's Military Band, the pioneers marched from the Masonic Temple to the Armory, where a banquet was served under the auspices of the Woman's Auxiliary as follows:

Mrs. Charlotte M. Cartwright, general chairman, with power to act.

Committee on Tables—Mrs. Benton Killin, chairman; Mrs. D. P. Thompson, assistant.

Table No. 1—Mrs. William D. Fenton, Mrs. Alexander Muir; assistants, Mrs. Ralph A. Fenton, Miss Lela Goddard, Miss Hannah Connell, Miss Myrtle Muir.

Table No. 2—Mrs. H. H. Northup, Mrs. Tyler Woodward; assistants. Miss Mae Hirsch, Miss Laura Northup, Miss Mildred Cooper, Miss Lizzie Carson.

Table No. 3—Mrs. Frank M. Warren, Mrs. W. E. Robertson; assistants, Miss Frances Warren, Miss Grace Warren, Miss Nan Robertson, Miss Grace Robertson.

Table No. 4—Mrs. A. B. Croasman, Mrs. J. M. Freeman; assistants, Mrs. W. W. Harder, Miss Lillian Croasman, Mrs. Ben Gadsby, Mrs. Frank F. Freeman.

Table No. 5—Mrs. M. C. George, Mrs. Irving W. Pratt; assistants, Mrs. H. G. Colton, Miss Florence George, Miss Gertrude Pratt, Miss Florence Upton Scott.

Table No. 6—Mrs. James W. Cook, Mrs. Russell Sewall; assistants, Miss Jessie Farrell, Miss Clarissa Wiley, Mrs. Ernest Heckbert, Mrs. Frank Riley.

Table No. 7—Mrs. W. R. Sewall, Mrs. Charles T. Kamm; assistants, Miss Susan Steiwer, Miss Ruth Church, Miss Mildred Nichols, Miss Imogen Raffety.

Table No. 8—Mrs. L. A. Lewis, Mrs. J. Wesley Ladd; assistants, Miss Sallie Lewis, Mrs. Frances Lewis, Mrs. Helen Ladd Corbett, Mrs. John E. Cronan.

Table No. 9—Miss Failing, Miss Elizabeth Hamilton; assistants, Mrs. Hamilton Brooke, Miss Caroline Burns, Miss Kate Failing, Miss Olive Failing.

Table No. 10—Mrs. A. Meier, Mrs. P. J. Mann; assistants, Mrs. Julius Meier, Mrs. S. Garde, Mrs. Lansing Stout, Mrs. James Malarkey.

Table No. 11—Mrs. George W. Weidler, Mrs. John McCraken; assistants, Miss Charlotte Sherlock, Miss Gladys Weidler, Miss Trevett, Mrs. Hattie Pratt.

Table No. 12—Mrs. P. L. Willis, Mrs. M. A. M. Ashley; assistants, Mrs. C. W. Sherman, Mrs. A. McCully, Mrs. George H. Nottage, Miss Frances Jeffery.

Table No. 13—Mrs. Lewis L. McArthur, Mrs. George Taylor; assistants, Mrs. I. L. Patterson, Mrs. J. H. Cook, Miss Mary Ann Adair, Miss Margaret Catlin.

Table No. 14—Mrs. George H. Himes, Mrs. Edward E. McClure; assistants, Mrs. Harold G. Rice, Mrs. Fred L. Riggs, Miss Jean McClure, Mrs. Harold Povey.

Table No. 15—Mrs. A. M. Crane, Mrs. H. B. Nicholas; assistants, Miss Bessie Parker, Miss Genevieve Church, Miss Beulah Nichols, Miss Caroline Arnold.

Table No. 16—Mrs. John Gill, Mrs. J. K. Gill; assistants, Mrs. W. A. Montgomery, Miss Frances Gill, Mrs. Horace E. Butterfield, Miss Bickel.

Table No. 17—Mrs. George H. Lamberson, Mrs. P. W. Gillette; assistants, Mrs. S. T. Lockwood, Miss Grace Lamberson, Miss Marie Meussdorffer, Preston W. Gillette.

Table No. 18—Mrs. June McMillen Ordway, Mrs. E. W. Spencer; assistants, Miss Fay C. Himes, Miss Myrtle B. Moffett, Mrs. Charles W. Spencer, Miss Ella Brown.

Table No. 19—Mrs. Milton W. Smith, Mrs. Allen Ellsworth; assistants, Mrs. Frederick Leslie Warren, Miss Josephine Smith, Mrs. Franklyn Griffith, Mrs. Fielding S. Kelly.

Table No. 20—Mrs. H. S. Gile, Miss Kate Holman; assistants, Miss Eleanor Gile, Mrs. W. W. Biddle, Miss Ernestine Failing, Miss Grace Gray.

The committees on supplies were as follows:

Booth No. 1—Meats, fish and salads, Mrs. John W. Minto, chairman; assistants, Mrs. Herbert Holman, Mrs. Archie L. Pease, Mrs. D. W. Campbell, Mrs. D. J. Malarkey, Mrs. Harry E. Coleman, Mrs. R. H. Birdsall, Miss Gussie Marshall, Mrs. T. B. Howes, Mrs. Sam Herring, Mrs. A. D. Charlton, Mrs. George F. Fuller, Mrs. Clifton M. Irwin, Mrs. Newell.

Booth No. 2—Bread, biscuit, cake, etc.. Miss Nannie E. Taylor, chairman; assistants, Miss Anna M. Cremen, Mrs. Robert Porter, Mrs. T. T. Struble, Mrs. D. W. Taylor, Mrs. Sigmund Frank, Miss Lambert, Miss Hildegarde Plummer, Miss M. Agnes Kelly, Miss Linley Morton, Miss Bess Bodman, Miss Grace Gearin.

Booth No. 3—Ice cream, milk, cream and butter, Mrs. G. F. Moffett, chairman; assistant, Mrs. E. A. Breyman.

Booth No. 4—Miss Mary McKay, chairman; assistants, Miss Ella Breyman, Mrs. A. J. Van Wessenhove.

Booth No. 5—Mrs. Clara Watt Morton, chairman; assistant, Miss Etta Wrenn.

Booth No. 6—Mrs. Albert Brown, chairman; Mrs. E. Brown, assistant.

Rose booth—Miss Lurah M. Himes, chairman; assistant, Miss M. Oatfield.

Reserve table—Mrs. R. Porter, chairman; assistants, Mrs. E. E. Humason, Mrs. Charles Holman, Miss Caroline Holman, Miss Leola Struble.

Decoration committee—Mrs. James P. Moffett, chairman; assistants, Robert Marsh, M. McClure, Miss Margaret Malarkey, Miss Harriet Harlow.

It was estimated that over fourteen hundred persons were served.

The oldest married couple in the state, Mr. and Mrs. Almoran Hill, both pioneers of 1843, were present. They were married in Missouri on July 4, 1841. Their home is in Washington County, near Gaston, to which point they removed soon after coming to Oregon. Mrs. Hill's maiden name was Sarah Jane Reed.

The oldest pioneer in Portland, Mrs. Otelia DeWitt, born on August 23; 1814, and who arrived in this city on November 29, 1847, was present and received congratulations from many old friends. Her second husband, Adam Polk, died on a raft on November 9, 1847, while descending the Columbia River between The Dalles and the Cascades, and was buried in an unmarked grace. Mrs. Polk was thus left a widow, with six children. She arrived in Portland on November 29, 1847, and with her family of fatherless ones found shelter in the double log house of John Waymire, a

pioneer of 1845, which already housed three families. Early in January, 1848, she was permitted to occupy the Crosby house, then standing on the southwest corner of First and Washington streets. This was the first frame house built in Portland, and the doors, windows, blinds, the sills and a part of the inside finishing lumber were shipped around Cape Horn from Maine by Captain Nathaniel Crosby, who first came to Oregon in 1845. A few months later Mrs. Polk was married to Mr. Francis G. DeWitt; and it is believed that they were the first persons married in Portland.

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING.

The annual business meeting was held in the Masonic Temple at 7:30 o'clock P. M., President J. E. Magers, presiding.

Officers were elected as follows:

President—Frederick V. Holman, 1852, Portland.

Vice-President—P. H. D'Arcy, 1857, Salem.

Secretary—George H. Himes, 1853, Portland.

Treasurer—Charles E. Ladd, 1857, Portland.

Directors—John W. Minto, 1848; Robert A. Miller, 1854, and Nathan H. Bird, 1848, all of Portland.

Secretary Himes was elected by a unanimous vote for the twenty-fourth time.

Following the election, President Magers, before retiring, announced that Secretary Himes had handed him a deed executed by Mrs. Charlotte M. Cartwright, an honored pioneer of 1845, and for many years the efficient chairman of the Pioneer Woman's Auxiliary, conveying a tract of land on Clatsop Beach, near the Seaside Hotel, at Seaside, upon which is situated the salt cairn or furnace which was erected by Lewis and Clark, early in January, 1806, for the purpose of distilling salt from the ocean water to supply the needs of the company. In a few informal remarks, President Magers presented the instrument to Frederick V. Holman, President of the Oregon Historical Society, to which organization the property was deeded.

Mr. Holman responded in a short address, in which he expressed his appreciation of the gift, which is of great

historical importance by reason of the fact that, so far as known, this salt cairn is the only physical evidence left of the presence of the Lewis and Clark Exploring Expedition in the Oregon country. Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway replied to Mr. Holman, on behalf of Mrs. Cartwright, in a few felicitous remarks.

Robert A. Miller was chairman of the meeting, at which several five-minute talks, detailing pioneer experiences, were given by Judge J. C. Moreland, F. M. Carter, of Lincoln County; Nathan H. Bird, Judge M. C. George, Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway and others. Several old-time songs were given by the quartette choir of the First Congregational Church, consisting of Mrs. May Dearborn Schwab, Miss Petronella Connolly, Dr. George Ainslie and Stuart McGuire, with Miss Elizabeth Sawyers, accompanist. Mrs. Minnie Miriam Rasmus read Sam L. Simpson's "Campfires of the Pioneers," and Mrs. S. J. Anderson, of Vancouver, Washington, a pioneer of 1847, played "Arkansas Traveler" as a violin solo.

An amusing feature of the "Camp-Fire" meeting was the conversation in the Chinook jargon language between Cyrus H. Walker, of Albany, Oregon, born December 7, 1838, the oldest native son of white parents now living, and Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway, a pioneer of 1852, and Dr. Owens-Adair, a pioneer of 1843.

TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE INDIAN WAR VETERANS OF THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST.

Portland, June 11, 1909.

Pioneer defenders of the Pacific Northwest, represented in the membership of the Indian War Veterans of the North Pacific Coast, which includes the States of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana, assembled in this city yesterday in annual convention. Subjects of particular interest to the aged Indian fighters were discussed and officers for the ensuing year were elected. The meeting was attended by about 175 of the veterans, or practically 50 per cent of the attendance last year, an indication of the rapidity in which these fearless defenders are responding to the final roll call. Almost all of the veterans are members of the Oregon Pioneer Association and attended the sessions of that organization today.

Through their organization, the Indian War Veterans during the coming year will undertake two things. They will ask Congress to increase their pensions from $8 to $16 a month, placing them on the same rating as the veterans of the Civil War. Under that arrangement veterans of the Indian wars on attaining the age of 75 years will be entitled to a pension of $20 monthly. Under the present grading, the maximum pension paid the Indian War Veterans is $8.

The organization will also seek to arouse public sentiment sufficiently, particularly in this state, to induce the State Legislature to provide a sufficient appropriation to complete payment of the claims of the Indian fighters for their services, including a per diem for the use of their

horses during the hostilities when they rendered the state valuable service from 1850 to 1860. The Oregon Legislature has twice made appropriations covering these items, but there still remains a deficit and it is estimated that an additional $50,000 will be required to liquidate these claims entirely. It is possible that the veterans will conclude to provide for this appropriation through a bill proposed under the initiative. They feel that all they are asking is in the nature of a valid obligation to which the State is legally indebted.

The following committee was appointed to take the proper steps to secure desired legislative recognition:

C. W. Noblett, 1852, Oregon City, Clackamas County, Oregon.

T. V. B. Embree, 1844, Dallas, Polk County, Oregon.

A. G. Lloyd, 1845, Waitsburg, Walla Walla County, Washington.

The business incident to the annual meeting was transacted in the forenoon and final adjournment taken at noon, when the veterans were guests at a dinner served by the sons and daughters of the veterans. The customary social session of the afternoon was dispensed with and the veterans and their families viewed the magnificent street parade in connection with the annual Rose Festival, and in praise of which they were generously complimentary.

Alexander Coffey, 1852, Grand Commander, reported that the State of Washington had appropriated $20,000 for the payment of the claims of the Indian War Veterans in that State. He also reported that slow progress was being made toward bringing about the enactment by Congress of

a law providing for an increase of from $8 to $16 in the pensions of surviving veterans of the Indian wars.

A. G. Lloyd, ex-Grand Commander, reported the results of his recent visit to Washington in the interest of the veterans and his efforts to have Congress grant the request of the veterans for larger pensions. Mr. Lloyd announced that the only opposition to such a law came from the Senators and Congressmen in the Eastern States who were not acquainted with the conditions in the Pacific Coast States and the character of the service rendered by the veterans during the early history of the State.

The veterans will undertake to bring sufficient influence to bear on the National law-makers in the Eastern States to insure the passage of the bill introduced by Senator Chamberlain, of Oregon, providing for an increase from $8 to $16 in their pensions. In this connection a resolution was adopted thanking Senator Chamberlain for having introduced such a bill.

The present officers were unanimously elected for the ensuing year, as follows: Grand Commander, Alexander Coffey, 1852, of La Camas, Wash.; Senior Vice-Grand Commander, Harvey W. Scott, 1852, of Portland; Junior Vice-Grand Commander, Captain A. B. Stuart, 1849, Portland; Grand Adjutant, Otto Kleeman, Portland; Grand Commissary Sergeant, Charles H. Chambreau, Portland; Grand Chaplain, Rev. W. D. Ewing, 1852, Portland; Grand Marshal, Patrick Moloney, Vancouver, Wash.; Captain of the Guard, John Storan, Portland.

A vote of thanks was tendered the business men of Portland for their courtesies, the transportation companies for the reduced rates extended, and the sons and daughters of

the veterans for their assistance in making the Grand Encampment such a success, and for the banquet which was served during the noon hour.

The death of eleven comrades and the surviving widow of another was reported during the last year, as follows: John Cowley and Andrew Siefarth, of Polk County; D. E. Kuder, Wasco County; Mrs. E. Flory and S. R. Claypool, Yamhill; J. W. Foster, Taler Pane and James Hurst, Walla Walla; Richard Holmes and Joshua McDaniel, Multnomah; Captain Jasper Slover, Clackamas, and Major Narcisse Cornoyer, Umatilla.

PIONEERS IN ATTENDANCE.

Those who registered with the Secretary were as follows:

Name and Address.	Place of Birth and Date.
1837.	
Aplin, Mrs. Mary, Woodburn	Oregon 1837
Beers, Benjamin, Oregon City	Connecticut 1835
1838.	
Walker, Cyrus H., Albany	Oregon 1838
1839.	
Bird, Mrs. H. A., Hillsboro	Canada 1831
Watt, Mrs. Harriet	Oregon 1839
1840.	
Abernethy, W., Forest Grove	New York 1830
1841.	
Elliott, Mrs. Mary, Portland	Canada 1837
Hood, Mrs. C. J., Portland	Illinois 1840
Mountain, Thomas, Portland	England 1822
Derry, Mrs. S. J. Portland	Oregon 1841
1842.	
Beers, Wm., Oregon City	Oregon 1842
Force, C. O., St. Johns	Michigan 1839
Matthieu, F. X., Aurora	Canada 1818
1843.	
Adair, Dr. Owens, Warrenton	Missouri 1840
Baker, Mrs. Jno. G., Portland	Missouri 1823
Bertrand, Mrs. Isabel, Portland	California 1841
Eberman, Mrs. Emma, Seaside	England 1836
Foster, Mrs. G. G., Portland	Maine 1835
Griffiths, Mrs. Rebecca, Portland	Missouri 1837
Hembree, Jas. T., Lafayette	Tennessee 1825
Hembree, Mrs. Melvina A., Lafayette	Arkansas 1832
Hembree, W. C., McMinnville	Tennessee 1829
Hembree, Mrs. W. C., McMinnville	Kentucky 1836
Hill, A., Gaston	Missouri 1821
Hill, Mrs. S. J., Gaston	Missouri 1822

Name and Address.	Place of Birth and Date.
Jenkins, Mrs. D., Albany	Colorado 1843
Lenox, S. S., Gaston	Illinois 1841
McHaley, A. J., Sellwood	Missouri 1839
O'Neill, Mrs. Daniel, Oregon City	Arkansas 1838
Patterson, Mrs. L. H., Portland	Wisconsin 1835
Swick, Mrs. M. R., The Dalles	Missouri 1843
Wright, Mrs. L. E., Lents	Indiana 1829

1844.

Adams, Mrs. J. H., Portland	Oregon 1844
Bain, Mrs. Ann, Portland	Iowa 1840
Baker, Mrs. P. G., Portland	Canada 1834
Bedwell, Mrs. Elizabeth, North Yamhill	On Plains 1844
Brown, Thos., North Yamhill	Van Dieman's Lnd 1835
Caples, Hezekiah, Caples	Ohio 1838
Carnahan, Mrs. M. E., Clatsop	Missouri 1833
Cline, Mrs. Mary, Portland	Iowa 1844
Croll, Mrs. S., Gates City, Wash	Missouri 1836
Embree, T. V. B., Dallas	Missouri 1836
Gibson, Mrs. A. E., Hillsboro	Oregon 1844
Hamlin, Mrs. H. M., St. Johns	Missouri
Harvey, Mrs. Frances M.	Oregon 1844
Hawley, J. H., Monmouth	Canada 1835
Helm, Mrs. W. F., Portland	Ohio 1836
Jarnot, Mrs. M. J., Portland	Oregon 1844
Klinger, Mrs. M. J., Dufur	
Lewes, F. Lee, Portland	Canada 1832
Minto, John, Salem	England 1822
McHaley, Mrs. May A., Sellwood	Missouri 1842
McDaniel, Joshua, Portland	Missouri 1828
Nelson, J. C., Newberg	Missouri 1825
Ramsdell, T. M., Portland	Vermont 1821
Reynolds, Mrs. L. E., Portland	Oregon 1844
Russell, Mrs. Wm., North Yamhill	Indiana 1843
Sax, Mrs. M. P., Portland	Iowa 1834
Stillwell, W. D., Tillamook	Ohio 1824

1845.

Anderson, Mrs. C. J., Salem	Kentucky 1838
Archibald, Mrs. Frances, Hillsboro	Missouri 1844
Arthurs, Mrs. Sarah Williams, Wendling	Illinois 1844

Name and Address.	Place of Birth and Date.
Beers, Oliver, Salem	Oregon 1845
Belieu, J. W. A., Portland	Missouri 1841
Bennett, Mrs. L. J., Portland	Missouri 1833
Bolds, Chas., Portland	Kentucky 1822
Bowles, Minerva, Portland	Missouri 1841
Bozorth, C. C., Ridgefield, Wash	Missouri 1832
Capps, Mrs. A. R., Portland	Plains 1845
Carter, Mrs. T., Albany	Missouri 1834
Cartwright, Mrs. Charlotte, M., Portland	Illinois 1842
Catching, Mrs. A. F., Portland	Missouri 1842
Comstock, Mrs. M. J., Portland	Missouri 1838
Cornelius, Mrs. C., Portland	Missouri 1845
Cornelius, Mrs. Rachel, Portland	Illinois 1834
Cox, P. W., Colfax, Washington	Iowa 1841
Crabtree, J. P., Crabtree	Missouri 1837
Crandall, Mrs. Lydia, Portland	Missouri 1844
Denny, Mrs. E. H., Lafayette	Illinois 1839
Durbin, Solomon, Salem	Ohio 1829
Ferrell, Mrs. G. W., Salem	Iowa 1839
Foster, G. W., Oregon City	Illinois 1835
Foster, Mrs. M. E., University Park	Indiana 1841
Gesner, Alonzo, Salem	Missouri 1842
Gore, Mrs. Adeline, Portland	Illinois 1845
Gore, H. S., Harrisburg	Iowa 1842
Griffith, J. M., Logan	Illinois 1842
Hawk, Mrs. Sarah A. I., Portland	Illinois 1832
Helm, W. F., Portland	Kentucky 1833
Henderson, Mrs. S. J., Portland	Illinois 1842
Henshaw, Mrs. F., Portland	Illinois 1831
Hildebrand, Mrs. Eveline, Monmouth	Missouri 1845
Hosford, C. O., Mt. Tabor	New York 1822
Hurley, Mrs. Marv A., Risley Station	Iowa 1842
Johnson, W. Carey, Portland	Ohio 1833
Killin, Geo. W., Woodburn	Iowa 1844
Lamberson, H. C., Scappoose	Missouri 1844
Lamberson, J. L., Houlton	Iowa 1840
Latourette, Mrs. A. E., Portland	Illinois 1839
Lemmon, L., Junction City	Indiana 1836
Lloyd, A. G., Waitsburg	Missouri 1836
Manning, Mrs. S. E., Hillsboro	Missouri 1836
Meldrum, John W., Oregon City	Iowa 1839
Miller, Mrs. Mary, Gresham	.....
Moore, Mrs. Mary, Hillsboro	Missouri .....
Moore, Mrs. M. O., Portland	.....

Name and Address.	Place of Birth and Date.
Morgan, Mrs. A. H., Portland	1845
Morgan, W. H. H., Portland	Ohio 1840
McCown, Mrs. Sarah, Portland	Iowa 1845
McNamee, A., Portland	Missouri 1841
McMillan, J. H., Portland	New York 1823
McPherson, Donald, Buxton	Washington 1845
Parker, G. L., Mount Tabor	Iowa 1843
Patterson, Mrs. Emily, Dufur	Illinois 1843
Perry, Mrs. Elizabeth, Houlton	New Jersey 1827
Powell, Mrs. M. A., Hillsboro	Iowa 1840
Rogers, Ellery, Bellingham, Wash	Missouri 1844
Terwilliger, H., Portland	Ohio 1840
Thomas, Geo. B., Bull Run	Missouri 1826
Thompson, Mrs. D. P., Portland	Iowa 1845
Wilcox, Mrs. Julia H., Portland	Virginia 1823
Wilcox, Mrs. G. W., Sprague	Kentucky 1836

1846.

Apperson, Mrs. Mary A., Forest Grove	Missouri 1838
Bartenstein, Mrs. Eva, Portland	Oregon 1846
Bird, N. H., Portland	Oregon Territory 1846
Brown, J. M., Silverton	Missouri 1844
Burnett, Mrs. Martha, Corvallis	Missouri 1838
Catlin, Mrs. John, Portland	Missouri 1845
Clymer, Mrs. Mary, Portland	Ohio 1826
Cone, A. S., Aurora	Indiana 1827
Cornwall, G. C., Cedoni, Wash	Arkansas 1839
D'Arcy, Mrs. M. H., Portland	Illinois 1846
Deady, Mrs. Matthew P., Portland	Missouri 1835
Davidson, Mrs. M. E., Parker	Missouri 1838
De Bord, Mrs. G. W., Dilley	Missouri 1836
Failing, Mrs. Edna, Portland	California 1846
Failing, Mrs. Olivia H., Portland	Plains 1846
Gribble, J. K., Aurora	Missouri 1844
Guthrie, D. M., Dallas	Missouri 1824
Hill, F., Gaston	Oregon 1846
Holman, Miss Frances A., Portland	Missouri 1843
Holston, Mrs. Prudence	Oregon 1846
Johnston, Mrs. Susan E., McMinnville	Illinois 1844
Kuhns, Mrs. R. L., Portland	Missouri 1844
Lewis, Mrs. Kate, Portland	Tennessee 1837
Marks, Mrs. O. G., Portland	Oregon 1846

Name and Address.	Place of Birth and Date.
McEwan, Mrs. Clementine, Portland	Illinois 1835
Myrick, Mrs. M. L., Portland	California 1846
Phillips, Benton, Banks	Missouri 1846
Poppleton, Mrs. N. E., Portland	 1846
Pringle, F. M., Portland	Missoui .....
Riggs, G. B., Orchard, Wash	Missouri 1836
Rinehart, Mrs. J. H., Summerville	Missouri 1845
Savage, Lewis, Salem	Michigan 1831
Smith, Mrs. Sarah E., St. Johns	Illinois 1833
Starkweather, Mrs. Eliza, Milwaukie	Indiana 1831
Walker, Mrs. N. J., Forest Grove	Ohio 1838
Welch, J. W., Portland	Oregon 1846

1847.

Adams, H. R., Gresham	Missouri 1840
Anderson, Mrs. S. J., Vancouver, Wash	New York 1837
Apperson, J. T., Park Place	Kentucky 1834
Apperson, Mrs. S. J., Portland	Michigan 1843
Barber, Mrs. R., Portland	Ohio 1825
Barber, Mrs. M. A., Eugene	Missouri 1838
Beal, G. W., Sager	Indiana 1839
Beal, Josiah, Goldendale, Wash	Indiana 1837
Brush, John, Portland	New York 1822
Bond, J. R., Portland	Missouri 1839
Burch, J. J., Rickreall	Missouri 1838
Caufield, David, Oregon City	Ohio 1845
Capps, Mrs. Nancy, Portland	Missouri 1840
Chapman, Wm., Sheridan	New York 1824
Coffin, Mrs. L., Portland	Massachusetts 1819
Coleman, James, St. Paul, Neb	Ohio 1821
Corby, Mrs. E. J., Salem	Illinois 1837
Cottel, Mrs. C. W., Portland	Oregon 1847
Crowley, Mrs. S. K., Rickreall	Missouri 1831
Cullen, John W., Hillsdale	Indiana 1838
Denny, Mrs. Gertrude, Portland	New Jersey 1837
DeWitt, Mrs. Otelia, Portland	Indiana 1812
Dixon, Cyrus, Lents	Oregon 1847
Everest, Mrs. E., Portland	Indiana 1838
Fellows, Mrs. E. D., Oregon City	Missouri 1837
Findley, A. B., Portland	Illinois 1831
Ford, Mrs. R. S., Portland	Illinois 1840
Forgey, Mrs. Hannah, Lents	Indiana 1820
Fulton, Jas., Fairbank, Wasco Co	Missouri 1847

Name and Address.	Place of Birth and Date.
Gibson, Jas. W., Reedville	Missouri 1835
Griffin, Mrs. Nancy, Dexter	Ohio 1833
Hager, Mrs. S. C., Portland	Missouri 1842
Hamilton, Mrs. Ann B., Portland	.....
Heater, Mrs. J. A., Newberg	Iowa 1840
Hibbard, Mrs. G. L., Portland	Iowa 1845
Howell, Mrs. Mary, Oregon City	Missouri 1840
Iler, W. E., Portland	Missouri 1855
Imbree, I. M., Portland	Oregon 1847
Jackman, Mrs. Lizzie, Odd Fellows' Home	.....
Johnson, J. C., Salem	Illinois 1842
Jolly, Wm. B., Portland	Illinois 1843
Jory, H. S., Salem	New Brunswick... 1833
Kent, Mrs. Elizabeth, Portland	Ohio 1833
Kelty, Mrs. J. D., McCoy	Oregon 1847
King, Mrs. Eva A., Alderdale	Sandwich Islands.....
Klinger, L. J., Dufur	Missouri 1837
Landess, Mrs. E. J., Portland	.....
Langworthy, A. J., Portland	Illinois .....
Laughlin, Lee, Yamhill	Missouri 1833
Leighton, Mrs. S. E., Seaside	Oregon 1845
Lewis, Mrs. E. Gore, Harrisburg	Oregon 1847
May, Mrs. Jackson, Prineville	Kentucky 1830
Megler, Mrs. M. A., Astoria	Indiana 1846
Melvin, Mrs. Eliza, Center Station	Kentucky .....
Merchant, William, Carlton	Iowa 1843
Merrill, Geo., Deer Island	Ohio 1826
Merrill, R., Columbia City	Illinois 1834
Michell, Mrs. M. E., The Dalles	Oregon 1847
Morehead, Mrs. Martha, Portland	Missouri 1838
Morfitt, Wm., Portland	England 1838
Munson, Mrs. S. S., Warrenton	Indiana 1841
McBride, T. A., Oregon City	Oregon 1847
McDaniel, Mrs. Virginia, Portland	Missouri 1830
McPherson, Mrs. M. J., Portland	Illinois 1840
McGrew, Phoebe M., Portland	Iowa 1844
Perry, Mrs. S. J., Portland	Oregon 1841
Powell, Mrs. W. S., Portland	Massachusetts 1839
Prettyman, H. W., Mount Tabor	Delaware 1839
Roe, Mrs. E. E., Portland	Missouri 1846
Roland, Mrs. Eliza, Portland	Iowa 1843
Ross, Edw. C., McMinnville	Ohio 1838
Shane, Mrs. Elvira, California	 1847
Shelton, Mrs. Mary, Portland	Missouri 1845

Name and Address.	Place of Birth and Date.
Shively, G. W., Portland	Missouri 1839
Slavin, Mrs. Emma R., Hillsdale	Ohio 1836
Smith, Mrs. J. N. K., Astoria	Iowa 1839
Smith, Seneca, Portland	Indiana 1844
Smith, Thomas, Roseburg	England 1821
Starr, Mrs. Nan, Dayton	Indiana 1838
Stimson, Mrs. D. S., Portland	Missouri 1844
Sturgess, Geo. W., Vancouver, Wash	Illinois 1845
Thorpe, Mrs. Ernest	Illinois 1832
Thorpe, Mrs. Emma, Alberta, Oregon	Illinois 1831
Veazie, Mrs. S. L., Portland	Oregon 1847
Walker, Mrs. Lucy, Hillsboro	
Watts, F. A., Portland	Illinois 1846
Wellman, Mrs. C. Pope, Portland	Indiana 1847
Whalley, Mrs. J. W.	Missouri 1841
Wilcox, G. W. Sprague	Ohio 1831
Whitcomb, Mrs. Elizabeth, Cottage Grve.	Missouri 1837
White, Mrs. Eliza E., Portland	Oregon 1847
Woods, J. C., Vancouver, Wash	Missouri 1838
Wooley, Mrs. E. J., Portland	Missouri 1842
Wright, Mrs. M., Portland	Missouri 1839

1848.

Bartlett, Mrs. C., Vancouver, Wash	Oregon 1848
Bauer, F. A., Woodburn	Indiana 1852
Beers, John, Oregon City	Oregon 1848
Bowman, Mrs. A. W., Portland	Ohio 1843
Bushey, Mrs. E. A., Woodburn	Missouri 1848
Chance, Mrs. M. A., Portland	Illinois 1839
Gill, Mrs. J. K., Portland	Oregon 1848
Graham, J. K., Portland	Illinois 1847
Hawley, Mrs. W. W., Star	Oregon 1848
Hinton, Mrs. H. E., Portland	Illinois 1847
Holmes, D. J., Salem	Illinois 1839
Hutton, Mrs. Catherine, Mount Tabor	Illinois 1842
Johnson, Mrs. J. T., North Yamhill	Oregon 1848
Kellogg, Mrs. A. A., Portland	Iowa 1847
Kelly, Penumbra, Portland	Kentucky 1845
King, Jas. W.	Missouri 1846
Killin, Mrs. Harriet Hoover, Portland	Oregon 1848
Mattoon, Mrs. E. A., Portland	Indiana 1836
Merchant, Warren. North Yamhill	Oregon 1848
Minto, John W., Portland	Oregon 1848

Name and Address.	Place of Birth and Date.
Morgan, Mrs. E. E., Portland	Indiana 1836
Morton, Mrs. Clara Watt, Portland	Missouri 1846
Parker, Mrs. Inez E., Portland	Illinois 1845
Shute, Miss Lizzie, Hillsboro	Oregon 1848
Starr, S. E., Portland	Ohio 1834
Stennet, Mrs. M. O., St. John	Oregon 1848
Slocum, Mrs. Sarah, Vancouver, Wash	Illinois 1845
Thomas, Mrs. G. A., Portland	Oregon 1848
Walker, Mrs. Louisa, Portland	Illinois 1831
White, Mrs. Roxanna Watt, Portland	Ohio 1836

1849.

Adair, S. D., Portland	Kentucky 1847
Backenstos, Jas. C., City Hall	1846
Bird, Mrs. Alice T., Portland	Illinois 1846
Bowie, Mrs. Louisa, Portland	Indiana 1837
Brackett, Wm. H., Portland	New York 1830
Butler, N. H., Dallas	Illinois 1843
Campbell, H. B., Portland	Massachusetts 1829
Caples, Mrs. Nancy, St. Johns	Maine 1829
Carter, Mrs. Louisa, Vancouver, Wash	Oregon 1849
Castleman, P. F., California	Kentucky 1827
Clark, Mrs. Julia, Spokane, Wash	Oregon 1849
Crisell, Mrs. N. P., Aurora	Oregon 1849
DeLashmutt, Mrs. M. C., Portland	Kentucky 1845
Denny, F. J., Jefferson	Oregon 1849
Edwards, Mrs. E. W., Seattle, Wash	Oregon 1849
Force, G. W., Portsmouth	Oregon 1849
Freeman, Mrs. J. M., Portland	Oregon 1849
Gile, H. S., Portland	Maine 1827
Hayter, T. J., Dallas	Missouri 1830
Jereleman, Jardin, Portland	New York 1829
Kelly, Silas G., Hillsdale	Missouri 1848
Love, Rev. G. C., Lents	Missouri 1849
Linville, W. S., Carlton	Oregon 1849
Matlock, Mrs. N. F., Pendleton	Illinois 1849
McReynolds, Wm., Cleone	Virginia 1824
Padrick, Mrs. M. G., Sellwood	Missouri 1843
Pattison, Chas., Shedds	Illinois 1833
Pease, Geo. A., Portland	New York 1830
Powers, W. M., Albany	New York 1827

Name and Address.	Place of Birth and Date.
Quivey, Mrs. M. B., Portland	Oregon 1849
Reed, C. A., Portland	New Hampshire...1825
Robinson, D. F., Oak Grove	Missouri 1843
Rosencrantz, E., Aurora	New York 1821
Sargent, Mrs. N. I., McMinnville	Oregon 1849
Stuart, A. B., Portland	New Jersey 1828
Taylor, J. R., Bull Run	Oregon 1849
Taylor, Mrs. Martha M., Portland	Oregon 1849
Thompson, Mrs. Sarah A., Portland	Missouri 1846
Wait, Mrs. E. M., Portland	Massachusetts 1836
Watson, H. H., Salem	Illinois 1843
Weeks, Reuben, Portland	New York 1829
Wells, Darius, Elkton	Oregon 1849
Wicks, Mrs. R., Portland	New York ....
Wilson, Hannah R., Drain	New York 1832
Wood, Wm. H., Lostine	New York 1822

1850.

Abrams, W. R., Concord, Mass	Massachusetts 1848
Adams, Mrs. S., Portland	Indiana 1840
Allen, H. S., Portland	Ohio 1830
Baker, Mrs. J. W. Cottage Grove	Oregon 1850
Bales O. J. Portland	Oregon 1850
Belieu, Mrs. C. L., Portland	Pennsylvania 1845
Blebbins, John, Bellingham, Wash	Kentucky 1840
Brainerd, Mrs. W. E., Mount Tabor	Ohio ....
Burk, Mrs. J. A., Kalama, Wash	Ohio ....
Bybee, James, LaCamas, Wash	Kentucky 1827
Caples, J. W., Forest Grove	Ohio 1840
Carson, J. C., Portland	Pennsylvania 1825
Chapman, W. S., Portland	Oregon 1850
Crouch, Mrs. Malinda, Oakland	Indiana 1835
Davidson, I. G., Portland	Illinois 1845
Dixon, Mrs. M. E., Lents	Oregon 1850
Dunbar, D. S., Cleone	Missouri 1844
Earl, Robert, Portland	Oregon 1850
Exon, Mrs. H. C., Portland	Missouri 1841
Ferguson, Mrs. Jane, Woodlawn	Indiana 1843
Flinn, Rev. J., Portland	Ireland 1819
Gatton, S., Woodland, Wash	Ohio 1833
Gleason, M. J., Portland	Ireland 1844
Gove, I. H., Portland	Maine 1838
Grooms, Mrs. Wm., Portland	Ireland 1825

Name and Address.	Place of Birth and Date.
Guild, Mrs. Emma, Portland	Illinois 1845
Hanna, Wm., North Yamhill	Pennsylvania 1825
Hazard, W. C., Vancouver, Wash	Rhode Island 1827
Hembree, J. E., Lafayette	Oregon 1850
Henness, Mrs. R. F., Mount Tabor	Indiana 1833
Herlin, Mrs. D. M., Cleone	Missouri 1848
Heulat, Mrs. Sarah, Portland	Missouri ....
Hoopengarner, Mrs. S. J., Portland	Missouri ....
Hoskins, J. J., Portland	Maryland 1822
Howard, Mrs. M. C., Montavilla	Missouri 1844
Irvin, W. W., Aurora	Oregon 1850
Jones, Mrs. Louisa A., Portland	Illinois 1846
Kinsey, Mrs. P. B., Portland	Oregon 1850
Lamberson, Mrs. S. E., Scappoose	Oregon 1850
Lieser, H. C., Vancouver, Wash	Wisconsin 1848
Lord, Mrs. Elizabeth, The Dalles	Missouri 1841
Lucas, Mrs. S. J., Portland	Pennsylvania 1836
Magee, Mrs. Sarah E., Coos Bay	Oregon 1850
Merrithew, Mrs. Alvina, Lents	Oregon 1850
Miles, S. A., St. Helens	Kentucky 1830
Millard, S. B., Milwaukie	Oregon 1850
Miller, G. W., Vancouver, Wash	Ohio 1835
Miller, Mrs. J. N. T., Portland	Missouri 1832
Moffett, Mrs. Thos., Portland	Illinois 1848
Montgomery, W. N., Mexico	Pennsylvania 1834
Musgrove, Wm. H., Portland	Kentucky 1833
McCorkle, W. M., Tygh Valley	Indiana 1829
McDonald, Mrs. L. A., Portland	Illinois 1850
McIntyre, J. M., Portland	Missouri 1846
Needham, J. C., Salem	Indiana 1848
Pillsbury, Mrs. J. G., Woodmere	Indiana 1837
Plummer, Mrs. M. E., Hillsdale	Oregon 1850
Pease, Geo. A., Portland	New York 1830
Ryan, Mrs. E., Portland	Indiana 1832
Robinson, G. D., Portland	Tennessee 1831
Simmons, J. S., Portland	Missouri 1845
Smith, Lowell, McMinnville	Missouri 1847
Smith, Mrs. Thos., Roseburg	Indiana 1832
Spencer, Mrs. T. W., Portland	Australia 1850
Townsend, W. R., Woodburn	Illinois 1846
Walling, Mrs. C. N., Salem	Missouri 1850
Weatherford, Mrs. Lou, Portland	Indiana 1844
Wilcox, Edwin, Portland	Oregon 1850

Name and Address.	Place of Birth and Date.
Williams, W. H., Boyd	Indiana 1838
Woods, Mrs. C. L., Vancouver, Wash	Ohio 1843
Yoakum, H., Lents	Illinois 1831

1851.

Ball, Chauncey, Mount Tabor	Pennsylvania 1827
Barstow, Jos., Portland	Massachusetts 1826
Bergevin, Mrs. Rose, Portland	Oregon 1851
Byrom, Edw., Tualatin	England 1827
Chase, J. W., Oregon City	Vermont 1833
Cleveland, Mrs. S. S., Portland	Oregon 1851
Corner, E. L., Portland	Ohio 1827
Curl, J. W., Boring	Oregon 1851
Dearborn, Mrs. H. A., Portland	Connecticut 1842
Dickman, Mrs. L. C., Portland	Iowa 1851
Eagan, John, Woodburn	Illinois 1840
Earl, Mrs., Portland	Ohio 1844
Failing, Mrs. W. S., Mount Tabor	Iowa 1850
Faulconer, T. N., Portland	Missouri 1830
Frazier, Mrs. Wm. Portland	Oregon 1851
Geer, T. T., Portland	Oregon 1851
George, M. C., Portland	Ohio 1849
Gibson, J. T., Portland	Oregon 1851
Gillihan, J. T., Portland	Oregon 1851
Graham, Mrs. J. K., Portland	Oregon 1851
Gray, David Baxter, Portland	Ohio 1836
Haines, W. W., Eugene	Illinois 1828
Henrici, Wm. E., Portland	Missouri ....
Irvin, J. R. K., Portland	Ohio 1834
Johnson, J. H., Lents	Illinois 1842
Johnson, J. L., Woodburn	Illinois 1830
Kiniston, Mrs. Lydia M., Portland	Oregon 1851
Lownsdale, J. P. O., Portland	Indiana 1830
Mathews, Mrs. R. A.	....
Merchant, Mrs. W. M., Carlton	Oregon 1851
Merchant, Mrs. Sarah, North Yamhill	Oregon 1851
Miller, Jacob, Oregon City	Indiana 1831
Mitchell, Mrs. A. E., Portland	Oregon 1851
Moody, Z. F., Salem	Massachusetts 1832
McCarver, Mrs. Virginia, Portland	Washington ....
Nicholas, Mrs. Cartherine, Portland	Oregon 1851

Name and Address.	Place of Birth and Date.
Odell, W. H., Portland	Indiana 1830
Parsley, Mrs. A. C., Portland	Ohio 1840
Paulsell, J. A., Woodstock	Indiana 1816
Pope, T. A., Oregon City	New York 1842
Pope, W. H., Portland	New York 1840
Rauch, Mrs. Mary A., Gladstone	Oregon 1851
Richardson, J. K. A., Alicel	Illinois 1839
Sargent, W. J., McMinnville	Illinois 1847
Shaver, Emily, Portland	Oregon 1851
Simmonds, Mrs. L. I., North Yamhill	Oregon 1851
Smith, Mrs. A. C., Portland	Kentucky ....
Steel, Mrs. George A., Portland	New York 1848
Story, Geo. L., Portland	Massachusetts 1833
Stratton, Mrs. Helen L., Portland	Oregon 1851
Thompson, Mrs. Averilla, Portland	Indiana 1841
Trimble, Mrs. C. H. Portland	New York 1850
Walker, N. J., Forest Grove	Illinois 1830
Williams, Mrs. Emma, Portland	Oregon 1851
Williams, Geo., Portland	Ohio 1839
Williams, Richard, Portland	Ohio 1836
Wright, Silas, Liberal	Oregon 1851

1852.

Adair, Mrs. M. M., Portland	Missouri 1836
Adair, Mrs. W. H., McMinnville	Missouri 1852
Adams, Mrs. C. H. Hillsboro	Illinois 1829
Adams, J. H., Portland	Indiana 1840
Alderson, Mrs. Mary C., Portland	Illinois 1842
Bailey, Mrs. O. E., St. Johns	New York 1842
Bailey, W. J., Portland	Massachusetts 1834
Baird, Mrs. Adelia D., Newberg	Indiana 1851
Ball, Mrs. Nancy A., Oswego	Indiana 1844
Ballard, W. G., Portland	Illinois 1832
Banzer, S. A., La Center, Wash	Iowa 1849
Barcafer, Mrs. E. J., Portland	Arkansas 1849
Barney, Mrs. E. N., Portland	Ohio 1848
Barrett, Cornelius, Portland	Valparaiso, S. A....
Beck, Mrs. Wm., Portland	Pennsylvania 1826
Beck, W. G., Portland	Missouri 1849
Beck, Mrs. Wm. G., Portland	Ohio 1851
Bennett, Mrs. C. F., Salem	Iowa 1847
Bickel, Fred, Portland	Germany 1832
Biles, Mrs. J. D., Portland	Montreal 1842
Bodyfelt, Mrs. Melissa Gilson, Portland	Iowa 1852

Name and Address.	Place of Birth and Date.
Bowers, D. C., Portland	Indiana 1850
Boyd, G. B., Astoria	Missouri 1838
Bozorth, Mrs. L. A., Portland	Ohio 1826
Brainerd, W. E., Mt. Tabor	Ohio 1832
Brallier, Henry, Seaside	Pennsylvania 1830
Brown, Francis, Portland	Iowa 1839
Brown, Mrs. M., Portland	Iowa 1837
Brown, Mrs. Mary A., Hillsboro	Missouri
Brown, Mrs. S. J., Hillsboro	Missouri 1829
Buchanan, Mrs. L. A., Gresham	Illinois
Buchtel, Jos., Portland	Ohio 1830
Burford, M. W., Mount Tabor	Indiana 1852
Burk, J. A., Kalama, Wash	New York 1832
Burns, W. P., Portland	Massachusetts 1822
Burns, Mrs. W. P., Portland	Kentucky 1826
Bybee, Miss Ella E., Portland	Iowa 1849
Bybee, Mrs. Mary, Portland	Illinois 1840
Byers, Mrs. E., St. Johns	Indiana 1834
Byrd, Mrs. L. A., Salem	
Carlock, A. B., Portland	Ohio 1833
Carter, F. M., Newport	Missouri 1846
Calvin, Mrs. A. J., Walla Walla, Wash.	Iowa 1848
Cardwell, Mrs. Eva M., Portland	Massachusetts 1852
Cardwell, J. R., Portland	Illinois 1830
Carll, Mrs. Wm., Portland	Iowa 1851
Carpenter, Mrs. A. F., Portland	Illinois 1851
Carter, Mrs. J. L., Hood River	Missouri 1848
Carter, Mrs. L. A., Portland	Kentucky 1840
Catlin, Mrs. Chas. T., Portland	Missouri 1846
Chambreau, Mrs. B. A., Portland	Ohio 1837
Cline, W. F., Gervais	Illinois 1829
Coburn, Mrs. C. A., Portland	Illinois 1839
Cochrane, Mrs. F. L., Portland	Montreal 1840
Coffey, A. L., La Camas, Wash	Missouri 1831
Cole, Mrs. Emily, Portland	Tennessee 1841
Cone, Mrs. A. S., Butteville	Ohio 1837
Conyers, E. W., Clatskanie	Kentucky 1829
Cook, Mrs. Iantha, Portland	Oregon 1852
Cook, J. W., McMinnville	New York 1826
Cook, Mrs. J. W., McMinnville	Michigan 1836
Cooper, Thomas, Kalama, Wash	Oregon 1852
Crane, Mrs. A. M., Mount Tabor	Iowa 1852
Creighton, Mrs. Mary J., Portland	Iowa 1844
Crockett, Mrs. E., Grants Pass	Iowa 1847
Crong, J. W., Molalla	Arkansas 1844
Crowley, S. K., Rickreall	Missouri 1852

Name and Address.	Place of Birth and Date.
Dalton, Mrs. M. A., Portland	Illinois 1839
DeWitt, F. M., Portland	Oregon 1852
Dimmick, Mrs. S. J., Portland	Missouri 1844
Dray, A. T., Kalama, Wash	Ohio 1832
Dudley, Mrs. J., Portland	Iowa 1849
Dunbar, Margaret F., Cleone	Indiana 1848
Duniway, Mrs. A. S., Portland	Illinois 1834
Dunn, Mrs. Mary A. Hill, Ashland	Tennessee 1836
Durbin, Mrs. S., Salem	Missouri 1839
Eagan, Mrs. John, Woodburn	Indiana 1844
Eaton, John R., Vancouver, Wash	Illinois 1842
Eby, David, Oregon City	Pennsylvania 1828
Elgin, J. H., Salem	Tennessee 1833
Ellerson, Annie E., Portland	Wisconsin 1830
Ellerson, Mrs. J. H., Beaverton	Wisconsin 1851
Ennis, Mrs. E., Hillsboro	Arkansas 1840
Espy, R. H., Oysterville, Wash	Pennsylvania 1826
Eubanks, Mrs. Polly, Oakland	Iowa 1843
Evans, Mrs. Jeannette, Portland	Michigan 1843
Ewing, W. D., Portland	Ohio 1832
Findlay, Mrs. Sarah J., Portland	Missouri 1842
Fleischner, J.	Germany
Foster, Mrs. W. A., Corvallis	Illinois 1857
Fouts, John, McMinnville	Missouri 1839
Fulton, John, Wasco	Oregon 1852
Galloway, T. C., Idaho	Wisconsin 1838
Galloway, Wm., McMinnville	Missouri 1845
Gibson, Mrs. Elizabeth, Portland	Iowa 1827
Gilham, N. L., Hillsdale	
Greer, Geo. H., Newberg	Pennsylvania 1836
Greer, Mrs. Geo. H., Newberg	Ohio 1841
Greve, Mrs. Annie, Lents	Indiana 1850
Griffith, Mrs. Elizabeth, Oregon City	Missouri 1850
Grubbs, F. H., Portland	Pennsylvania 1834
Gulliford, J. A., Dufur	Illinois 1834
Gulliford, Mrs. J. A., Dufur	Missouri 1850
Guptil, Mrs. S. J., Portland	Pennsylvania 1844
Harlow, Lydia A., Milwaukie	Ohio 1844
Hamblin, Mrs. H. A., Portland	Indiana 1832
Hamilton, T. J., Portland	Ireland 1841
Harding, Mrs. Bill, Oregon City	Nebraska 1852
Harer, Mrs. Eliza J., Arleta	Arkansas 1832
Harlan, Mrs. M. F., Portland	Oregon 1852
Harman, Mrs. J. L., Gresham	Texas 1850

Name and Address.	Place of Birth and Date.
Harrington, J. N., Oregon City	Iowa 1848
Harris, W. H., Portland	Illinois 1832
Hayes, Mrs. Alice W., Pendleton	Oregon 1852
Hayes, H. T., Woodburn	Indiana 1848
Hayes, Mrs. H. J., Woodburn	Missouri 1848
Hendricks, Mrs. Maria, Seattle, Wash	Oregon 1852
Henness, Ephraim, Gates	Iowa 1849
Hess, Mrs. R. M., Sherwood	Iowa 1848
Hinkle, Mrs. M. J., Dalles	Iowa 1850
Hoffman, Mrs. Jas., Portland	1832
Holman, Fred V., Portland	Washington 1852
Holman, Mrs. M. E., Portland	Indiana 1836
Houghton, Henry, Woodland, Wash	Michigan 1840
Hovenden, Mrs. Sarah, Portland	Tasmania 1839
Howard, Mrs. M. E., Portland	Illinois 1842
Hunsaker, B., Baker City	Virginia 1849
Hunt, Mrs. Mary E., Portland	Illinois 1832
Huntington, S. J., Portland	Indiana 1851
Huston, Mrs. Margaret, Vancouver, Wn.	Iowa 1852
Iler, Mrs. D. C., Sherwood	Illinois 1841
Irvine, J. P., McMinnville	Missouri 1845
Jeffery, E. J., Portland	New York 1835
John, Mrs. Olive, Portland	Wisconsin 1849
John, S. A., Portland	Iowa 1843
Johnson, S. B., Gresham	Missouri 1833
Johnson, Mrs. S. B., Gresham	Missouri 1836
Keeler, Ebenezer, Vancouver, Wash.	Indiana 1835
Keizur, M. L., Baker City	Oregon 1852
Kellogg, J. B., Portland	Ohio 1829
Kellogg, Mrs. J. B., Portland	Ohio 1830
Kellogg, Mrs. M. E., Portland	Indiana 1842
Kelty, J. D., McCoy	Indiana 1832
Kelty, J. M., Portland	Indiana 1842
Kelly, Mrs. M. F., Portland	Ohio 1827
Kerns, W. G., Portland	Oregon 1852
Kesling, Mrs. C., Portland	Ohio 1844
Kilborn, Mrs. Jane, Lents	Iowa 1847
Kinder, Samuel, Deer Island	Illinois 1833
Kirker, Mrs. S. F., Portland	Oregon 1852
Kline, Mrs. M., Portland	Indiana 1835
Kirk, T. J., Oregon City	Michigan 1836
Kirk, W. F., Monument	Michigan 1839
Knaggs, G. H., Portland	South Carolina 1830
Kulper, Mrs. H., Dayton	Indiana 1850

Name and Address.	Place of Birth and Date.
LaForrest, Mrs. Mary, Oregon City	Germany 1852
Lake, Mrs. T. J., Portland	Iowa 1841
Lamberson, Mrs. S. C., Houlton	Indiana 1850
Lance, Mrs. Sarah E., Milwaukie	Illinois 1850
Lasater, Mrs. Jennie, Walla Walla, Wash.	Indiana 1841
Laws, Andrew J., Vancouver, Wash	Illinois 1837
Layfield, Wm., Portland	Oregon 1852
Lee, Mrs. J. D., Portland	Tennessee
Lewellen, J., Oregon City	Missouri 1848
Lewis, Mrs. I. B., Terrace Heights	Iowa 1847
Lewis, Mrs. Mattie, Portland	Oregon 1852
Lockhart, Mrs. Mary R., Portland	Missouri 1849
Lockwood, Mrs. M. C., Lents	Indiana 1830
Long, Mrs. Eliza, Portland	Iowa 1841
Looney, Samuel, Woodstock	Tennessee 1827
Magers, J. E., Portland	Ohio 1847
Manning, Henry, Woodburn	Missouri 1827
Marshall, John, Portland	England 1837
Marshall, Mrs. Sarah E., Portland	Indiana 1843
Martin, Harvey, Kelso, Wash	Illinois 1840
Mathena, S., Gaston	Missouri 1833
Matlock, Mrs. M. C., Montavilla	Missouri 1838
Maxwell, W. H., Orient	Missouri 1829
May, Mrs. M. E., Portland	Iowa 1838
Mayo, Mrs. Barbara, Portland	Oregon 1852
Meeker, Lindley, Portland	Ohio 1829
Meldrum, Mrs. J. W	Oregon 1852
Mercer, Mrs. Lucy, Portland	New York 1843
Merrill, Frank, Portland	Oregon 1852
Miller, A. W., Portland	New York 1827
Miller, Jas. H. B., Sunnyside, Wash	Indiana 1840
Miller, Mrs. Sarah E., Oregon City	Virginia 1829
Mills, Mrs. M. E., Montavilla	Missouri 1840
Milster, Mrs. M. E., Silverton	Missouri 1837
Mitchell, H. A., St. Johns	Illinois 1836
Mock, John, Portland	Pennsylvania 1838
Montgomery, Miss Flora A., Portland	Illinois 1849
Moores, C. B., Portland	Illinois 1849
Morris, Mrs. Margaret, Vancouver	Ohio 1833
Moreland, J. C., Salem	Tennessee 1844
Morgan, E. N., Sherwood	Illinois 1837
Morgan, H. G., Portland	Illinois 1824
Morgan, H. V., Portland	Illinois 1834
Morgan, Mrs. S. E., Portland	Texas 1847
Morris, Douglas A., Hillsdale	Illinois 1843
Morris, P. D., Portland	Illinois 1846

Name and Address.	Place of Birth and Date.
Morris, Mrs. P. D., Portland	Oregon 1852
Musgrove, Mrs. N. A., Portland	Illinois 1849
Myers, W. H. H., Forest Grove	Missouri 1830
Myrick, Mrs. J., Portland	Ohio 1830
McAtee, Mrs. Angeline, Portland	Missouri 1849
McBee, Isaiah, Portland	Missouri 1840
McCauley, W., Oakland, Oregon	Iowa 1842
McCord, Mrs. Olive E., Lents	Ohio 1839
McCown, Jas. L., Portland	West Virginia 1841
McCoy, Mrs. Geo., Shaniko	Indiana 1849
McFarland, E. B., Portland	Ohio 1849
McGuire, Mrs. Maria, Hood River	Canada 1834
McKay, Mrs. Rachel, Beaverton	Indiana 1832
McKernan, John, Portland	Massachusetts 1850
McMorris, Lewis, Walla Walla, Wash.	Ohio 1831
Newhard, S. F., Portland	Pennsylvania 1830
Nicholas, Mrs. H. B., Portland	Oregon 1852
Noblett, C. W., Aurora	Virginia 1822
Nooning, Mrs. Susan M., Portland	Ohio 1851
Olds, F. M., Lents	On the way 1853
Oleson, Mrs. Eunice T., Catlin, Wash.	Indiana 1838
Owen, Mrs. S. J., Portland	Tennessee 1827
Palmateer, R. G., Estacada	Canada 1844
Palmateer, Mrs. Sarah, Estacada	Illinois 1842
Palmer, Mrs. H. L., Portland	Illinois 1843
Palmer, Mrs. W. D., Sellwood	Oregon 1852
Paquet, Jos., Portland	Missouri 1852
Parker, Hollon, Walla Walla, Wash.	New York 1832
Parker, S. F., Portland	Oregon 1852
Parrish, Mrs. S. J., Portland	Missouri 1842
Parsons, Mrs. Mary C., Portland	Ohio 1829
Patterson, Mrs. Frances E., Portland	Oregon 1852
Patton, Mrs. Martha J., Portland	Iowa 1852
Pike, Mrs. Mahala G., Newberg	Oregon 1842
Pittock, Mrs. H. L., Portland	New York 1852
Porter, Mrs. R	
Powell, Mrs. A. E., Portland	Pennsylvania 1834
Powell, Mrs. John, Portland	Tennessee 1852
Powell, W. S., Portland	Ohio 1832
Powers, A. W., Lents	Missouri 1841
Pratt, Mrs. Mary A., Beaverton	Missouri 1833
Preston, Mrs. C. F., Portland	Oregon 1852
Proebstel, G. W., Weston	Missouri 1842
Pugh, J. W., Clatskanie	Missouri 1847
Raffety, Dr. Dav, Portland	Missouri 1844

Name and Address.	Place of Birth and Date.
Rathbun, Mrs. M. I., Mt. Tabor	Illinois 1839
Rauch, W. J., Park Place	Illinois 1845
Raynard, Mrs. A., Hunters, Wash	Illinois 1833
Raymond, Mrs. C. M., Day's Creek	Indiana 1839
Reed, Mrs. Mary, Portland	Ohio 1845
Reeves, G. H., Portland	Illinois 1835
Reeves, Mrs. Mary E., Portland	Missouri 1848
Reid, Mrs. A. A., LaCenter	Ohio 1841
Rider, Mrs. M. E., Portland	Iowa 1845
Richey, Edgar, 612 Tenino Ave	Iowa 1840
Riggs, Mrs. M. C., Newberg	Missouri 1847
Rindlaub, Mrs. Rebecca, Portland	Missouri 1845
Ripperton, Mrs. Sarah E., Portland	Missouri 1838
Roberts, Mrs. C. S., Portland	Illinois 1847
Roberts, J. F., Gresham	Illinois 1847
Robinett, Mrs. Mary B., Oak Grove	Illinois 1838
Rogers, Mrs. M. M., Bellingham, Wash.	Missouri 1852
Roland, Mrs. Esther, Jefferson	Illinois 1846
Root, L., McMinnville	Ohio 1825
Royal, C. F., Montavilla	Indiana 1834
Rowland, L. B., Portland	Illinois 1852
Rowland, Mrs. L. B., Portland	Illinois 1852
Russell, A. E	Ohio 1832
Russell, W. M., Yamhill	Ohio 1833
Sails, Mrs. Jennie, Portland	Missouri 1851
Sanders, Mrs. Martha E., Willamette	Illinois 1849
Scott, H. W., Portland	Illinois 1838
Seaman, Mrs. S. J., Portland	Pennsylvania 1852
Settle, Mrs. C., St. Johns	Missouri 1850
Shannon, Phil, Springwater	Pennsylvania 1822
Shattuck, Mrs. J. W., Gresham	Missouri 1840
Sheperdson, Mrs. Flora, Catlin, Wash	Indiana 1841
Shipley, Mrs. Stella Taylor, Oswego	Oregon 1859
Shobert, Stephen, Portland	Pennsylvania 1837
Short, Mrs. W. P., Portland	Oregon 1852
Singleton, T. G., Roseburg	Kentucky 1835
Slatter, Mrs. E. E., La Grande	Tennessee 1836
Slocum, Mrs. Louisa, Vancouver, Wash.	Iowa 1837
Simmons, J. B., Gervais	Indiana 1837
Smith, Mrs. M. C., Portland	England 1820
Smith, W. V., Portland	Oregon 1852
Snuffin, Mrs. M. E., Portland	Iowa 1845
Spencer, Theo. W., Portland	Pennsylvania 1848
Spooner, Mrs. Ella A., Jennings Lodge	Oregon 1852
Steward, Mrs. A. D., Vancouver, Wash.	Missouri 1839
Stillwell, C. E., The Dalles	New York 1839

Name and Address.	Place of Birth and Date.
Stillwell, T. O., Tillamook	Oregon 1852
Strang, Mrs. Lydia, Portland	Ohio 1832
Strong, Mrs. Alice H., Portland	Oregon 1852
Sunderland, Milton, Portland	Missouri 1842
Sutherland, A., Portland	Illinois 1840
Sutherland, Mrs. A., Portland	Arkansas 1848
Sweek, Mrs., Tualatin	.....
Taylor, D. M.	Illinois 1843
Taylor, John A., Walla Walla	New York 1825
Taylor, Mrs. L. S., Portland	Illinois 1834
Taylor, Miss Nannie E., Portland	Oregon 1854
Test, Mary A., Portland	Illinois 1841
Thomas, Mrs. George, Bull Run	Tennessee 1835
Tibbetts, Francis M., Woodstock	Indiana 1837
Tong, J. N., Arleta	Iowa 1846
Tucker, Thomas, Portland	Indiana 1831
Tucker, W. M., Beaverton	Indiana 1833
Turpin, Mrs. N. C., Montavilla	Missouri 1851
Underwood, Amos, Underwood, Wash.	Ohio 1834
Upton, Mrs. J. B., Portland	Missouri 1849
Wagonblast, Mrs. Margaret, Portland	Missouri 1851
Wagner, P. M., Estacada	Iowa 1851
Wakefield, Mrs. Sarah M., Portland	Iowa 1841
Waldron, Mrs. Samuel, Oregon City	 1852
Walker, Mrs. Ellen C., Portland	Oregon 1852
Walker, Mrs. J. K., Portland	Oregon 1852
Wallace, E. P., Amity	Indiana 1829
Wallace, Mrs. R. J., Amity	Michigan 1851
Warren, Mrs. Ellen C., Portland	Indiana 1850
Watts, Casey, Reuben	Missouri 1846
Watts, Mrs. E. M., Scappoose	Ohio 1844
Wait, Mrs. S. M., Dayton, Wash.	Illinois 1836
Weatherford, L. C., Portland	Iowa 1847
Wengfield, Mrs. Alice G., The Dalles	Oregon 1852
Westfall, W. M., Portland	Indiana 1834
Wiggington, J. G., Portland	Iowa 1846
Wigle, John L., Portland	Illinois 1838
Whitwell, Mrs. Susan Gill, Portland	Kentucky 1841
Winters, Mrs. P. A., Portland	Wisconsin 1839
Wishard, Mrs. Sarah F., Portland	Missouri 1848
Wiseman, J. W., Portland	Missouri 1845
Wolfe, Mrs. J. T., Portland	Iowa 1844
Wooden, R. M., Astoria	Kentucky 1837
Wooden, Mrs. R. M., Jewell	Ohio 1840
Woods, Mrs. Mary, Salem	Indiana 1836

Name and Address.	Place of Birth and Date.
Woodward, Mrs. Tyler, Portland	Delaware 1852
Worick, Mrs. M., Montavilla	Illinois 1841
Wright, Mrs. Elizabeth, Portland	Missouri 1843
Wright, W. T., Union	Illinois 1845
Yergen, Mrs. Elizabeth, Portland	Illinois 1833

1853.

Armsworthy, L., Wasco	North Carolina 1829
Armstrong, Mrs. M. J., Portland	Oregon 1853
Arnold, Mrs. F. B., Portland	Oregon 1853
Bailey, Mrs. B. A., Portland	Illinois 1836
Baker, L. H., Portland	Kentucky 1850
Baker, Mrs. M. A., Portland	Iowa 1834
Barlow, Miss Mary S., Portland	Oregon 1853
Bartlett, Mrs. L. B., Portland	Missouri 1851
Basey, Mrs. Martha A., St. Johns	Indiana 1850
Beck, Mrs. A. T., Portland	Ohio 1853
Bell, Mrs. J. G., Portland	Oregon 1853
Bills, Mrs. Ann E., Portland	Indiana 1829
Blackerly, Mrs. Margaret, Oak Grove	Kentucky 1846
Bode, Mrs. R. L., Portland	Iowa 1848
Bond, W. H., Gresham	Iowa 1841
Borthwick, Mrs. Alice C., Portland	Oregon 1853
Bowie, Mrs. Louisa E., Portland	Indiana 1837
Bradley, Mrs. Louisa G., Oregon City	Oregon 1853
Brown, Mrs. Mary, Vancouver, Wash	Oregon 1853
Bruce, D. C., Portland	Indiana 1834
Bryant, C. W., Portland	New York 1827
Buchtel, Mrs. Jos. L., Portland	Michigan 1837
Bunnell, C. B., Oak Grove	Ohio 1832
Campbell, Mrs. Elizabeth, Portland	Wisconsin 1849
Carey, Mrs. J. J., Lafayette	Indiana 1848
Cason, Mrs. H., Portland	Ohio 1827
Chase, Mrs. S. A., Oregon City	Illinois 1842
Cochran, Mrs. M. K., Portland	Missouri 1845
Cone, A. S., Aurora	Ohio 1837
Cordray, A. P., Arleta	Missouri 1849
Cornutt, A., Gresham	Virginia 1837
Cowles, Mrs. Hannah, Gaston	Oregon 1853
Cummings, A. S., Portland	Indiana 1835
Cummings, Mrs. Catherine, Portland	Connecticut 1828
Cummings, Mrs. W. H. H., Gresham	Indiana 1850
Curry, Norwood L., Portland	Oregon 1853
Daly, Mrs. Mary, Hillsboro	Illinois 1842
Daly, Mrs. P. M., Portland	Illinois 1839

Name and Address.	Place of Birth and Date.
Davis, Alfred, Beaverton	Indiana 1841
Deardorff, Mrs. G., Oakland	Ohio 1837
Deady, E. N., Portland	Oregon 1853
DeBord, G. W., Dilley	Indiana 1831
DeLin, Mrs. G., Portland	Germany 1840
Dodd, Charles Henry, Portland	New York 1838
Eckler, J. P., Portland	Illinois 1830
Elgin, Mrs. J. H., Salem	Tennessee 1840
Epperly, John, Portland	Virginia 1831
Failing, Jas. F., Portland	New York 1842
Fliedner, Wm., Portland	Germany 1832
Flinn, Mrs. Mary E., Portland	Ireland 1853
Gage, John C., Sherwood	Michigan 1834
Gardiner, Mrs. F. W., Portland	Oregon 1853
Gibbons, Mrs. C., Oregon City	Illinois 1830
Giese, A. W., Portland	Kentucky 1848
Gile, Mrs. M. J., Portland	Isle of Man 1843
Gillingham, Mrs. Eugenia, Salem	Missouri 1849
Going, Jas. W., Portland	Maryland 1833
Griswold, Mrs. J. F., Portland	Massachusetts 1840
Hamilton, Mrs. David, Fossil	Iowa 1842
Hamilton, Mrs. Victoria, Portland	1853
Harding, Mrs. Geo. A., Oregon City	Oregon 1853
Harlow, F. C., Milwaukie	Maine 1847
Harris, Mrs. Mary, Portland	Oregon 1853
Hart, Mrs. R. A., Portland	Indiana 1844
Himes, George H., Portland	Pennsylvania 1844
Himes, Judson W., Elma, Wash	Illinois 1850
Hogue, C. P., Portland	Illinois 1847
Holcomb, Mayne W., Portland	Oregon 1853
Holder, Mrs. F. A., Portland	Illinois 1846
Hudson, H. M., Kalama, Wash	Missouri 1833
Hunt, Mrs. George W., Portland	Illinois 1849
Hunter, O. E., Goble, Oregon	Indiana 1851
Hurlburt, Mrs. E. M., Oswego	Arkansas 1850
James, Mrs. Lilly A., Portland	Indiana 1851
Jamison, Mrs. Jane, Vancouver, Wash	Missouri 1836
Johns, Mrs. G. C., Portland	Ohio 1836
Johnson, Mrs. Jacob, Lents	Arkansas 1847
Johnson, Mrs. J. L., Woodburn	Missouri 1842
Johnson, Mrs. Josie DeVore, Portland	Illinois 1850
Johnson, Mrs. Mary E., Portland	Oregon 1843
Johnson, Mrs. North, Portland	Oregon 1853
Kays, Mrs. Angie, Salem	Oregon 1853

Name and Address.	Place of Birth and Date.
Knox, Mrs. Agnes E., Portland	Ohio 1835
Krape, Mrs. C. H., Portland	Oregon 1853
Lacy, W. C., Portland	Iowa 1849
LaRue, Mrs. L. W., Portland	Illinois 1853
Lewis, Mrs. T. Teresa, Holland	Missouri 1834
Mack, Mrs. Sarah Z., Sellwood	Illinois 1852
Marks, Mrs. Mary A., Dallas	Illinois 1842
Martin, B. R., Spokane, Wash	North Carolina 1826
Martin, J. B., Portland	Oregon 1853
Masiker, C. C., Hood River	Illinois 1852
Matlock, W. F., Pendleton	Missouri 1847
Matthews, A. H., Houlton	Illinois 1842
Megler, Mrs. M. A., Astoria	Indiana 1846
Miller, A. F., Sellwood. Portland	Indiana 1843
Miller, Mrs. A. F., Sellwood	Illinois 1844
Miller, Mrs. Annie S., Lents	Oregon Ter 1853
Miller, Mrs. Betsy, Portland	England 1833
Mitchell, D. I., Portland	Kentucky 1834
Moore, Mrs. Margaret, Portland	Maine 1824
Moreland, Mrs. J. C., Salem	Missouri 1848
Morton, Mrs. Eliza, Kalama	Indiana 1844
Morton, Mrs.	Ohio 1823
Morton, William	
Mosher, Mrs. L. F., Portland	Indiana 1840
Mossman, Isaac V., Oakland, Cal	Indiana 1830
Mulkey, T. B., University Park	Missouri 1837
Murphy, Mrs. J. J., Portland	Kentucky 1841
McClure, Mrs. E. E., Portland	
McDaniel, Julia F., Portland	Oregon 1853
McDuffy, Mrs. Susan, Portland	Ohio 1826
McGeorge, Mrs.	
McKennan, John, Portland	Massachusetts 1850
Naught, F. M., Oregon City	Illinois 1838
Nickum, A. J., Sellwood	Indiana 1828
Niles, Mrs. Anna, Portland	Oregon 1853
Pearcy, Mrs. F. A., Portland	Iowa 1848
Perkins, Ellen, Yamhill	Missouri 1850
Pierce, George J., Salem	Oregon 1853
Pittock, H. L., Portland	Pennsylvania 1837
Pope, S. L., Portland	Massachusetts 1837
Pope, W. H., Portland	Massachusetts 1839
Porter, Mrs. E., Portland	Iowa 1853
Powers, Mrs. Mary, Albany	Illinois 1838
Powers, Mrs. M. B., Lents	Indiana .....
Pratt, Mrs. S. C., Portland	Ohio 1849

Name and Address.	Place of Birth and Date.
Price, Mrs. C. E., Hood River	New York....1830
Prince, Mrs. Mary F., Portland	Oregon 1853
Reeder, J. L., Portland	Indiana 1851
Rhoades, Mrs. Sarah, Dayton	New York....1831
Richey, Mrs. Caroline C., Portland	Illinois 1848
Riggs, Cass, Rickreall	Illinois 1848
Riggs, Pierce, Rickreall	Illinois 1852
Robeson, David, Molalla	Ohio 1831
Roberts, Mrs. A., Vancouver, Wash	Illinois 1850
Robison, G. C., North Yamhill	Illinois 1837
Rohr, Mrs. Mary, Portland	Indiana 1841
Royal, Mrs. C. F., Salem	Indiana 1843
Royal, Rev. T. F., Montavilla	Ohio 1821
Samson, J. C., Oregon City	Pennsylvania 1852
Schuele, Mrs. Josephine, Vancouver, Wn.	Massachusetts 1853
Scofield, Mrs. B. F., Portland	Washington 1853
Sewall, W. R., Portland	New York 1837
Sharp, Mrs. J. R., Portland	Oregon 1853
Shear, Mrs. S. R., Portland	Oregon 1853
Skidmore, J. N., South Bend, Wash	Kentucky 1832
Skidmore, Mrs. J. N., South Bend, Wn.	Kentucky 1840
Smith, Mrs. Lizzie Wyatt, Salem	Illinois 1850
Smith, W. K., Portland	Pennsylvania 1826
Snipes, George R., The Dalles	North Carolina....1832
Spencer, Mrs. Sevilla, La Center, Wash.	Missouri 1851
Stabler, Mrs. H., Seattle	Indiana 1844
Starr, Mrs. A. E., University Park	Oregon 1853
Stennett, R., St. Johns	Oregon 1853
Stevenson, J. W., Cape Horn, Wash	Illinois 1835
Strong, T. N., Portland	Washington 1853
Talbot, Miss Ella, Portland	Oregon 1853
Tate, Mrs. E. J., Portland	Indiana 1827
Taylor, G. W. N., Aurora	Ohio 1828
Taylor, Miss Nellie, Salem	Wisconsin 1844
Taylor, Douglas W., Portland	Iowa 1851
Tibbetts, O. A., Portland	Oregon 1853
Timmens, Mrs. John H., Ilwaco, Wash.	Illinois 1844
Titus, Mrs. E., La Center, Wash	Missouri 1842
Tout, Mrs. Ellen, Portland	Iowa 1847
Tower, Mrs. Ellen, University Park	Ohio 1834
Townsend, Mrs. A. M., Salem	Pennsylvania 1848
Trevett, Mrs. M. W., Portland	Virginia 1847
Tucker, Mrs. Annie M., Portland	Indiana 1831
Van Vleet, Louis, Portland	New York 1826

Name and Address.	Place of Birth and Date.
Wade, Mrs. R. M., Portland	Missouri 1853
Warinner, Mrs. Emily, Portland	Indiana 1826
Warren, Mrs. Frank M.	Oregon 1852
Warriner, R. C., Portland	Missouri 1852
Watts, Mrs. M. E., Reuben	Iowa 1852
Webb, Mrs. Eliza J., Walla Walla, Wn.	Missouri 1843
Weed, W. H., Portland	Ohio 1836
Willetts, Mrs. D. J., Portland	Indiana 1842
Williams, George H., Portland	New York 1823
Wills, Mrs. R. A., Portland	Illinois 1838
Wintzingerode, C. V., Portland	Germany 1827
Wiseman, Mrs. J. W., Portland	Iowa 1852
Wolverton, B., Portland	Oregon 1853
Woodruff, Mrs. W. H., Portland	Oregon 1833

1854.

Baker, Mrs. L. H., Portland	Oregon 1854
Ball, Mrs. H. F., Portland	Oregon 1854
Barrell, W. C., Portland	Oregon 1854
Barrett, Mrs. E. J., Hillsboro	Missouri 1833
Bateman, Mrs. Isabella, Vancouver, Wn.	Washington 1854
Bell, Mrs. S. E., Portland	Kentucky 1830
Bingham, Mrs. Kate, Boston, Mass.	Washington, D. C. 1852
Blanchard, Dean, Rainier	Maine 1832
Bonser, Mrs. M., Portland	Washington 1854
Boyd, Mrs. W. H., Portland	Oregon 1854
Branham, Mrs. J. C., Portland	Michigan 1849
Chambers, Mrs. W. N., Portland	Oregon 1854
Coe, H. C., Portland	New York 1844
Coleman, W. T., Portland	Oregon 1854
Cook, J. W., Portland	New Jersey 1833
Cook, V., Portland	Illinois 1841
Copley, Mrs. Jessie L., Portland	Canada 1845
Cornell, Mrs. Frances, Salem	Oregon 1854
Cleaver, Mrs., Portland	Oregon 1854
Crandall, Mrs. Lulu D., The Dalles	Oregon 1854
Croasman, Mrs. L. M., Portland	Oregon 1854
Dickinson, Charles T., Oswego	Oregon 1854
Dillon, Mrs. W. F., Portland	Wales 1849
Dix, Mrs. Seatla, Portland	On Plains 1854
Donahue, Mrs. M., Orient	Oregon 1854
Fusch, Mrs. Elizabeth, Portland	1854
Frakes, Mrs. R. J., Scappoose	Oregon 1854
Freeman, Mrs. B. M., Portland	Ireland 1854

Name and Address.	Place of Birth and Date.
Henderson, Mrs. M. B., Portland	Vermont 1835
Henkle, John A., Portland	Oregon 1854
Hentschel, —., Portland	Germany 1823
Horning, Jas. R., Sherwood	Oregon 1854
Huntington, Miss, Portland	Washington 1854
Jackson, Mrs. Hattie, Portland	Northwest 1848
Jones, Mrs. J. P., Portland	Oregon 1854
Johnson, Mrs. H. B., Lents	Ohio 1852
Kelly, Mrs. Mary E., Portland	Oregon 1854
Ladd, Mrs. W. S., Portland	Oregon 1854
Leezer, Mrs. Loretta, Portland	Kentucky 1837
Lent, Mrs. M. B., Molalla	1841
Lloyd, Mrs. Lois, Waitsburg	1854
Martin, Mrs. Cluna, Oregon City	Oregon 1836
Middleton, Mrs. Rebecca A., Portland	New Jersey 1854
Milem, Mrs. P. A., Lents	Oregon 1854
Miller,, Robert A., Portland	Oregon 1854
Morgan, Mrs. E. E.	1846
Morris, Mrs. E. J., Portland	New York 1835
McCarver, Mrs. Mary E., Oregon City	Ohio 1854
McGrew, Mrs. E. L., Lents	Oregon 1854
McKernan, Mrs. John, Portland	Oregon 1834
McMickey, John, Vancouver, Wash	Illinois 1824
Packard, Mrs. M. L., Portland	Vermont 1854
Pennoyer, Mrs. S., Portland	Oregon 1854
Pierce, Mrs. Viola, Carlton	Ohio 1854
Plimpton, W. W., Portland	Oregon 1847
Powers, Mrs. A. W., Portland	1854
Proebstel, J. C., Portland	New York 1836
Reynolds, Mrs. Maggie F., Portland	Oregon 1838
Riggs, Miss Emma, Portland	Illinois 1850
Rinehart, J. H., Summerville	E. Tennessee 1854
Roberts, Mrs. N. A., Portland	Ohio 1824
Royal, Mrs. Emma J. C., Mt. Tabor	1854
Scheurer, W. R., Butteville	New York 1858
Smith, James, Montesano, Wash	Virginia 1854
Smith, Mrs. M., Portland	Oregon 1854
Smith, W. H., Portland	Oregon 1854
Spaulding, Mrs. Marian, Portland	Oregon 1854
Stratton, Mrs. S., Portland	Oregon 1842
Tamisini, Mrs. A. Moore, Portland	Kentucky
Thomas, Mrs. E. T. B., Molalla	

Name and Address.	Place of Birth and Date.
Thompson, Mrs. Sarah, Portland	New Brunswick...1827
Tilford, Mrs. Sarah M., Portland	Indiana 1833
Van Horn, Mrs. F. C., Portland	Oregon 1854
Wakefield, D. W., Portland	Vermont 1836
Winne, Mrs. M. A., Milwaukie	Illinois 1853
Woodruff, W. H., Portland	Oregon 1854

1855.

Barrett, W. N., Hillsboro	Oregon 1855
Bettman, Mrs. B., Portland	Germany 1835
Bettman, L., Portland	Bavaria 1835
Breyman, Mrs. E. A., South Mt. Tabor	Oregon 1855
Coffin, Mrs. S., Portland	Oregon 1855
Cornell, Mrs. Frances, Salem	Oregon 1855
Dorris, George B., Eugene	Tennessee 1832
Douthit, Mrs. Margaret, Troutdale	Missouri 1846
Drew, Mrs. Mary E., Portland	Washington 1855
Duback, Mrs. Dorothea, Portland	Germany 1839
Elwert, Miss Carrie M., Portland	Oregon 1855
Failing, Mrs. Jane Conner, Portland	Oregon 1855
Fanno, A. J., Portland	Oregon 1855
Fulton, David, Wasco	Oregon 1855
Fulton, Mrs. G., Wasco	Oregon 1855
Gratton, George G., St. Johns	Oregon 1855
Gribble, Mrs. Mary E., Aurora	Oregon 1855
Hines, Mrs. Celinda M., University Pk	Oregon 1837
Hodgkin, Mrs. F. E., Vancouver, Wash	Oregon 1855
Imbrie, Mrs. J. A., Hillsboro	Oregon 1855
Jolly, Mrs. Wm. B., Portland	Oregon 1855
Kelly, Dr. R., Portland	Oregon 1855
Kulper, H., Dayton	Germany 1836
Kuykendall, —., North Yamhill	Oregon 1855
Ladd, Wm. M., Portland	Oregon 1855
Leavens, Mrs. C., Portland	1855
Lewis, John M., Portland	Oregon 1855
Levens, Mrs. A. C., Portland	Oregon 1855
Linn, Mrs. B. F., Oregon City	Texas 1853
Mann, Mrs. P. J., Portland	Indiana 1842
Merrill, Mrs. Elizabeth H	Oregon 1855
Moore, Mrs. E., Portland	Oregon 1855
Moores, A. N., Salem	Oregon 1855

Name and Address.	Place of Birth and Date.
Peaslee, Mrs. E. A., Salem	Oregon 1855
Richardson, A J., Buena Vista	Maine 1834
Riggs, Mrs Case, Rickreall	Oregon 1855
Riggs, Mrs. S. M., Portland	Oregon 1855
Roberts, Mrs. Mary E., Portland	Oregon 1855
Sears, H. A., Portland	Vermont 1847
Schofield, James, Portland	Ireland 1825
Scott, Mrs. Clara L., Portland	Oregon 1855
Simmons, Mrs. J. S., Vesper	Oregon 1855
Stearns, J. O., Portland	Oregon 1855
Stott, Samuel R., Portland	Oregon 1855
Van Sant, Mrs. E. Dunn, Ashland	Oregon 1855
Thompson, Mrs. A. E., Sherwood	Oregon 1855
Warriner, Mrs. Laura K., Portland	Oregon 1855
Williams, Robert, Vancouver, Wash	Wales 1834
Wing, Mrs Mary J., Portland	Oregon 1855

1856.

Caufield, Mrs. Mary R., Oregon City	1856
Cornelius, Dr. C. W., Portland	Oregon 1856
Cremen, Mrs. Mary, Portland	New Brunswick...1838
Curry, Mrs. Lucy L., Portland	Oregon 1856
Curry, Mrs W. L., Portland	Oregon 1856
Denny, B. K., Beaverton	Oregon 1856
Dunlway, W. S., Portland	Oregon 1856
Edmunds, Mrs. Mary M	Oregon 1856
Gesner, Mrs. Alonzo, Salem	Oregon 1856
Gray, Mrs. D B., Portland	Indiana 1845
Hellenbrand, Mrs. L. M., Tillamook	Oregon 1856
Henbree, Mrs I. M., Portland	Oregon 1856
Henninger, Mrs Hattie M., Oswego	Oregon 1856
Holland, Mrs Viola, Portland	Oregon 1856
Hulin, C S, Newberg	Oregon 1856
Jackson, John A, Portland	Oregon 1856
Kelly, Mrs S G, Portland	Oregon 1856
Kennedy, Mrs Mary, Woodburn	Oregon 1856
Macbeth, Mrs Josie Imbrie, Portland	Oregon 1856
Maxwell, Mrs., Orient	Connecticut 1847
Meldrum, Mrs Henry, Oregon City	Oregon 1856
Moore, Mrs J, Portland	Oregon 1856
McCloss, Mrs Alice, Portland	Oregon 1856

Name and Address.	Place of Birth and Date.
Nesmith, J. B., Rickreall	Oregon 1856
Oleson, Mrs. Mary, Portland	Oregon 1856
Perkins, Dan H., Montavilla	Colorado 1855
Rees, T. H., Portland	Oregon 1856
Riggs, Seth, Portland	Oregon 1856
Roberts, Mrs. J. F., Gresham	Oregon 1856
Sellwood, J. A., Salem	Illinois 1843
Sellwood, T. R. A., Milwaukie	Illinois 1844
Scott, Mrs. B. O., Portland	Oregon 1856
Stott, Mrs. Emma, Walla Walla, Wash.	Oregon 1856
Stowell, J. A., Portland	Indiana 1836
Turner, W. B., McMinnville	Oregon 1856
Wolverton, Mrs. M. A., Portland	Oregon 1856
Wooddy, C. A.	Oregon 1856

1857.

Barger, Mrs. Maggie, Portland	Oregon 1857
Barnard, J. L., Portland	Massachusetts 1836
Baum, Mrs. Marianna, Portland	Germany 1838
Burton, Mrs. Arsinoe, Portland	Oregon 1857
Christensen, Mrs. C., Portland	Oregon 1857
Clarke, Wm. J., Gervais	Oregon 1857
Cornelius, Miss T. F., Portland	Oregon 1857
Cooper, D. J., The Dalles	Tennessee 1836
D'Arcy, P. H., Salem	New York 1854
Fulton, Mrs. N. M., Portland	California 1857
Gage, Mrs. Phoebe, Portland	Oregon 1857
Gillihan, Ed., Catlin, Wash	Oregon 1857
Hanson, F. W., Portland	Oregon 1857
Haney, Mrs. Mary, Lafayette	Oregon 1857
Harding, George A., Oregon City	Australia 1843
Hays, Mrs. Elizabeth, Portland	 1847
Henkle, Mrs. M. E., Portland	Oregon 1857
Jones, Mrs. E., McMinnville	England 1836
Kelty, George L., McCoy	Oregon 1857
Kenady, Mrs. Carrie, Woodburn	Oregon 1857
Ladd, Chas. E., Portland	Oregon 1857
Larsen, Martha A., Portland	Oregon 1857
Livingston, Chas. E., Portland	Oregon 1857
Lockwood, S. F., Vancouver, Wash.	Oregon 1854
Lucas, Mrs. J. P., Cascade Locks	Oregon 1857

[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Name and Address.	Place of Birth and Date.
Hamilton, Mrs. Eva, Portland	Oregon 1858
Harvey, Mrs. S. C., Portland	Oregon 1858
Haven, Mrs. Clara, Vancouver, Wash.	Washington 1858
Henshaw, D., Portland	Ohio 1838
Himes, Mrs. Anna F., Portland	Connecticut 1849
Hutton, Mrs. Sarah B., Portland	Oregon 1858
Jeffries, S. T., Portland	Oregon 1858
Johnson, G. E., Portland	Oregon 1858
Johnson, Mrs. Mary, Portland	Oregon 1858
Jones, Mrs. S. F., Portland	Massachusetts 1839
Kennedy, Mrs. Sarah, Woodburn	Oregon 1858
Kraemer, J., Portland	Germany 1837
Laughlin, B. H., Forest Grove	Oregon 1858
Lord, W., The Dalles	Maine 1832
Luser, Mrs. E. A., Vancouver, Wash.	Oregon 1858
Mitchell, McKinley, Portland	Oregon 1858
Moore, Mrs. F. M., Montavilla	Oregon 1858
Moores, Mrs. Cora L. Salem	Oregon 1858
McCarver, Mrs. Della, Portland	Oregon 1858
McDaniel, A. J., Rickreall	Oregon 1858
McDonald, Mrs. Anna, Newberg	Oregon 1858
McGregor, Mrs. Minnie, Portland	Oregon 1858
McHayne, Mrs. Ella, Sellwood	Oregon 1858
Remington, A. J., Portland	Massachusetts 1832
Risley, C. W., Milwaukie	Oregon 1858
Prosch, Thos. W.	New York 1858
Spooner, T. J., Jennings Lodge	Kentucky 1836

1859.

Adair, Miss F. C., Portland	Oregon 1859
Beach, Mrs. J. S., Portland	Oregon 1859
Brown, Mrs. A. B., Langell Valley	Oregon 1859
Brown, Mrs. A. M., Portland	Oregon 1859
Carey, Mrs. H. E., Lafayette	Missouri 1857
Church, R. G., Portland	Oregon 1859
Cummings, Mrs. Emma, Heppner	Oregon 1859
Cummings, G. W., Portland	Indiana 1842
D'Arcy, Miss Maria F., Salem	Oregon 1859
Davenport, Mrs. L. E., Portland	Oregon 1859
Davidson, L. M., Oswego	Indiana 1844
Dittmer, Mrs. Laura, Portland	Oregon 1859
Drake, Mrs. E. M., Portland	Oregon 1859
Dyers, Mrs. Thurza Anne, Portland	Oregon 1859

[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]31
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]33
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]35
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]35
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]35
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]35
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]38
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]35
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]34
[illegible]	[illegible]	1359
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]35
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]39
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]34
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]34
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]35
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]35
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]35
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]35

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1900.

1838	1	1850	63
1839	4	1851	48
1840	2	1852	220
1841	1	1853	103
1842	2	1854	38
1843	13	1855	24
1844	24	1856	12
1845	38	1857	21
1846	37	1858	15
1847	85	1859	14
1848	29		
1849	29	Total	823

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1901.

1824	1	1850	76
1838	1	1851	67
1839	3	1852	243
1840	2	1853	121
1841	3	1854	42
1842	2	1855	23
1843	19	1856	12
1844	21	1857	22
1845	55	1858	14
1846	32	1859	17
1847	96		
1848	31	Total	936
1849	36		

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1902.

1838	1	1850	70
1839	2	1851	46
1840	4	1852	260
1841	3	1853	109
1842	2	1854	48
1843	15	1855	22
1844	21	1856	16
1845	54	1857	19
1846	36	1858	16
1847	72	1859	21
1848	38		
1849	33	Total	908

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1906.

1837	2	1850	82
1838	1	1851	77
1839	2	1852	308
1840	2	1853	159
1841	4	1854	71
1842	2	1855	40
1843	19	1856	36
1844	25	1857	25
1845	69	1858	40
1846	34	1859	35
1847	108		
1848	39	Total	1219
1849	39		

(No computation of attendance made in 1907.)

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1908.

1837	2	1850	86
1838	1	1851	74
1839	2	1852	340
1840	3	1853	194
1841	3	1854	76
1842	2	1855	50
1843	23	1856	41
1844	31	1857	46
1845	78	1858	44
1846	43	1859	57
1847	102		
1848	41	Total	1388
1849	49		

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1909.

1837	2	1850	71
1838	1	1851	58
1839	2	1852	345
1840	1	1853	185
1841	4	1854	78
1842	3	1855	48
1843	19	1856	37
1844	25	1857	50
1845	62	1858	40
1846	36	1859	56
1847	90		
1848	30	Total	1288
1849	45		

ANNUAL ADDRESS.

By P. H. D'Arcy, 1857, Salem.

We have met today in the City of Portland, the metropolis of the State of Oregon, to commemorate the signing of the agreement between England and the United States, of the long disputed boundary line, celebrate the golden jubilee of our admission into the Union, and offer our tribute of respect and gratitude to the men and women who came to Oregon in the pioneer days.

This is the 37th annual reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association, and I desire to congratulate the pioneers of Oregon, their children and friends, upon the large attendance at this time, notwithstanding the years are slipping away and the persons coming to Oregon in the pioneer period are becoming older each year. It is a pleasure to note the interest manifested by the pioneers in these meetings, and their desire to perpetuate the memory of those, through whose efforts the "Oregon Country" was secured to the United States. On the 15th of June, 1846, the agreement heretofore referred to was signed by England and America, when the right of our people to the country as far north as the 49th parallel of north latitude was acknowledged as our land. This dispute over the boundary line had lasted for 54 years, and it was a matter of rejoicing when this dispute was settled, and the magnificent domain known as the "Oregon Country" became American territory. It was a land worth fighting for, especially when we were in the right concerning our claims to it.

We are fortunate that England and the United States selected the 15th of June as the time for signing up the agreement settling the disputed boundary question. This is an auspicious time of the year to hold our annual reunion of the pioneers of Oregon. Smiling Spring and Summer have been profuse in their favors. Fruits, flowers and garlands of roses are in abundance, and Oregon is in her prettiest garb. How often have I stood on one of the high hills south of Salem and looked upon the Polk County hills, faultless in symmetry and with everlasting beauty, and the beautiful surroundings visible to the eye. From this point of vantage you will notice a wealth of scenery that cannot be surpassed. The Polk County hills with their emerald hue, the Waldo hills with their

fertile fields and pleasant homes, the scenery of our snow-capped mountains—Hood, Jefferson, the Three Sisters, Mount St. Helens in the distance and the lovely Willamette Valley, extending from the Cascade Range of mountains, form a picture that it is difficult to put upon canvas. What has been said of the vicinity of Salem can also be truly said of Portland and surroundings, and other portions of Oregon. Our sparkling rivulets, purling streams and wooded dells are fuller of inspiration than the famous Vale of Cashmere which thrilled the soul of the poet with those delightful flights of fancy in which the human mind indulges when prompted to do so by the charming conceptions of nature.

The delightful June days! How perfect they are: What choice and entertaining fancies they bring to the mind. To see a golden-tinted sunset at the close of a long Summer day in Oregon is one of the most beautiful sights that it is possible for a person to witness.

* * *

This year is the golden jubilee of our admission as a State into the Union, and it is peculiarly gratifying to celebrate this event as well as the signing of the treaty of the 15th of June, 1846. On February 14, 1859, the States of the Union opened their queenly circle, and Oregon was admitted to the bright constellation of States owing their allegiance to the best and grandest government that has ever existed in the "tides of time." Since 1859, Portland, which had then a population of 2874 people, has grown to be a magnificent city of over 200,000 people, with imposing buildings, merchant princes, trade and commerce that attract the attention of the whole Nation, as well as of European countries. Great and prosperous city! How all Oregon should rejoice in your development and progress. Portland is destined to be the wealthiest and most populous city on the Pacific Coast.

I cannot claim any credit for being a pioneer. I was brought here by my parents in my babyhood days in 1857, and have been a resident of Oregon ever since. Resided two years in Portland, and the remainder of the time in Salem. Cannot claim the title of one of the home builders, like those who came in the '30s, '40s and the early '50s. My birth place was Brooklyn, N. Y., but I am proud of Oregon, its growth and development since the pioneer days.

The immigration of the pioneers to the "Oregon Country" is one of the most romantic and thrilling that the history of the world furnishes. "Sewall Truax," the pen name of a gentleman of Oregon who has a good deal of literary taste, as well as being gifted with poetical genius, in his delightful poem, "The March of the Oregon Pioneers," opens the same with these beautiful thoughts:

Tell us again the story of the West—
The story of the few that dared to lift
Their eyes toward that unknown, mystic land
That seemed to lie beyond the setting sun,
And, with a sturdy courage, blazed the way
With unmarked graves, with blood, and sweat, and tears,
That we, their children, might possess in peace
This rich domain, our priceless heritage.

* * *

In reading the history of the world, I have been greatly impressed with the migrations westward. The exodus of the Israelites from Egypt to the land of promise, the eruption of the hordes of the north, the Goths, the Huns and the Vandals, who overran the Roman Empire, the invasion of England by the Normans, the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth Rock, the settlement of Virginia and Maryland and what was known as the Western Reserve—Kentucky, Mississippi, Missouri—and what was particularly denominated the Southern States, the migration to the Pacific Coast from the Atlantic seaboard, and from the valleys of the Ohio, Mississippi and Missouri rivers, form some of the great epochs in the world's history. In the migration to Oregon and the Northwest there is a romance of enterprise, endeavor, patriotism, adventure and ambition illustrating the genius and pluck of the American people.

Those who came to Oregon as pioneers were composed of every class of people, almost all nationalities and religious beliefs. They came from what was known at that time as the Eastern, Middle Western and Southern States; from Virginia and Maryland; from the Alleghenies, from the blue and green hills and vales of Kentucky and Tennessee. The history of the world does not furnish anything to equal the dangers, uncertainties and toil which surrounded the early pioneers to this country, except the landing

of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth Rock, and those who settled in the pathless wilds of what was in early days termed the Eastern, Middle, Western and Southern States of this continent. The migration of the Israelites from Egypt to the land of Canaan was not like the early immigration to this country. They traveled but one-tenth of the distance the pioneers did. It took 40 years to travel the distance. Thy were undergoing a pilgrimage in order that they might be capable of self-government at the end of their journey. It was a state of evolution with them. Our pioneers were capable of self-government, intelligent, self-reliant men. Had all the characteristics and qualifications of men capable of forming the best kind of a government. The Israelites were composed of 3,000,000 people with a body guard of 600,000 to furnish protection against whomsoever might attack them.

* * *

The migration of the Goths, the Vandals and the Huns, the invasion of England by the Normans were of a different character from that of the settlement of this country. The Normans, it is true, brought civilization, such as it was, to England, and Norman blood and customs had a beneficent effect upon the English people. With the exception of the Normans, these people were rude and uncultured barbarians. They were all warlike and fierce races, who carried everything before them by the prowess of their arms.

Such was not the case with our pioneers. While they were ready, willing and able to defend themselves, and families, they were actuated by a spirit of peace. They came to this country for the purpose of reclaiming it and building homes. Descended from hardy and sturdy races, they had all the elements that make a good and strong government. They left their homes and cherished associations of childhood. They exchanged the happy fireside and comforts to which they had been accustomed, to meet the dangers and perils of the wilderness. They were animated by the same spirit which prompted the Pilgrim Fathers to land upon the inhospitable shores of the Atlantic Ocean, the cavaliers in Virginia, the Burghers in New Amsterdam, the Quakers in Pennsylvania, the Catholics in Maryland, the Huguenots in South Carolina. Nothing is truer than

[illegible]

We of the younger generation of pioneers can never fully appreciate the trials of those who met in their endeavors to independence. Pioneers are inured to trials with the arms and the means of conveyance and were primarily to undergo the hardships [illegible] Oregon Country in the pioneer days.

[illegible] I think it never truly to relate to the [illegible] Oregon Country in the pioneer days. [illegible] many [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

president of our Association, has given due credit to him in his excellent biography of Dr. McLoughlin. The legislatures of Washington, Idaho, Montana and Oregon should make an appropriation to erect a suitable monument to commemorate his many virtues. This monument should be built at the public expense and not by individuals. The movement made recently to save the old dwelling house at Oregon City, which formerly belonged to Dr. McLoughlin and in which he resided in pioneer days, has met with a hearty response from the people of this State, but a monument of suitable character should be erected at the expense of the four States above referred to. Dr. McLoughlin, "After a sorrowful experience of man's ingratitude to man, died an honored American citizen on September 3, 1857, at Oregon City, Ore., at the age of 73 years."

* * *

The claim on the part of the United States to the "Oregon Country" was based on, first, our claim by right of discovery; second, early settlements in the Oregon Country; third, the Louisiana purchase (contiguous territory); fourth, the Spanish treaty of 1819.

The discovery of the mouth of the Columbia River by Captain Robert Gray on the 11th day of May, 1792, was one of the real and just bases of our claim to the "Oregon Country." It was explored from its head to the mouth of this river by Lewis and Clark in 1805. A settlement by Americans was begun at Oak Point in 1809, a fur trading fort was built by Americans on Snake River in 1810, and Astoria was founded by John Jacob Astor in 1811; was captured by the English in 1813 and restored to the United States in 1818, thereby acknowledging the right of this country to this territory. By agreement between England and America, the 49th parallel as far west as the Rocky Mountains became the border line. It was claimed by reason of the Louisiana purchase (1803) that the contiguous territory belonged to the United States, and in the treaty with Spain in 1819 we became the owners of the "Oregon Country," particularly when Spain was afterwards limited on the north to 54 degrees and 40 minutes.

From 1818 to 1828 by treaty the United States and England occupied the "Oregon Country" by what was known as "joint occu-

tection from beasts of prey such as bears, panthers, wolves, etc. At the meeting on the first Monday in March the committee reported, and measures were taken for concerted action in the destruction of wild and destructive animals, and following this action a committee of 12 was appointed to "consider measures for the civil and military protection of this colony." The question of allegiance to the United States or England came up in this meeting, but its discussion was stayed for the time being until the report of the committee of 12 should be submitted to the meeting to be held on the 2d of May, 1843. At the meeting on the first Monday of March Dr. I. L. Babcock, Dr. Elijah White, James A. O'Neil, Dr. Robert Newell, Robert Shortess, Etienne Lucier, Joseph A. Gervais, T. J. Hubbard, William McRoy, George Gay, Sidney W. Smith and W. H. Gray were appointed to report on the 2d day of May, 1843, at Champoeg, which was one of the thriving and most important points of the "Willamette Settlement" of that day. On the 2d of May the committee of 12 reported in favor of a provisional government, and the organization of the people so that they would be governed by the laws of the United States, and that this provisional government should owe its allegiance to this Nation.

* * *

On the 2d day of May the settlers met in mass meeting, as had been agreed upon. The committee, among other things, reported in favor of a permanent civil and political organization to be in force until the United States should establish a territorial government. The meeting was composed of about an equal number of Americans and persons owing their allegiance to England. George W. LeBreton, who was secretary of the meeting, and a close and discriminating observer, after considerable discussion of the report, thought the Americans were in the majority and stated: "We can risk it. Let us divide and count." Then W. H. Gray seconded the motion or suggestion on the part of LeBreton. It was then that Joseph L. Meek, the famous mountaineer, trapper and hunter, cried out in a loud and ringing voice: "Who's for a divide?" and added: "All for the report of the committee and an organization follow me." Upon a count of the persons present it was found that 52 of them voted in favor of the report and 50 in opposition. Thus was organized the first American government west of the

Rocky Mountains, and in consequence thereof the whole "Oregon Country," consisting of the States of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and parts of Montana and Wyoming, were saved to the United States, and each one of them has been added to the bright constellation of stars which compose our glorious banner and signifies that they have become a part of our great country, owing allegiance to this republic and proud of its development and growth.

The names of the 52 who voted for the organization of the provisional government are as follows: Dr. Ira L. Babcock, Dr. W. H. Willson, G. W. LeBreton, W. H. Gray, Joseph L. Meek, David Hill, Robert Shortess, Dr. Robert Newell, Reuben Lewis, Amos Cook, Caleb Wilkins, Hugh Burns, Francis Fletcher, Sidney Smith, Alanson Beers, T. J. Hubbard, James O'Neil, Robert Moore, W. P. Doughty, L. H. Judson, A. T. Smith, J. C. Bridges, Rev. Gustavus Hines, Rev. David Leslie, John Howard, William McCarty, Charles McKay, Rev. J. S. Griffin, George Gay, George W. Ebberts, Rev. J. L. Parrish, Rev. Harvey Clarke, Charles Campo, Dr. W. J. Bailey, Allen Davie, Joseph Holman, John (Edmunds) Pickernel, Joseph Gale, Russell Osborn, David Weston, William Johnson, Webley Hauxhurst, William Cannon, Medorem Crawford, John L. Morrison, P. M. Armstrong, Calvin Tibbetts, J. R. Robb, Solomon Smith, A. E. Wilson, F. X. Matthieu, Etienne Lucier.

I want to say that this list of names was prepared by Mr. George H. Himes, secretary of the Oregon Pioneer Association, with the assistance of our honored and revered friend, Hon. F. X. Matthieu.

* * *

The adoption of the provisional government by the pioneers of the "Oregon Country" on May 2, 1843, forms an important event in the history of the pioneer days. To commemorate this great event, a miserable and insignificant monument has been erected at Champoeg, the names on which are scarcely discernible, and can hardly be read. Shame on this great State that it has not made suitable provision to perpetuate the memory of this important matter in a more lasting and permanent manner. The act which was passed by the Legislature of Oregon at its session in 1907, appro-

priating $2,500 to build an auditorium at Champoeg to protect the people from the inclement weather when the anniversary of this event was being commemorated, was vetoed by the Governor of our State, and at the last session of the Legislature a thoughtless young member (whose name should be known and handed down to posterity), who probably never heard of this meeting to form a provisional government, and had no sympathy or interest in the pioneers, made a motion that the consideration of the whole matter be indefinitely postponed. With almost a unanimous vote this motion carried, and the only member of the House of Representatives to make a speech or lift his voice against this motion was Representative L. D. Mahone, of Portland. I believe that, instead of passing so many acts to create new commissions and additional offices at extravagant salaries to give political favorites places, a few dollars should have been appropriated in the interests of the pioneers of this State, through whose efforts the "Oregon Country" was secured to our people. A person who knew anything about the early struggles of the pioneers to secure the "Oregon Country," or had any sympathy with the pioneer men and women, would never have vetoed this act.

One of those who took part in this great meeting is with us today in the person of Hon. F. X. Matthieu. He is the sole survivor of this important event. Francis Xavier Matthieu is a native of Terrebonne, near Montreal, Canada, where he was born on April 2, 1818. He was 91 years of age on the 2d of last April. He was one of the patriots who took part in the Papineau rebellion to secure the equal rights of the Canadian people. He escaped to the United States and became a citizen of this great country. Mr. Matthieu, prior to coming to Oregon, had spent the previous winter with a party of trappers in the Black Hills. In 1842 he set out on his long journey for Oregon, where he arrived in the fall of that year, and settled in the vicinity of Butteville, Marion County, a fertile section of our great state. The priciples of liberty implanted in his soul, and by reason of his connection with the Papineau rebellion, impelled him to stand by the Americans in their struggle for self-government in the "Oregon Country," and when Joseph L. Meek, on that memorable May day, requested those in favor of a divide to follow him, our venerable friend Matthieu

was found among the 52 persons who cast their lot and their all in favor of the United States. Grand old man! I salute you with all the fervor and feeling which I possess! I rejoice today that you were patriotic enough to lend your assistance in securing the "Oregon Country" to our people. I hope and trust you may live many years, and that you may retain your faculties so that you can enjoy the annual celebration of one of the most important events in your life. All honor to you! I speak as one imbued with all the reverence it is possible to entertain for a patriot who has nobly done his duty by his adopted country. Your life and your example of patriotism will inspire those of a younger generation so to live that our countrymen may say of us that we have performed our trust of American citizenship in a manner to commend our conduct to all right-thinking men and women. As Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the sole survivor for many years of the signers of the immortal Declaration of Independence, was regarded by the people of the East, where he lived, so we entertain the highest feeling for our distinguished fellow citizen, F. X. Matthieu. As he sits here today, what thoughts must occur to him as he casts his mind back to the second day of May, 1843. He is the only one left of that notable assembly which formed a government for the people of that time that will go down in history as one of the most important events that has been the fortune of man to participate in. Not a comrade or associate of that day left. Let us rejoice that he has been able to witness the development and progress of the country which he contributed so much to secure as American territory. The men who participated in this May meeting in 1843 did not fully realize what it meant to the United States. Mr. Matthieu, I am more than pleased that you have been permitted to witness the wonderful triumphs of our country in every section of it, and particularly the great State of Oregon. I wish I were able to speak of your great service to this State and Nation in the way that it deserves.

* * *

This meeting held in May, 1843, appointed a committee to draw up a constitution to be submitted to the people at Champoeg July 5, 1843. On July 5 the people again assembled. The civil officers elected at the May meeting were sworn in,

I shall not weary you with a recital of the different officers who occupied places of trust under the provisional government. It is sufficient to say that the provisional government lasted from May 2, 1843, until August 14, 1848, when the territorial government was extended over the people. From August 14, 1848, to February 14, 1859, Oregon remained a territory, at which latter date it was admitted into the Union as a State. The organization of the provisional government in 1843, in my opinion, gave additional impetus to the friends of the "Oregon Country," who were desirous of securing it to the United States, and also by reason thereof the United States acquired the annexation of Texas in 1845, the ceding by Mexico in 1848 of the large extent of territory composing the States and Territories of Colorado, Nevada, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico.

You will remember how the "Oregon Question" became an important one in the Presidential election of 1844. The cry of "54-40 or Fight," was the rallying one of this election which elected James K. Polk. It would have been thought that the demand would have been made for the boundary line to be established at that point, but no sooner had President Polk been inaugurated than it was advocated by him to fix the disputed line at 49 degrees, claiming that his predecessors in office had embarrassed him to such an extent that he could not make any other claim. It is aggravating to think how little the early pioneers were assisted by this government, and how few public men favored the acquisition of the "Oregon Country." Senator Benton, with a prophetic vision, in a public address at St. Louis, October 19, 1844, said: "I say the man is alive, full grown and listening to what I say (without believing it, perhaps) who will yet see the Asiatic commerce traversing the North Pacific Ocean—entering the Oregon river, climbing the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, issuing from its gorges and spreading its fertilizing streams over our wide-extended Union! The steamboat and the steam car have not exhausted all their wonders. They have not yet found their amplest and most appropriate theaters—the tranquil surface of the North Pacific Ocean, and the vast inclined

plains which spread east and west from the base of the Rocky Mountains. The magic boat and the flying car are not yet seen upon this ocean and upon this plain, but they will be seen there, and St. Louis is yet to find herself as near Canton as she is now to London, with a better and a safer route by land and sea to China and Japan than she now has to France and Great Britain."

* * *

This year is the golden jubilee of our admission into the circle of the bright galaxy of States of this Union.

This day, this hour, yes, this minute is a golden one of remembrance. It is an occasion when every one of us should bear in grateful recognition the men who through their efforts caused the Government of this country to wake up to the idea and thought that this great empire known as the "Oregon Country" should be added to our possessions. Memories which were dear to the pioneers of their homes from whence they came that were protected by the Stars and Stripes prompted them to be active in their efforts to secure the "Oregon Country" to the United States Government and the outgrowth of this was the provisional government. Believing in liberty in its purest and best sense, they were loyal and patriotic Americans. The divine gift of freedom was cherished by them with an intensity that time and distance from the capital of the nation could not lessen, notwithstanding the fact that the National Government was so tardy in recognizing the value of the "Oregon Country" and extending its protection over them. The people of this section knew and realized to its fullest extent that the Republic of the West was the most beneficent government ever established, and longed for its protection. These men, by the organization of the provisional government in 1843, made it possible to secure the vast extent of country which was acknowledged as our right by the treaty of the 15th of June, 1846. The victory obtained by the "embattled farmers" at Saratoga, and the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown are no greater events than the peaceful victory obtained by our people in the treaty which

secured the "Oregon Country" to this nation, principally by the individual efforts of our pioneers through the provisional government. "Peace hath its victories as well as war."

As time goes on and our population increases and we are further removed from the great event of the 2d of May, 1843, the celebration of this day will be with an eclat, pomp and circumstance not realized by our people at this time. What Plymouth Rock in Massachusetts, Jamestown in Virginia and the landing at St. Mary's in Maryland are to the people east of the Rocky Mountains, so the action of the grand old pioneers of '43 in inaugurating a civil government for their protection and in obedience to their loyalty to the greatest government that has ever been instituted among men, will be commemorated with more display than it is possible for me to describe.

A great empire of territory was added to the United States through the endeavors of the pioneers of 1843, assisted by the subsequent immigration of pioneers. It is true that the people who have come to Oregon since the pioneer period did not participate in the early history of Oregon, but have contributed their share in making the grand State which we have. However, the pioneers are entitled to the glory which has made our progress as a State possible. The gentle breezes with lingering caress kiss the folds of no banner that can compare in beauty with the flag of this nation. It waves over us as a symbol of the strength of the Government, that finally took upon itself through the efforts of the pioneers and particularly the pioneers of 1843, to save the Oregon country to the domain of this Republic. Grand old flag! Our loyalty and intense patriotism go out to thee. Its destiny is linked with the greatness of our country, and it has no more loyal defenders than the pioneers of Oregon, and their descendants.

* * *

This being the 50th year of our admission into the Union, it would be appropriate to speak of the constitutional convention, and at least of three of its survivors.

The constitutional convention consisted of 60 members chosen by the people at a general election on the first Monday of June, 1857. The convention met on the third Monday of August, 1857, and adjourned on the 18th of September On the second Monday of November, 1857, the constitution was ratified by a majority vote of the people, and the act of Congress admitting Oregon into the Union was approved February 14, 1859. This is the date the constitution went into effect. We have lived and prospered under this constitution. There have been some amendments, but it has in the main been kept intact, until within the last three or four years. The constitution makers of 1857 were men actuated by the best of motives and intent on preparing a constitution providing for the best interests of the people of this State. The sole survivors of the constitutional convention are Judge George H. Williams, ex-United States Senator L. F. Grover and Captain William H. Packwood. In an address of this character, I can do no more than refer in a general way to these gentlemen. Judge George H. Williams is a noted pioneer, who came to Oregon in 1853. President Pierce appointed him Chief Justice of Oregon. He held this position and lived at Salem until 1858, when he resigned and removed to Portland, where he commenced the practice of law, and he has been a resident of this city ever since. He was a member of the constitutional convention from Marion County.

In 1864 he was elected to the United States Senate. After his term of United States Senator expired, he was appointed a member of the Joint High Commissioners to settle the Alabama and other claims against England. In December, 1871, he was appointed Attorney-General of the United States. In 1874 he was nominated for Chief Justice of the United States. Envy and jealousy on the part of certain public men, prompted the withdrawal of Judge Williams' name for this position. He has been greatly honored by his countrymen. The confidence which the people of Oregon and President Grant reposed in him has been merited. Judge Williams was 87 years of age on the 26th of last March. He is still active for one of his years, and enjoys life in a manner that

indicates he is much younger in years than I have mentioned. We respect Judge Williams for his useful and honorable life, and regret very much that the sands of time in his hour-glass are fading away and in a few years, at best, he shall have passed off the stage of action.

(Since the delivery of this address, Judge Williams has passed away from this life. His merits and good qualities were given fitting testimonials by all classes of our people. Few public men were loved and respected as he was.)

* * *

Among the members of the bar who occupied a prominent and important place in the history of Oregon, none excelled in legal acquirements and the qualities of the courteous gentleman, Hon. L. F. Grover. The history or the State contains no brighter name than that of the ex-United States Senator. Educated at Bowdoin College, he came to this State at a time when Oregon was undergoing a transition from that of a wilderness to that of a more advanced state of civilization. He was well equipped by education and experience to be an important factor in the Territory of Oregon.

Arriving at Salem in 1851, he immediately entered upon the practice of his profession. He occupied many places of trust, and in particular was a member of the constitutional convention for Marion County. He was selected as the first Representative in Congress under the constitution. In 1870 he was elected Governor of Oregon, and in 1874 he was re-elected. In September, 1876, he was elected United States Senator from Oregon. His administration of the affairs of the State was honorable and straightforward, and showed him to be a manly man and devoted to the welfare of the people. He was one of the best qualified men who came to Oregon at an early date. Your speaker on this occasion knew of many charitable acts on his part that the people in general were not cognizant of, and it is a pleasure for me to be able to speak of Senator Grover as his merits justify and pay this slight tribute of respect to his many virtues.

large mining enterprises in Baker City. He is among the best known and most highly respected citizens of Baker County. He was the first County School Superintendent of this county. For nearly all of the data concerning Captain Packwood I am indebted to Mr. Himes, Secretary of our Association.

* * *

The early pioneers who settled Oregon were bright, intelligent and energetic men and women. This was particularly true in all parts of the State. The early immigration seemed to attract men of keen intellect, who were well fitted to fill any position in the gift of the people. No State in the Union could boast of a greater number of able men, in proportion to its population, than Oregon. Many of them have occupied positions of trust in not only this State, but in the Nation. This being so, newspapers conducted with marked ability were established in pioneer days that have continued in existence up to the present time. While I cannot speak of all the pioneer printers and editors that took part in molding public opinion in these times, yet I shall call your attention to a few of them. M. G. Foisy, a pioneer printer, came here in 1844 and lived near Gervais, in Marion County, many years. He set up the copy of the translation of the New Testament in the Nez Perces language, prepared by Rev. H. H. Spalding and wife and Mrs. Dr. Marcus Whitman. In 1838 what was known as the Mission Press, a small, old-fashioned Ramage hand press, the missionaries of the American board at Honolulu gave to the Oregon mission at Lapwai, on which was printed the translation of the New Testament referred to. This was the first printing press ever used in Oregon. The Oregon Spectator was issued on February 5, 1846. The editor was W. G. T'Vault, a pioneer of 1845. In 1848 George L. Curry established the Free Press. On the fourth of December, 1850, the Oregonian was established by Thomas J. Dryer. He remained as editor and proprietor until 1860, when the paper was turned over to Henry L. Pittock, who has been connected with it ever since. The successful ca-

reer of the Oregonian is due in a large measure to the close attention and business methods adopted by Mr. Pittock. In 1865 Harvey W. Scott, a pioneer of 1852, became associated with Mr Pittock in conducting this paper and assumed editorial control of it. Under Mr. Scott, as editor-in-chief, the Oregonian has taken a standing of wide and important influence. Mr Scott is still connected with the paper and his strong personality and high character are recognized by all.

In 1851 the Oregon Statesman was started by Asahel Bush, who was a practical printer, and a pioneer of 1850. Mr. Bush, when editor and publisher of the Oregon Statesman, was noted for his ability and keen wit. He long since retired from the journalistic field and has been a banker many years. Although wealth and influence have come to him, he does not forget the time when he was a typo in a printing office, and on the occasion of the funeral of a printer in Salem a few years ago attended this funeral as one of the printers in company with your speaker on this occasion, who is also a practical printer. Mr. Bush reported the proceedings of the constitutional convention for the Statesman. The Argus was started in April, 1855, by W. L. Adams, a pioneer of 1848, and a man of considerable ability. His political melodrama, "Brakespeare," was one of the keen sarcastic literary contributions of pioneer days. James O'Meara, who was one of the early pioneers in Oregon, started a number of papers of this state. He was a newspaper man of marked ability and a formidable antagonist in newspaper work.

Samuel A. Clarke, a pioneer of 1850, was one of the principal founders of the Willamette Farmer. Mr. Clarke became quite distinguished as an editor and correspondent of the different papers of the country. He is an invalid at the present time, having passed into his 93d year. (Since the delivery of this address, Mr. Clarke has passed away, mourned by his many friends and acquaintances. His memory is cherished by those who knew him.)

Delazon Smith, a pioneer of 1852, who occupied such a prominent position in Oregon's early history, was the founder of the Albany Democrat, published at Albany, Or., which is issued at the present time.

D. W. Craig, a pioneer of 1853, was connected with the Spectator and Argus, as well as being associated with Samuel A. Clarke in publishing the Willamette Farmer. Mr. Craig resides one and one-half miles southeast of Salem. He is a walking encyclopedia of facts and figures. He lives the "simple life" in every respect. It is an interesting event for one to visit him at his home and see him surrounded by his books, classical literature prevailing—works of the old masters. One work, printed in 1482, was of special interest to me.

The Oregon State Journal, established by H. R. Kincaid, a pioneer of 1853, was conducted by him at Eugene until a short time ago. Mr. Kincaid has been Secretary of the State of Oregon and a person of affairs since arriving at manhood.

Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway, a pioneer of 1852, started the New Northwest in 1871. This paper was devoted to the cause of equal rights to women with men in the affairs of government. Mrs. Duniway's life has been devoted to this cause. She is still active in her work and is an entertaining and interesting speaker at pioneer meetings.

* * *

Rev. John Flinn, our chaplain on this occasion, is a pioneer of 1850. As a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church he has been one of its chief pillars in this state, always zealous in his church work. He is now in his 92d year and has been favored in being permitted to live to this age and retain his faculties to a remarkable degree, a privilege that is left to few persons at his time of life. When he shall have passed away his memory will be cherished by the people among whom he lived so long for his worth and sincerity of purpose.

We have with us today Hon. John Minto, who was born at Newcastle-on-the-Tyne, England, within sight of Old Scotia's Hills. He came to the United States when quite a young man and was a member of a party of immigrants coming to Oregon in 1844. Notwithstanding his lack of educational facilities in his youth, he has, through individual effort and study, become one of the most noted individuals of the pioneer time. His literary contributions to newspapers and magazines are of such a character as to indicate that he is a man of more than ordinary ability. His love and knowledge of the poems of Robert Burns are well-known to his many friends. It is pleasing to contemplate how the coal miner of Northumberland, whose youthful days were spent in this occupation, has, by reason of his efforts and opportunities in this land, occupied the many places of distinction that his fellow citizens have conferred upon him.

Captain Thomas Mountain, a pioneer of 1841, who left Oregon for the East soon after his arrival here and participated in the Mexican War, is present today. He was with Captain Duncan at Palo Alto. His bravery and courage were demonstrated on this sanguinary field of battle. He is an old resident of Portland, and has seen it grow from a very small place to its metropolitan appearance. Let us hope that he may live many years to enjoy the high state of civilization which the people of Oregon have at the present time.

* * *

Abraham Lincoln, our martyred President, as you will remember, was offered the Governorship of the Territory of Oregon, a position which he declined. If he had accepted this office, his field of labor would have been limited on account of the distance from the East, and the difficulties of reaching here. He would have been isolated and not in touch with the people in the populous sections of our country, and certainly could not have occupied the important place which he had in the history of the nation, if he had come to Oregon and remained. It would seem at times as if destiny marked out for us the course which we should pursue, and we follow it with little thought that it has

been predestined that we should do so. The fact that President Lincoln refused to accept the Governorship of Oregon, is one of those events which seem to indicate that some all-powerful, unseen influence moves us to do or not to do things which, in the future, may make or mar us in the course of our lives.

I would like to speak of the many pioneer men and women who took an active part in the early settlement of Oregon. I would like to speak in detail of Senator Nesmith, Senator B. F. Harding, Colonel John C. Bell, Joseph S. Smith, Asa A. and David McCully, John H. and I. R. Moores, Ralph Geer, Dr. A. N. Belt, T. W. Davenport, Edward Hirsch, Richard Dearborn, John Q. Wilson, Governor T. T. Geer, C. B. and A. N. Moores, John F. Miller, the Sellwoods, Judge J. A. Stratton, P. L. Willis, the Durbins, Daniel, William and John B. Waldo, John A. Hunt, George S. Downing, S. T. Church, D. R. Murphy, J. J. Murphy, the Cones of Butteville and other pioneers whom I personally knew in my boyhood days at Salem, but I cannot do so. Time forbids. Their acts and their lives are well known to the old pioneers, and any statement I might make concerning them would not alter your high estimate of them.

* * *

As the mothers of men have in the past borne more than their share of the trials in the advancement of the world, so the pioneer women of Oregon have contributed a great deal to bring about the state of affairs which exists today. I would like to mention each one of them and give the meed of praise to which they are entitled. It is impossible for me to do so. It was the women who attended those who from sickness or other cause were unable to do their part. It was the pioneer women who waited in vain for the home-coming of those who had been ambushed and killed in battle by the Indians. It fell to their lot to keep the lone night watch, minister to the sick and dying and stand watch and ward over the homes that the men were compelled to leave in their warfare with the Indians.

their merits, we but pay them a slight token of respect and reverence for the many sacrifices made for us.

* * *

One of our Oregon pioneer poets, Joaquin Miller, in his poem, "Mothers of Men," has paid them this graceful tribute:

The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you'll find it not,
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or noble pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought
From the mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in the walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part,
Lo! there is the battlefield.

No marshalling troop, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave!
But, oh! these battles! they last so long,
From babyhood to the grave.

* * *

The days of the trail and the footlog, the slow and tedious travel by pack-trains and ox-teams are of the past. The pony express, buckboard and stage coach have given way to the more comfortable and rapid travel of the railway and electric cars. Fertile and cultivated fields, rich in their production, handsome dwelling houses are your lot and good fortune to possess. Educational privileges reach or may reach every home. The prospects of success for the future are all that could be desired. We have in the United States and in Oregon what is distinctively an American civilization, composed of the best blood of European nations and their descendants, surrounded by environment that brings out the highest qualities of manhood. We have cause for rejoicing in the achievements attained by our people, and the progress made in the principles of self-government.

How pleased we should be that on this bright June day we are permitted to be partakers of blessings of a higher state of civilization and advantages which the pioneers who blazed the way for us and settled this section were deprived. Honored pioneers of Oregon! Those residing here owe you a great deal for the benefits they now enjoy. We must not forget to treasure the memory of those who are not with us today. Most of you who are present will ere long approach the evening of life and descend into the shadows that are impenetrable to our limited vision. In a short time the struggles and vicissitudes we meet with will have an end.

It is all true to emulate the best examples of pioneer days. The sturdy race of pioneers is fast disappearing, and in a few more years none will be left who took part in the early settlement of Oregon.

Time rolls its ceaseless course. The race of yore
Who lanced our infancy upon their knee
And told our marveling boyhood legend's store,
Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be!
How few, all weak and withered of their force,
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
Like branded wrecks the tide returning hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls its ceaseless course.

DIARY OF MR. DAVIS, 1852.

(Mr. Davis was born in Cayuga County Ohio, January 14, 1825, of English, Welsh and German ancestry. In 1848 he removed to Michigan, remaining one year. He had his first ride behind a locomotive that year. He returned to Ohio in 1849, and in 1850 removed to Illinois, settling in the vicinity of Lockport. In 1852 he crossed the plains to Oregon. Becoming dissatisfied with this country, he returned to Iowa in 1855; was married to Emily George on March 8, 1857; lived in Iowa twelve years, and then removed to Kansas, and in 1880 came back to Oregon and settled in the "Forks of the Santiam," Linn County, where he expects to remain until the end. His present postoffice is Thomas.—GEORGE H. HIMES, Secretary Oregon Pioneer Association.)

1851—LOCKPORT, ILL., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 1.—Paid for shirt making, $1.75; present to beggar women, 25 cents. Warm and pleasant.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2.—Warm rain; turned cold and snowy. Ground ax. Grain trade dull. No boats passing. Paid for Harper's Magazine, 25 cents. Thistle arrived.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3.—Thistle laid up, also Little Giant. Corsair arrived. Boats passing. Cut two trees.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4.- Weather warm. Been unloading Corsair. St. Lawrence tied up.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5.---Weather warm. G. B. Martin gone to Chicago. Corsair laid up. Weighed six fire grates for Goold, 285 pounds. Tell M. to buy oats at 15 cents. Read President's message.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 6.—Weather warm; south wind; trade dull; Singer's house caught fire. Warm rain. Wake at Rafertie's. Borrowed from I. Bell, $1.00.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 7.—Wind south, warm rain; been to M. E. Church; been to G. Searls; returned in a severe storm. Catholic funeral. Paid for apples, 6 cents.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8.—Weather pleasant, west wind. Bought wallet. Received from Charles Castings, $1.50. Received from Dillman & Sons, $8.00. D. R. Holt passed. Paid I. Bell, $1.00. R. Casson moved out boat. Paid postage on Republican, 2 cents Weighed two fire grates for Goold, 45 and 46 pounds.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9.—Weather cold, some ice; writing letter to R. & M. Martin returned to Chicago.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10.—Paid for apples, 5 cents.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11.—Cold weather, southwest wind. Drawing water in basin. Been to Filkins for hay. Calkins commenced school.

[illegible] DECEMBER 12—[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] DECEMBER 13—[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] DECEMBER 14—[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25.—Weather mild; east wind; soft snow. Christmas Thursday. Shooting match in town.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26.—Weather mild and pleasant; made stall floor. Paid chemical lecture, $1.00.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 27.—South wind and sleet. Paid Baldy Panorama, 75 cents. Been chemical lecture.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 28.—Warm south wind; rain; been to Searle's; been Codding's Church; rain over night and during the day, with constant thawing.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 29.—Warm and pleasant, still thawing; Canal basin full of water. Talking of going to California; advance on washing, $1.00; business lively.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 30.—Rain over night; west wind; freezing; fixed smokehouse; smoked some beef.

DECEMBER 31.—Weather mild, northwest wind. Ball at Morris's.

1852—THURSDAY, JANUARY 1.—Weather mild, cloudy; paid Telegraph carrier, 10 cents; ball at Brook's; taken first shelled corn; boys having great times at skating.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 2.—Weather colder.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3.—East wind, pleasant. Built partition. Paid Telegraph postage, 13 cents; been chemical lecture; sent Telegraph home.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 4.—Wind south and snow. Been M. E. Church; been Frank Searle's; been to Codding's Church; scrubbed all over.

MONDAY, JANUARY 5.—Snowed over night—shoe deep; northeast wind; weather mild; getting colder; trade very dull; having the blues. Damp snow falling during day and evening. Spent the evening at Mr. Griswold's.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 6.—Cold northwest wind; business lively.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7.—Weather mild, wind southwest. Been Mosier's singing.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 8.—South wind and sleet; party at Martin's; been S. Society at Bush's; good sleighing.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 9.—Weather mild; northwest wind; paid apples, 6 cents; great sleigh riding.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10.—Weather mild; northwest wind; quite a snow storm, and good sleighing; business lively; been chemical lecture.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 11.—Snowed over night; very cold; wind northwest; had a jumper ride with old maid.

MONDAY, JANUARY 12.—Very cold and clear; received letter from home.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 13.—Strong cold southwest wind; weighed barley for Fediments; nothing doing for cold weather; paid for nuts, 5 cents.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 14.—Weather mild; southwest wind; snow; I am 27 years old; am poor and ignorant; been singing at Wick's.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 15.—Snowed over night six inches; damp, mild weather; paid for apples, 6 cents; paid for Harper's Magazine, 25 cents; been S. Society, H. Mosier's; written to Simmons.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 16.—Weather cold; west wind; great rush of grain; Warren brought stove back; received a letter from R. Davis.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17.—Cold weather; northwest wind; lots of grain coming; been chemical lecture; bought apples, 2 cents.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 18.—Very cold north wind; been to M. E. Church; been to Mr. Heath's; froze left ear; there is plenty of snow, but poor sleighing on account of the wind keeping the snow in motion and filling the track.

MONDAY, JANUARY 19.—Weather extremely cold; brisk west wind; thermometer 24 below zero in the morning; not less than 10 all day; but little doing for cold.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 20.—Not so cold; south wind.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21.—Weather mild; west wind.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 22.—Very cold; southwest wind; business lively.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 23.—Very pleasant; thawing; paid for cider, 10 cents; paid postage, E. Southworth, 5 cents.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31 Very pleasant and thawing; sleighing getting poor; south wind, great rush of grain; business very lively; ice houses being filled, California is the rage; myself very tired. Received letter from C. Harris; been chemical lecture

SUNDAY, JANUARY 32 South wind and rain in the morning; written letter home written letter Lewis, paid postage papers home, 5 cents, paid for letter paper, 15 cents, wind southwest in evening

MONDAY, JANUARY 33 Pleasant thawing, great sleigh riding; paid for mending boot, $1.00, paid for beer, 15 cents; received letter from William Hixon, received of E. Baley, 25 cents.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 34 Pleasant and thawing; paid for apples, 10 cents.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 35 South wind; pleasant; thawing; received of Moore, 50 cents.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 36 Pleasant and thawing; paid for cough candy, 10 cents

FRIDAY, JANUARY 37 South wind and rain.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 38 East wind; rain and thunder over night; southerly wind and rain; paid for cider, beer and apples, 13 cents; quite muddy; very few teams in; colder; light snow evening.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 1 Weather mild; west wind; been to Frank Searle's; been to Codding's Church.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 2. Mild and pleasant; been to E. Warren's.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 3.- Warm and pleasant; been to Mr. Griswold's; wind southerly; freezing nights and thawing days; Garlick killed.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 4.—Warm and pleasant; bought knife from Kaufman, 63 cents.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5.—But little frost over night; pleasant and thawing; mud getting deep; business lively; Garlick buried; bought tooth wash; wind southerly; great excitement about finding the negro that killed Garlick.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 6.—Wind west; cooler; been fishing; there is quite a brisk business of boat building on the public landing.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7.—West wind; pleasant and thawing; bought Harper's Magazine: been chemical lecture.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 8.—West wind; pleasant and thawing; written William Hazen; been to wedding.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 9.—South wind; warm and pleasant; bought half box apples, 63 cents; canal basin nearly cleared of ice.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 14.—South wind; some rain; read "Life in Rochester."

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11.—Wind changed northwest over night; some snow; myself deep in love; quite blustering; but little doing.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12.—Clear; canal froze over; wind turned south; received letter from Lewis.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13.—Cold; wind north.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14.—Pleasant; wind southwest; received one valentine; paid Blakelie's, 25 cents; wheeling good; business lively.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 15.—South wind; pleasant morning; wind north; snow squall half past 10 o'clock; sunshine afternoon; written to Lewis; been to Frank's.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 16.—Weather mild; south wind; paid washing, 25 cents; wind changed northwest.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 17.—Cold; northwest wind; pleasant; business lively.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18.—Cold; north wind; pleasant.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19.—Cold; east wind; pleasant; very dry; ground froze hard; good wheeling; rush of grain.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20.—East wind; pleasant.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21.—East wind; some rain; paid Telegraph postage, 14 cents.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 22.—Southwest wind; pleasant; been to Baptist Church; been to Mr. Heath's.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 23. Southwest wind; pleasant; arose at 3 o'clock and traveled twenty five miles to get passage to California, and worked until night; ball at Morse's; ball at Riches'; E. Ross gone California.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 24 Wind southwest; pleasant; been to Oswego to get passage to California; did not succeed; ball at Anthony's.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25. Cold; northwest wind; dry and pleasant; been to temperance lecture.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24.- Paid for dinner and horse feed, 35 cents; been to chemical lecture.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26. Southwest wind; pleasant; paid for washing, 54 cents.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27. East wind; cloudy; paid for nuts, 6 cents.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 28 Very cold; northwest wind; squally; built corn crib; been to chemical lecture.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 29. South wind; Chicago, Ill.; left Lockport about noon with a horse and buggy for Martin; wind turned east, and very cold riding.

TUESDAY, MARCH 1. Chicago, Ill.; wind, northeast; froze very hard over night; lake and river frozen; steamer Pacific advertised to leave at 8 o'clock, but can not go; stopped at Matteson House; came to Lockport today; wind being at my back, I rode very comfortably; some snow and sleet; good dinner at Wentworth's; talked with Calkins on going to California.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2.—Lockport, Ill.; very cold over night; cold northwest wind; pleasant.

THURSDAY, MARCH 3.—East wind; pleasant; a rush of grain.

FRIDAY, MARCH 4.—Wind changed south over night, and began to rain; slacked raining in the afternoon, but remains cloudy; thawing; paid for apples, 6 cents.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5.—Wind northwest and northeast; getting muddy; made crib out doors; fixing to let corn down inside; received letter from home.

SUNDAY, MARCH 6.—Northeast wind: pleasant; thawing; sugar snow over night: mud getting deep: elevator belt broke: been fixing bin: no chemical lecture: Calkin's school closed last night with an exhibition: Norton been leading a boat through the canal: is not clear of ice yet; bought Harper's Magazine. 25 cents.

MONDAY, MARCH 7.—South wind: thawing: been to Gillman's and found a lot of boys making calculations for California.

TUESDAY, MARCH 8.—South wind and cloudy: fixing elevator; talking of California.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9.—Thunder shower over night, and wind changed to northwest: roads bad: no grain coming.

THURSDAY, MARCH 10.—South wind: pleasant; been sorting broom corn for myself and making preparations for making brooms; paid for apples and beer, 10 cents.

FRIDAY, MARCH 11.—South wind and rain: been making brooms; Robert moved in boat.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12.—Rained all night: south wind and cloudy; received letter from Lewis: bought California hat; been broom making: mud getting deep.

SUNDAY, MARCH 13.—South wind: rained over night; showery.

MONDAY, MARCH 14.—Thunder: rain and high wind over night; southwest wind: squally: been to M. E. Church.

TUESDAY, MARCH 15.—West wind: clear and pleasant; had my first daguerreotype taken, and loafed the day out; paid, $1.00; been to Mr. Griswold's.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16.—East and south wind and rain; rain during evening: wind changed northwest: been making brooms; received letter from I. and E. Austin.

THURSDAY, MARCH 17.—West wind: very cold and freezing; first boats gone to Chicago, viz.: General Scott, St. Lawrence and the Oregon, and one steamer from below.

FRIDAY, MARCH 18.—Strong west wind; two Joliet boats passed.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19.—Stayed at Hutchins', in Joliet, last night and slept very cold; started at daylight, facing a strong, cold, west wind in pursuit of broom handles, two dozen of which I obtained of Lumbeck for 56 cents; packed them home; finished writing K.'s; sold straw hat for 20 cents; concert at Morse's.

SUNDAY, MARCH 20.—Wind turned south; snow; finished brooms; worked until 2 o'clock A. M.

MARCH 21.—Wind all round; snowed over night; P. M. pleasant and thawing; been to Gillman's.

MONDAY, MARCH 22.—Southwest wind; cloudy; peddled out my brooms here in Lockport at 9 and 10 shilling per dozen and received cash, $3.75; bought one pair boots for $3.50.

TUESDAY, MARCH 23.—South wind; thawing; been loafing some and working some; bought handkerchief from Chittenden for 62 cents; received cash, $1.12.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24.—Northwest wind; pleasant; been hunting; received cash, $1.00; bought gun caps, 10 cents; Baldy boys left for California.

THURSDAY, MARCH 25.—South wind; very pleasant; warm and spring-like; very dull.

FRIDAY, MARCH 26.—North wind; sunny; had my hair cut by Rumbold, a good-natured and intelligent Englishman that has cut my hair about one and one-half years, but now is done; paid for hemming handkerchief, 10 cents.

SATURDAY, MARCH 27.—Cold north wind; pleasant; received cash, $2.20; been to Baptist Church.

SUNDAY, MARCH 28.—South wind; cloudy; State hands at work on canal; been to Gillman's; paid for apples, 15 cents.

MONDAY, MARCH 29.—South wind; cloudy; canal opened; Corsair gone; first packet down.

TUESDAY, MARCH 28.—Received letter R. H. Davis; written to Davis; written letter L. Harris.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29.—Thunder storm; wind changed north; sawmill started again; boats passing up.

THURSDAY, MARCH 30.—Thunder and rain over night; a family slept in the office with me; wind turned west; boats passing down; Rob and Burns arrived; received first letter from Brother Edward.

FRIDAY, MARCH 31.—Strong west wind; cold and squally; received letter from Simmons; written letter to Calkins; paid postage, 5 cents; been painting Thistle boat; man died with leg broke yesterday; business dull; boats passing lively.

THURSDAY APRIL 1.—West wind: very cold: no grain: paid for apples, 5 cents: written to Austin: written to Edward.

FRIDAY APRIL 2.—West wind: pleasant: Martin has gone to Chicago.

SATURDAY APRIL 3.—Wind east: snow: loading Thistle: six or eight inches snow

SUNDAY APRIL 4.—East wind: fleet over night: Thistle left for Chicago: been to Gillman's

MONDAY APRIL 5.—Northeast wind and fleet: turned into a severe snow storm: wind north: cold and clear: F. Searles had his daguerreotype taken: took dinner with me

TUESDAY APRIL 6.—North wind: very pleasant: snow nearly gone: roads very bad: taken one load corn

WEDNESDAY APRIL 7.—East wind and rain: Frank Searles and company started for California.

THURSDAY APRIL 8.—North wind: pleasant: paid for Harper's Magazine, 25 cents: received of Cole, $2.50: Thistle arrived.

FRIDAY APRIL 9.—East wind: pleasant: been painting Thistle: received letter from R. R. Calkins.

SATURDAY APRIL 10.—East wind: some rain: stopped working in stone ware house for G. B. Martin, with whom I have been engaged over one year at $16 per month: paid for apples, 5 cents: paid for Telegraph, 25 cents, which I have taken nearly two years.

SUNDAY APRIL 11.—West wind: pleasant: been to Gillman's and the M. E. Church.

MONDAY APRIL 12.—Southwest wind, little rain: bought ten three-cent stamps: been to E. Warren's and to Stone church.

TUESDAY APRIL 13.—West wind: pleasant: very warm and drying: went to Hadley with Hodges on a visit on foot: received letter from R. H. Davis.

WEDNESDAY APRIL 14.—West wind: pleasant: had a good visit: returned to Lockport: called at Gillman's, Griswold's and Cole's: went to Stone church: slept at Gourlet's.

THURSDAY APRIL 15.—South wind: pleasant: sitting for daguerreotype: paid for box of pills, 25 cents.

FRIDAY, APRIL 16.--South wind and rain; started to go to see E. Warren and family; got caught in the rain; then returned after the shower; dinner, 50 cents.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17 --West wind; pleasant; went to Plainfield; closed all the business in Lockport, Ill. I have in hand, amounting to $133.00, the most that I ever had in my life, at one time; received letter from I. Austin and Edward; have written to R. H. D., I. O. S, and I. A. and father.

SUNDAY, APRIL 18. Am at Plainfield, Ill.; went to Gillman's this forenoon and saw him and wife; Mrs. Searles and Melissa White all off, which I was very sorry to leave. Then I left for California via this place; I was very sorry to leave Lockport after a residence of nearly two years; warm and pleasant in A. M.; cool and cloudy P. M.; I walked to Plainfield and carried my baggage; waded some sloughs.

MONDAY, APRIL 19. Kendall, Ill.; had great scramble this morning getting together and yoking forty oxen and cows—nearly all cows; paid B. Hyland $75.00; California passage, $75.00; about 10 o'clock a company of eight and our teams started; got swamped a great many times and set once; bought a basket, $1.00; traveled nine miles; pitched our tent in the road, and enjoyed ourselves as well as possible; warm and pleasant A. M.; cooler in the P. M.; cold night; north wind; roads bad.

TUESDAY, APRIL 20.--Pavillion, Ill.; traveled eight miles and put up for rain; roads better; team going better; myself stopped in a house to dry myself and grease my boots and sleep; all of us in good spirits, but not as boisterous as yesterday; we are near the Fox River, and in a prairie country yet; found good hay; rained all the afternoon and evening; caught some cold.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21.—Mishen, Ill.; traveled twelve miles down the Fox River; passed through Neider's, a small village about two miles from the river; roads very bad; teams walked brisk in the morning, but got tired before night; wind northerly; here we had to pay dear for our feed for the teams; this day, as usual, I have hollered and bawled and whipped our awkward cows until I am tired clear out.

THURSDAY, APRIL 22.—Rutland, Ill.: very cold over night and a little rain; traveled about twelve miles and put up for night in a [illegible] miles northeast of Ottawa; this day we have found the [illegible] young [illegible] man and wife and one passenger, California bound, fell in with us today; wind northerly; cleared off warm in the middle of the day; pleasant and cold over night; here we stopped with a returned Californian.

FRIDAY, APRIL 23.—La Salle, Ill.: this morning after prayer, as usual, we started off and passed through Ottawa down the river Illinois on the bottom between the river and canal to Utica; then we ascended the bluff on the west side by climbing a very steep sand hill and stopped about five miles from La Salle village, traveling about fifteen miles; this day we passed "Starved Rock;" we broke one yoke climbing a sand hill, then turned a part of our cows loose; east wind; appearances of rain; paid 36 cents for apples.

SATURDAY, APRIL 24.—Selby, Ill.: this day we passed through La Salle and Peru; thence over prairie and timber, principally timber, and stopped for Sunday about half way from Peru to Princeton, traveling about 15 miles; the roads getting quite good; we passed quite a number of Oregon and California emigrants that had stopped; we heard of Californians returning; east wind; commenced raining towards night and rained during the evening; I went into a house to sleep.

SUNDAY, APRIL 25.—Selby, Ill.: the boys having taken up their abode in an old log house, we did our usual chores and after breakfast and prayers were over we commenced cleaning ourselves and tools and clothes; some went to meeting, some are writing home and some are fixing for dinner; we had a good dinner and eat very hearty; all hands went to church in the afternoon; wrote home; showery during the day.

MONDAY, APRIL 26.—Providence, Ill.: traveled about twenty-one miles; passed through Princeton, the shire town of Bureau County, and Indiantown; I mailed a letter and paper at Princeton, the letter for home and paper to Melissa; roads quite bad on the prairie; we passed through a beautiful piece of timber from Indiantown to this place; we drove until [illegible] o'clock in the evening; west wind and drying.

TUESDAY, APRIL 27.- Stark County, Ill.; traveled about seventeen miles; passed over a large prairie, a large quantity of which is military land, and crossed Spoon River; passed through Osceola; a strong southwest wind and pleasant; roads drying up very fast.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28. Victoria Prairie, Ill.; traveled about eighteen miles and passed through Victoria; we are passing nearly a southwest course, over timber and prairie; very warm and pleasant; east wind and signs of rain.

THURSDAY, APRIL 29. Traveled about twenty miles, and put up near a school house; east wind and signs of rain; passed through Galesburg, which is a very pretty place; Benjamin and myself went to a neighbor to hear some violin music.

FRIDAY, APRIL 30. -Warren County, Illinois; small thunder shower over night; cleared off pleasant; traveled about twenty miles; the wind blew a perfect gale from the southwest during the P. M.; two teams fell in with us today; we went about one-half mile off the road to stay all night, and pitched our tent in some woods; here we found plenty of good hay; passed through Mon-

SATURDAY, MAY 1. Henderson County, Illinois; this day we traveled about twenty miles; the first ten was on the high land; just after dinner we descended the bluffs down a winding ravine, and came on the Mississippi bottom; then we traveled down the left bank about ten miles and camped opposite Burlington, Iowa; southwest wind; very warm during the afternoon.

SUNDAY, MAY 2. -Henderson County, Illinois; this morning we waked up and found ourselves about to be overtaken by a thunder shower; we jumped out and did our chores, but not without getting some wet; showery during the day, and northeast wind and cold; wrote one letter home and No. 1 to Melissa; we have no foddering to do today, for we turned out to grass last night; none of us went to church today.

MONDAY, MAY 3.—Mailed a letter to Melissa and one to Mary. Burlington, Iowa; this morning we left our camp in good season, and drove down to the ferry, a distance of about four miles, but

on account of high water: we stopped in town and bought some could not cross until afternoon: we had to ferry about six miles stores: I bought a portfolio, 65 cents, and one quire paper, 25 cents: we camped about one mile from town, just on the bluffs, and turned out for the night and camped on the ground.

TUESDAY, MAY 4.—Fifteen miles west of Burlington, Iowa: our teams wandered off for feed, but we found them all after a while: we traveled about fifteen miles, and part of the way on the plank road from Burlington to Mt. Pleasant: we camped on a wet piece of prairie, and turned out to very poor grass: pleasant: east wind.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 5.—Rome, Iowa: yesterday was wet and cold: traveled about twenty miles, mostly on the plank road: we passed through Mt. Pleasant: from there it is mostly timber, a distance of about eight miles: here we camped on the east branch of the Skunk River; here we turned in to the woods on the bottom, and the cattle ran for home, and two or three of us after them: pleasant: south wind and signs of rain: in afternoon we turned into a field.

THURSDAY, MAY 6.—Rome, Iowa: heavy thunder shower over night; rain in the morning, and showery during the day, so much so that we did not start out: we overhauled our wagons, made some repairs, did some washing: I washed one hickory shirt for to start on; some of the boys went hunting, some fishing, etc.; in the evening the boys rolled up roots and flood wood and built a great fire and then sung songs; camped in the sand.

FRIDAY, MAY 7.—This morning we pulled up our camp and ferried our wagons and swam our cattle across Skunk River without much trouble, though we had a fair prospect to get some of our cattle drowned: we traveled about eight miles and camped on a beautiful prairie where feed was very good; west wind; very warm; here we had to bring our water nearly one mile.

SATURDAY, MAY 8.—Libertyville, Iowa: this day we traveled about ten miles, mostly over a beautiful rolling prairie; passed through Fairfield, the shire town of Jefferson County, Iowa; camped on the north bank of Cedar Creek: here we found good feed; about night two other California teams came up and camped near us. During the afternoon we washed ourselves and some clothes; here I took

off my flannel shirt, cut out the best of it and saved it, and put on a shirt of my own washing.

SUNDAY, MAY 9.—Libertyville, Iowa; this is a very fine day; some of our boys went to Fairfield to church, a distance of about two or three miles; I have written a letter to Rozella and done up a paper for Melissa; this is the first pleasant Sunday we have had since we started; the inhabitants of this section of country are nearly all Hoosiers.

MONDAY, MAY 10. Ashland, Iowa; this morning we forded Skunk Creek without much trouble, though the road was on a milldam, and rather of a dangerous place; we passed through Libertyville; here I mailed my letter and paper; here we fell in with five Oregon teams; they fell behind during the afternoon; we found but little feed at night; we traveled about thirteen miles, through timber and prairie; east wind.

TUESDAY, MAY 11.—This day we traveled about fifteen miles; passed through Ashland Indian Agency and Ottumwa, the latter town being on the north bank of the Des Moines River; it rained nearly all night, with an east wind, but it cleared off so that we have had a good day; we are camped about three miles above Ottumwa, under the bluff; feed plenty.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 12.—Monroe County, Iowa; traveled about fifteen miles, twelve miles up the north bank of the Des Moines, and crossed at Eddyville; here they have a rope ferry; we crossed without difficulty; about sixty or eighty Indians of the Potawatami tribe camped near us last night, on their way to Oquawka, Ill., with about forty or fifty ponies; south wind and pleasant; after crossing the river we ascended the bluff on the open prairie and camped about three and one-half miles from Eddyville.

THURSDAY, MAY 13.—Monroe County, Iowa; south wind and rain over night; traveled about eighteen miles, nearly all the way on the open prairie; crossed Cedar Creek; good traveling; cool south wind; settlements getting thin; after camping for the night, a thunder shower came up as we had got in bed, which blew down our tent and drenched us with rain; I crawled into one of our wagons with two others and spent the night very uncomfortably; feed plenty.

FRIDAY, MAY 14.—Lucas County, Iowa; this morning we put our clothes out to dry on a fence, and did not move until afternoon; then we traveled about ten miles on an unbroken prairie, without timber or any streams of water, and turned off the road about one-half mile to camp; passed a few houses.

SATURDAY, MAY 15.—Chariton, Iowa; this morning was very pleasant; we pulled up our camp and traveled about six or eight miles, and camped on a small stream about two miles east of Chariton, Lucas County, Iowa; here we struck up our camp and went to washing and repairing ourselves and clothes.

SUNDAY, MAY 16.—Chariton, Iowa; this is a cold day; some of the boys went to town to church; I went to a house and wrote one letter home and No. 2 to Melissa; our Hoosier friends came up and stopped; our cattle started off last night, and we got up about 12 o'clock and tramped until about 4; then we got them all in but one; west wind and cold.

MONDAY, MAY 17.—Clarke County, Iowa; traveled about twenty miles and passed through Chariton; here I mailed a letter to Edward and No. 2 to Melissa; passed mostly through a settlement the most of the way, but quite thin some of the way; turned off from the road a short distance and found plenty of wood and water; here I had a great chase after a cow; borrowed a book, "Alonzo and Melissa;" heavy frost; north wind; cold and pleasant; saw quite a number of elks' horns.

TUESDAY, MAY 18.—Clarke County, Iowa; traveled about twenty miles; passed through an almost unbroken prairie; roads very good; quite a thunder shower in the afternoon, but not a heavy rain; we camped on the prairie and backed our wood about one and one-half miles; a part of our company went on to find good camping; light frost; cold and pleasant; roads first rate; at Chariton two roads came together, leading to the west; from here the travel is mostly emigration.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 19.—Iowa; traveled fifteen or twenty miles; passed a small settlement called Mt. Pisgah and a number of small streams and through many gullies; overtook the balance of our company; all camped together; took in wood by the way; turned off the road to find water; roads very good; north wind; cold and

pleasant; there is a hard beaten track all made by the emigration; the road goes in a very zïg-zag manner all through this country.

THURSDAY, MAY 20.—Iowa; this morning we all started off together about 8 o'clock; passed some wood and water in the forenoon, but we did not take in much wood, consequently we are short tonight; did not pass any house today; traveled about twenty miles; roads very fine, with the exception of unbridged sloughs; passed one dead ox that was probably killed by crossing sloughs.

FRIDAY, MAY 21.—Iowa; this morning we started and traveled about twelve miles; it commenced raining about 10 o'clock, and continued during the day; we put up about 2 o'clock; we crossed quite a bad stream; toward night we moved about one-half mile into a new log house that had been deserted; here we enjoyed ourselves very well after drying and warming ourselves.

SATURDAY, MAY 22.—Iowa; wind changed into the northeast with rain; lying over, washing, etc.; our Hoosier friends have gone on; no teams passing; Carter killed a turkey.

SUNDAY, MAY 23.—South wind; pleasant; written to B. Davis; had a roast turkey for supper; numbers of emigrants passing; none of us went to church.

MONDAY, MAY 24.—Warm and pleasant; traveled about twenty-three miles.

TUESDAY, MAY 25.—Warm and pleasant; traveled about twenty-three miles; passed through Indian town; north road junction.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 26.—Iowa; traveled about seventeen miles; ferried Silver Creek; overtook our Hoosier friends; warm and pleasant; north wind; went in swimming in Silver Creek.

THURSDAY, MAY 27.—Traveled about ten miles and stopped about six miles from Kanesville, Iowa, and in the P. M. I and two others walked down to town; here we stayed all night; this is a scaly looking town.

FRIDAY, MAY 28.—Kanesville, Iowa; bought Colt's revolver, $30; one pair moccasins, 25 cents; three papers, 15 cents; one knife, 95 cents; paid tavern bill, $1; powder and lead, 50 cents.

SATURDAY, MAY 29.—South wind; warm and pleasant; moved our camp nearer town; Mr. Hyland bought more provisions;

bought powder and lead, 50 cents; very warm and dusty; crowded streets in town.

SUNDAY, MAY 30.—Showery and cool; wrote home; No. 3 Melissa and sent her a paper; no one to church.

MONDAY, MAY 31.—Drove through Kanesville and to the upper ferry, a distance of about fifteen miles; camped in the sand on the bank of the Missouri River; mosquitoes very troublesome.

TUESDAY, JUNE 1.—Crossed the Missouri and traveled about seven miles; camped with some Oregonians; went without our breakfast; myself unable to work or eat; Newton sick with diarrhoea.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2.—Elkhorn Creek; traveled about fifteen miles and camped on the east bluff of the Elkhorn Creek; crossed Rapid Creek; Indians demanded toll; we paid them and passed on peaceably; heavy thunder and rain from 6 P. M. until next morning.

THURSDAY, JUNE 3.—Ferried Elkhorn Fork; traveled thirteen miles; camped near Mormon camp of 60 or 70 teams; not able to eat or work; have ague symptoms; stopped at Platte River.

FRIDAY, JUNE 4.—Indian Territory; warm and pleasant; traveled twenty-one miles; myself better.

SATURDAY, JUNE 5.—Pleasant.

SUNDAY, JUNE 6.—North wind; pleasant; this Sunday we are in company of twenty-two wagons and camped about seventy miles from Kanesville, on the north side of the Platte River; grass very abundant.

MONDAY, JUNE 7.—Very strong north wind; traveled twelve miles; ferried Loup Fork; myself able to work.

TUESDAY, JUNE 8.—West wind; cool and pleasant; traveled fifteen miles on the south side of the Loup Fork; Stein's child died of diarrhoea.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9.—Wind northerly; dry and pleasant; traveled about twenty miles; buried Stein's child one or two miles on the way.

THURSDAY, JUNE 10.—Strong south wind; traveled about twenty-five miles, mostly over rolling, sandy land; overtook Cruzan; passed many fresh graves.

FRIDAY, JUNE 11.—Traveled about twenty-two miles; left our company and joined Cruzan; warm and pleasant; numerous fresh graves.

SATURDAY, JUNE 12.—Extremely warm; fresh graves plenty; ate dinner at prairie dog town.

SUNDAY, JUNE 13.—Sunday; traveled about six miles to get to wood and water; Cruzan's company went on; strong south wind; pleasant.

MONDAY, JUNE 14.—Strong south wind; traveled about fifteen miles; saw first teams on South Platte; passed Cruzan's company.

TUESDAY, JUNE 15.—Indian Territory; wind, thunder and heavy rain over night; rain during the middle of the day; stopped two or three hours during the afternoon for rain; traveled about twenty-two miles.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16.—Clear and pleasant; roads quite muddy; traveled about twenty miles.

THURSDAY, JUNE 17.—Clear and pleasant; traveled about twenty miles, ate the first dinner cooked with buffalo chips, which consisted of mush and milk.

FRIDAY, JUNE 18.—Clear and pleasant; traveled about twenty-four miles; Cruzan overtook us.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19.—Indian Territory; we are now 997½ miles from Council Bluffs; did not travel any today; we are washing and repairing; Cruzan gone on; Stearns overtook us; many teams passing.

SUNDAY, JUNE 20.—Clear and pleasant; wrote home; wrote No. 4 to Melissa; tasted buffalo meat.

MONDAY, JUNE 21.—East wind; pleasant; traveled about twenty miles; crossed Bluff Fork; met small party of mule packers from Oregon; sent our letters back.

TUESDAY, JUNE 22.—Indian Territory; east wind; some rain and cold; traveled about twenty miles; crossed a number of spring brooks and tipped over one wagon in one of them, but did little damage.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23.—Cool and cloudy; traveled about twenty-three miles; met a party of packers from Oregon.

THURSDAY, JUNE 24.—East wind; cool; passed Cruzan; traveled about twenty miles; passed Ash Hollow postoffice.

FRIDAY, JUNE 25.—Warm and pleasant; traveled about twenty miles.

SATURDAY, JUNE 26.—Indian Territory; traveled about twelve miles; warm and pleasant; stopped about noon near Irish & Co.

SUNDAY, JUNE 27.—Sunday; warm and pleasant; at the trial of two men charged with manslaughter, but not found guilty.

MONDAY, JUNE 28.—Very warm and dry; traveled about twenty miles; passed Court House Rock; in sight of Chimney Rock; Stein fell in with us; thunder and wind during the evening; but little rain.

TUESDAY, JUNE 29.—Very warm and dusty; passed Chimney Rock; traveled about twenty-three miles; in sight of Laramie Peak.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30.—Indian Territory; traveled about twenty-one miles; very warm and dry; passed Scott's Bluffs; crossed Cold Creek.

THURSDAY, JULY 1.—Very warm and dusty; drove about twenty miles; thunder and rain during the night.

FRIDAY, JULY 2.—Hot and dusty; traveled about twelve miles and camped within two miles of Fort Laramie; hard feed.

SATURDAY, JULY 3.—Clear and pleasant; our company had a grand celebration.

SUNDAY, JULY 4.—Warm and pleasant; wrote home, and No. 5 to Melissa; had preaching under cover; visited the fort.

MONDAY, JULY 5.—Black Hills; clear and pleasant; traveled twelve miles; camped among the hills, with no feed for teams.

TUESDAY, JULY 6.—Started at sunrise; drove seven miles to feed; drove nine miles and camped; feed quite good.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 7.—Clear and pleasant; laid over.

THURSDAY, JULY 8.—Cold and pleasant; traveled about eighteen miles and camped opposite Laramie Peak.

FRIDAY, JULY 9.—Cool and pleasant; traveled about twelve miles.

SATURDAY, JULY 10.—Cool and pleasant; traveled almost seven miles over mountain and camped.

SUNDAY, JULY 11.—Sunday; cool and pleasant; all busy repairing.

MONDAY, JULY 12.—Indian Territory; warm and dry; traveled thirteen miles.

TUESDAY, JULY 13.—Warm and dry; traveled about twelve miles.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 14.—Hot and very dusty; traveled about fifteen miles; arrived at the upper ferry of the Platte; Carter and Royal killed a buffalo; cold nights.

THURSDAY, JULY 15.—Dry and hot; traveled about five miles and stopped for the day; up the river road.

FRIDAY, JULY 16.—Warm and dry; traveled about four miles and stopped for the day; Ben and Burnham killed one buffalo.

SATURDAY, JULY 17.—Cool and dry; rained little over night; traveled about twenty-one miles; passed Willow Springs; saw great numbers of buffaloes; boys killed two.

SUNDAY, JULY 18.—For want of grass we traveled fourteen miles and camped on the Sweetwater.

MONDAY, JULY 19.—Cool and pleasant; traveled about fourteen miles; passed Independence Rock; took dinner at the Devil's Gate.

TUESDAY, JULY 20.—Warm and dry; traveled about fifteen miles.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 21.—Hot and dry; traveled about thirteen miles.

THURSDAY, JULY 22.—Hot and dry; traveled about twenty-two miles, mostly in sight of the snow-capped Rocky Mountains.

FRIDAY, JULY 23.—Hot and dry; traveled about fifteen miles.

SATURDAY, JULY 24.—Hot and dry; drove five miles and laid up.

SUNDAY, JULY 25.—Oregon Territory; warm and dry; cool nights.

MONDAY, JULY 26.—Clear and pleasant; traveled about fifteen miles.

TUESDAY, JULY 27.—Hot and dry; traveled about thirteen miles; crossed Sweetwater last time; passed Rocky Mountain summit through South Pass; camped at Pacific Springs.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 28.—Warm and dry; dusty; traveled about twenty-three miles.

THURSDAY, JULY 29.—Warm and pleasant; traveled eight miles and laid up.

FRIDAY, JULY 30.—Hot and dry: traveled about seventeen miles.

SATURDAY, JULY 31.—Hot and dry: traveled about fifteen miles and camped on Green River; thunder and some rain.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 1.—Oregon Territory. Green River; clear and warm A. M.; severe rain and hail P. M.; great overthrow of tents, tables, boxes, provisions, etc.

MONDAY, AUGUST 2.—Warm and pleasant: laid up; cold nights.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 3.—Clear and warm: ferried Green River and traveled about six miles.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4.—Warm; heavy shower A. M.; made ten miles; heavy rain after dark; lots of Indians in camp.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 5.—Clear and pleasant; made twelve miles.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 6.—Clear and pleasant; made five miles; camped on Harris Fork of Green River; Indians in camp.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7.—Clear and pleasant; made fourteen miles.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 8.—Pleasant; made ten miles to Bear River; good feed.

MONDAY, AUGUST 9.—Clear and pleasant; made seven miles; laid up.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 10.—Warm and pleasant; laid up.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11.—Clear and pleasant.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 12.—Clear and pleasant; made seventeen miles; crossed Thomas Fork of Bear River.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 13.—Clear and pleasant; light shower near night; made seventeen miles; cold nights.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14.—Clear and pleasant; made seventeen miles to Soda Springs.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 15.—Soda Springs, Oregon; very warm and pleasant.

MONDAY, AUGUST 16.—Warm and pleasant; made twenty miles; cold nights.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 17.—Made twenty miles, over summit, from Bear to Snake River.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18.—Made fifteen miles.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 19.—Made fifteen miles and passed Fort Hall.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 20.—Made twenty miles.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21.—Made eighteen miles; passed great American Falls; very dusty.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 22.—Warm and pleasant; made two miles.

MONDAY, AUGUST 23.—Hot and dusty; made nine miles to Raft River.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 24.—Hot and dusty; made fifteen miles to Marsh Creek.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25.—Snake River, Oregon; very warm and dusty; made eighteen miles; crossed Goose Creek.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 26.—Laid up.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 27.—Warm and dusty; made twenty-two miles to Split Rock Creek; warm nights.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28.—Moved up the creek nine miles and laid up.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 29.—Warm and dry; laid up.

MONDAY, AUGUST 30.—Made ten miles to Rock Creek.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 31.—Made ten miles.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.—Laid up till 4 P. M.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2.—Made thirty-five miles up to 10 A. M. Passed Shoshone Falls.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3.—Laid up.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4.—Made eight miles to ferry; we have lots of salmon from Indians.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5.—Ferried river; made six miles.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 6.—Made twenty-two miles.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7.—Made fifteen miles.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.—Made twelve miles.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9.—Made fifteen miles to road from ford A. M.: we organized into a company of fifteen wagons called "Illinois Rangers."

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10.—Made fourteen miles and dinnered at Hot Springs.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.—Made ten miles to Bannock Creek.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 12.—Bannock Creek, Oregon; warm and pleasant; I have a great job mending pants.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 13.—Made twelve miles; among the Salmon Mountains.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14.—Made fifteen miles.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.—Made fifteen miles to Boise River; windy.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16.—Made ten miles.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17.—Made twelve miles.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18.—Made twelve miles: crossed Boise River.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 19.—Made twelve miles.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20.—Made three miles to Fort Boise; ferried and camped; making preparations to pack.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21.—Malheur Creek, Oregon; a party of fourteen of us with three horses started on with packs; made fifteen miles facing a northwest wind and part of the way a perfect cloud of dust: camped on Malheur River: slept but little for cold.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.—Made twenty-five miles; passed Sulphur Springs to Birch Creek: got lost, but got right again; bought an old tent to sleep on: rested well: camped near Captain Miller's company: cold.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23.—Made twenty-five miles; passed Snake River; struck Burnt Creek: traveled on the same: passed Stein Blain, etc.; camped near Clark; cold: northwest wind.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.—Made twenty-six miles to branch of Burnt River; cold northwest wind and cold nights.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.—Made thirty-five miles to Powder River; mild and pleasant; camped near Captain Denby's train.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 26. Sunday; made twenty miles to Grand Ronde; some provisions here; very scarce on trains.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27. Made twenty five miles; crossed Grand Ronde; entered Blue Mountains; crossed G Ronde River; camped in deep ravine near Bennett and Nordike, and passed over one hundred wagons.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28 Made twenty five miles; camped on the western slope of the Blue Mountains in a ravine near the Umatilla River; strong southwest wind and signs of rain; but a mere sprinkle.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29 Umatilla River, Oregon; lost our ponies—either strayed or stolen; hunted during A. M.; did not find them; came five miles to river and cooked; divided our provisions; bought some beef, etc.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30. Made thirty two miles; signs of rain; wind southwest.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1. Made twenty one miles; passed Indian Agency to Butter Creek.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2. Made forty miles to Willow Creek; came in sight Mt. Hood and Mt. St. Helens.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 3.- Made thirty miles to John Day's River.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 4.- Made twenty six miles to Columbia River.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 5.—Made eighteen miles to Fort Dalles; crossed Deschutes River; passed 440 wagons from Fort Boise; here over 100 wagons with families, and many left to be forwarded at this place.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6.- Took passage in an Indian canoe; made ten miles and camped on account of the wind.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7.—Made thirty miles to Cascade Falls.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8.—Started on foot; made twenty miles to Gilberts; I lost the trail and had a great scramble over mountains.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9.—Oregon; made nine miles; crossed Columbia River.

PORTLAND, OREGON, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1852.—Walked eleven miles here. Stopped at the Willamette House; board, $9.00 per week. Poor chance for work; wages low. This is a small but

flourishing town on the west bank of the Willamette River, and about fifteen miles from its mouth. It contains about one thousand inhabitants, who appear to be enterprising. The weather continues fine, with no rain, excepting a shower last night. I slept in a house last night for the first time since I left the States. The place belonged to Mr. Pullen, a farmer living about five miles this side of the Big Sandy River on the road to this place and on the east side of the river. April 19 I had $133.00; now I have only $5.45, and when my hotel bill ($1.75) is paid I will only have $3.70 left. My journey across the plains has been quite hard, but not as hard upon me as upon many others. It has been very fatiguing from Fort Boise, a distance of four hundred and fifty miles. My pack was light, although it felt very heavy, even with a small allowance of victuals. We started from Fort Boise with twenty pounds per man, which was not nearly enough. The first place we found where we could buy anything was on the east side of Grand Ronde. Flour was 70 cents per pound, beef, 20 and 25 cents a pound. On this side of Grand Ronde flour was 75 cents and sugar 75 cents. Then we crossed the Blue Mountains, a distance of forty-five miles, forty of which is well timbered with pine principally. We bought some very fine beef of an Indian on the Umatilla River for 20 cents a pound. Then we came to the Indian Agency, expecting to get provisions there, but there was none to be had. We left with heavy hearts and fatigued bodies, and traveled ten miles to a creek (Butter Creek), where we were fortunate enough to buy some hard bread of an immigrant for fifty cents per pound. We found the next provisions at John Day's River—flour 70 cents, sugar 75 cents, and some bread wet up with water and half baked for 75 cents per pound. The next chance was at The Dalles. Here was plenty of provisions except vegetables. Meals could be had for six bits to a dollar; bread, 50 cents a pound; flour, 30 and 40 cents; sugar, 30 and 40 cents; potatoes, $6.00 a bushel; and other things in proportion. Then we started for the Cascade Falls in an Indian canoe and got windbound and ate up our grub. Then we had to eat some dried salmon which the Indians were kind enough to give and sell to us. At the Cascades we found a good, full table at 75 cents a meal. We were all very hungry and ate heartily. After supper we went

out on the railroad (a tram road) a short distance and camped in the woods. The next morning we walked to the steamboat landing, a distance of six miles, and took breakfast. Then we came on to Portland, stopping over night at Gibbin's and Pullen's. Persons on the plains have not the respect for themselves nor for others that they have in the States. Almost every one will quarrel for mere trifles; and many appear to take delight in making themselves as disagreeable as possible; and that was the character of Mr. H———, with whom I had the misfortune to start with. As I was foolish enough to pay him my passage money in advance, and could not get it back again, I was determined to stick to him; so I quarrelled, too. The country from the Missouri River is one barren waste, with only here and there a little oasis. There is but very little timber all the way. The most of the way it is not very convenient to get water without driving off from the road, and that makes very long drives. And many times it is impossible to get water for long distances, and but few have vessels to carry water in; consequently there is a great want of water nearly all the way.

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TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

36th Annual Reunion

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association

Portland, June 11th, 1908

CONTAINING THE

Annual Address by Hon. M. C. George, 1851
OF PORTLAND

—AND—

Proceedings of the Twenty-Third
Grand Encampment of Indian War Veterans
of the the North Pacific Coast

—AND—

Other Matters of Historic Interest

PORTLAND, OREGON
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1909

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

36th Annual Reunion

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association

Portland, June 11th, 1908

CONTAINING THE

Annual Address by Hon. M. C. George, 1851

OF PORTLAND

——AND——

Proceedings of the Twenty-Third Grand Encampment of Indian War Veterans of the the North Pacific Coast

——AND——

Other Matters of Historic Interest

PORTLAND, OREGON
CHAUSSE-PRUDHOMME CO., PRINTERS
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MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Portland, Oregon, March 11, 1908.

The Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met in the Worcester Building, at the rooms of Robert A. Miller, at 4 P. M., to arrange for the Annual Reunion of 1908—the thirty-sixth.

Present: Joseph D. Lee, 1848, Portland, President; J. E. Magers, 1852, Portland, Vice-President; George H. Himes, 1853, Portland, Secretary; Robert A. Miller, 1854, Portland, Corresponding Secretary, and Frederick V. Holman, 1852, Portland, Director.

The minutes of the last annual meeting were read and approved.

An order of business was submitted and, upon motion of Mr. Himes, was adopted, as follows:

1. Selection of place of meeting.

2. Selection of speaker for the annual address.

3. Selection of Grand Chaplain.

4. Selection of Grand Marshal.

5. Appointment of Committees: (a) Committee of Arrangements; (b) Finance Committee; (c) Committee on Building and Music; (d) Committee on Invitations; (e) Committee on Transportation; (f) Reception Committee; (g) selection of Chairman of Woman's Auxiliary Committee.

The matter of the date was discussed at some length, and upon motion of J. E. Magers, seconded by George H. Himes, it was decided that Thursday, June 11, should be fixed as the date of the reunion.

On motion of Mr. Magers, seconded by Robert A. Miller, Portland was chosen as the place for holding the next reunion.

On motion of George H. Himes, seconded by J. E. Magers, M. C. George, 1851, was selected to give the Annual Address.

Rev. A. J. Hunsaker, 1847, McMinnville, was chosen as the Grand Chaplain.

Joseph Buchtel, 1852, was selected as Grand Marshal, with power to choose his own aides.

On motion of Mr. Himes, seconded by Mr. Magers, Mrs. Charlotte M. Cartwright, 1845, was selected as Chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary, with power to select her own assistants.

On motion of Mr. Magers, it was voted that Messrs. Himes, Lee and Holman should be the Committee on Finance.

On motion, it was voted that the Committee of Arrangements should be composed of Mr. Himes, Mr. Magers and Mr. Miller.

It was voted that the Reception Committee should be made up of the full Board of Directors, the Marshal and such aides as he might select.

Secretary Himes was appointed the Committee on Transportation, also the Committee on Invitations.

The matter of securing a place of meeting and suitable music, and all other matters, were referred to the Committee of Arrangements.

The Secretary was authorized to have one thousand copies of the Annual Transactions of 1908 printed, and also such envelopes, letterheads, badges, programmes, announcements, etc., as in his judgment might be necessary.

No further business appearing, the Board adjourned.

GEORGE H. HIMES, Secretary.

THIRTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REUNION.

Portland, June 11, 1908.

It was a rather remarkable circumstance that the annual reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association, which was held at the Armory during the entire day and until late at night, was the largest in the history of that organization. It was the thirty-sixth event of its kind and the attendance measured by actual registration was 1388 men and women who crossed the plains in the middle decades of the nineteenth century or came into Oregon prior to 1860 and assisted in laying the foundation of the commonwealth. The average age of those attending was sixty-four years.

During the morning hours of the day the rooms of the Oregon Historical Society at the City Hall, the headquarters of the Association, under the direction of Secretary Himes, were crowded with the visiting pioneers and hundreds of names were placed on the registration books. The splendid collection of relics and other treasures which have been gathered by the Historical Society under the direction of George H. Himes, Assistant Secretary, attracted the usual amount of attention and revived many memories in the breasts of those who came across the plains, around the Horn or across the Isthmus when the Pacific Northwest was more remote than is Thibet today. There was a great deal of informal interchange of recollections, old friendships were renewed and the various chapters of the great romance of the winning of the land were recounted.

Days of the "Forties and Fifties" were once more recalled by Oregon survivors in the annual session of the Oregon Pioneer Association today at the Armory, Tenth and Couch streets. Arrangements had been worked out

to make the reunion this year one of the most interesting and entertaining yet attempted; and the result proved all that was hoped for.

The Association is now thirty-five years old, the first reunion having been held in 1873. Each year since the formation of the Association the ranks have been depleted by death, but are constantly being recruited by those who for various reasons have never become members before.

Men and women, weighted by years and whitened by time, became young again today in recounting yarns and recalling reminiscences of the early days when Indians beset their paths and hardships were the real pleasures of their lives. Hundreds of them lined the sidewalks and swarmed about the huge Armory throughout the day, and there was the glow of joy upon the countenances of all.

It was the privilege of Secretary Himes to bring pioneers together who had not met each other for twenty to fifty years. Thus it was that many of these hoary-headed men and women were made to realize the blessedness of the "tie that binds."

In little groups, in pairs and in assemblages they discussed the past, dwelling with fond remembrance upon those stirring incidents which bound them together more firmly than purely peaceful occupations could ever have done. Of many things they talked, of history of the Pacific Northwest, of those who are gone, of the future of the state, and indeed in many groups politics was the absorbing theme.

Conspicuously displayed upon men and women alike were badges, announcing membership in the Association of Indian War Veterans and reciting the year in which

they dared the perils of the long journeys into the Northwest. Remnants of families were there, and in many instances three and four generations of a single family were represented.

In the street north of the Armory a huge tent was erected, symbolical of the place of habitation of the Pioneers during the weary journey of many years ago, where formal exercises commemorating this annual meeting were held. It was packed, so much so that the streets surrounding were overflowing with gray-haired veterans. Inside the Armory they all gathered at the conclusion of the exercises for the banquet that was served.

Solitary and alone in all the bustle of conversation and hurry of reminiscences, aged William Hanna stood for a time looking upon the faces that passed and occasionally glimpsing one that was familiar. He will be 83 years of age next Christmas day and moved with his father to Yamhill County in 1850.

FEW OF OLD COMPANIONS LEFT.

"I have lived there practically all my life, since coming to Oregon, in this state, with the exception of a few years in California," he said. "And for many, many years I knew every living soul in Yamhill County. We lived for most of that time near the river opposite Dayton. That was the head of navigation in those days and all business was done from that point. So it was easy to know most everybody.

"I live in another section of the county now," he continued, and there was an element of pathos in his voice as he told of it, "but I frequently go back there, and of all the old faces that I knew so well only one is left. He is

A. L. Alderman, who is older than I. Most of the others are newcomers."

Originally Mr. Hanna came from Pennsylvania and four years ago made the trip back to this old home. He followed the old Oregon trail in doing so.

As he talked his remarks were interrupted by the arrival of Captain Phil. Shannon, perhaps the oldest remaining steamboat captain of the state. Captain Shannon has abandoned the river and the boats for less strenuous occupations and now resides at Estacada. He served his apprenticeship in the steamboat line on the Lot Whitcomb, a historical craft in the history of Northwest maritime affairs, and was built at Milwaukie in 1850. Capt. J. C. Ainsworth was in command, and Jacob Kamm, still among us, was chief engineer.

"I spent thirty-six years of my life on the river," said the veteran but still loyal river man, "and would be there yet but for the fact that we all get old. It's something we can't help, you know."

F. X. MATTHIEU MEETS OLD FRIENDS.

With sight so dimmed that he is unable to distinguish his friends, F. X. Matthieu, 1842, the really historical personage of this state, was an animated figure in the various groups. Though his eyes are failing and the countenances of strangers are to him now as the countenances of friends, he readily recognizes his friends by the sound of their voice and calls them instantly by name.

"I talked with him a few moments ago," said Mr. Hanna, "and though he could not see me, he instantly recognized me as soon as he heard my voice. He apparently knows all his friends by their voices."

Mr. Matthieu is the one survivor of the band of pioneers who met at Champoeg on May 2, 1843, and assisted in organizing the Provisional Government which held the Oregon territory as American territory against British aggression.

James M. Miller, long-haired and picturesque as is his brother, Joaquin, the poet, was also busily engaged in conversation. Mr. Miller resides at Yakima and knows hundreds of the other pioneers.

Thrilling indeed would be the life stories of A. J. Laws and E. P. Wallace, veterans who are attending, if they cared to tell them. Mr. Laws resides in Clark County, Washington, and Mr. Wallace at Amity, Oregon. They are the sole survivors of a company of ten white men who, in October, 1855, were surrounded by a band of three hundred Indians near the Puyallup River. Treachery on the part of the savages resulted in the murder of Lieutenants James McAllister and Connell, the second and third officers of the command, and but for the arrival of aid from the settlement the entire company would have been massacred. Mr. Laws walked ten miles barefoot to summon aid.

Charles Eaton, a pioneer of 1843, and a veteran of the Cayuse war of 1847-48, was captain of the company.

BORN IN OREGON TERRITORY IN 1837.

One of the oldest women attending the reunion, and certainly the oldest daughter of Oregon, is Mrs. Mary Aplin, of Woodburn. She was born in what was then known as the Oregon Territory in 1837. The place of her residence is in the present State of Washington, though now she lives at Woodburn.

Mrs. Ann E. Bills, of Portland, eighty-five years of age, but apparently as hale and hearty as countless women many years her junior, is one of the oldest women attending the reunion.

J. T. Hopkins, of Portland, a veteran member of the Fire Department of this city, also joined the groups of reminiscence-exchangers. Mr. Hopkins has the distinction of having married one of the survivors of the Whitman massacre, and also to have erected the second brick house in this city. His wife accompanied him to the Armory today.

"And that brick house, the second in this city, at Second and College streets," he said, "is just as good now as it ever was."

Sturdily refraining from mingling in the clustering groups of talkers and apparently enjoying his own meditations, Judge J. N. Skidmore, of South Bend, Wash., spent the afternoon at the gathering. He came to Oregon in 1853 and served in the Yakima Indian Wars under Captain Absolom J. Hembree. On August 28, of this year, he and his wife will celebrate the golden, or fiftieth, anniversary of their wedding. They were married in Washington County, this state, half a century ago, and Frank Davis, who conducts a hotel in this city, witnessed the ceremony.

The spectator must have been impressed with the surprising virility of the pioneers, almost all of whom are well past the Scriptural allotment of years. They still carry themselves sturdily and retain much of the strength which enabled them to conquer the wilderness in the days which indeed tried men's souls. Their hearts seem light and the burden of years rest lightly upon them. Ezra Meeker and

his famous ox-team and prairie schooner attracted much attention and to all intents and purposes might have just arrived from that first long pilgrimage from the Missouri River to the Columbia, when we were fifty-odd years nearer the patriot fathers than now.

PIONEERS ENJOY THEMSELVES.

The pioneer men and women, in their best bib and tucker, with brilliantly-colored badges indicating the year of their arrival in Oregon, and smiling countenances betokening the pleasure they felt in the affairs, the pleasant early summer day and the glory of myriad roses made it a gala day. The graybeards, their wives, who shared with them the privations of the early days, and their sons and daughters, rejoicing in the pride of such an ancestry, have for a number of years made the reunion an occasion to be eagerly anticipated year to year.

Between 1 and 2 o'clock P. M. the pioneers assembled at the large tents at the corner of Tenth and Davis streets, immediately north of the Armory, clothed with the proper badge, and were welcomed by President Joseph D. Lee, Grand Marshal Nathan H. Bird, assisted by the following aides: Joseph Buchtel, John C. Carson, George L. Story. John McCraken, John W. Minto, Penumbra Kelly, H. W. Prettyman, E. J. Jeffery, James W. Partlow, Eugene D. White, Fred H. Saylor, J. E. Magers, William Galloway, T. T. Geer, Z. F. Moody, Fred V. Holman; and Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary, assisted by Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway, Mrs. Daniel O'Neill, Mrs. H. W. Corbett, Mrs. Maria L. Myrick, Mrs. George A. Harding, Mrs. O. N. Denny, Mrs. B. H. Bowman, Mrs. Elijah Corbett, Mrs. R. B. Wilson, Mrs. C. H. Lewis,

Mrs. P. Selling, Mrs. Theodore Wygant, Mrs. Matthew P. Deady, Mrs. Elizabeth Lord, Mrs. Elizabeth M. Wilson and Mrs. Josephine Devore Johnson.

At 2 o'clock the formal exercises of the day began in the following order·

Music ..... Parsons' Orchestra
Call to order.....President J. D. Lee
Prayer.....Rev. A. J. Hunsaker, Chaplain
Music, "Star Spangled Banner".....
.....Miss Van de Mar and Choir
Address of welcome..Hon. Harry Lane, Mayor of Portland
Response.....President J. D. Lee
Music—Song, "The Good Old Pioneers".....
.....Mrs. Julia Ramsey and Choir
Annual address.....Hon. M. C. George, 1851
Music—Song, "In Grand Old Oregon" (Prof. Parvin).
.....Miss Newgent and Choir
Appointment of committees on resolutions..... .....
Poem, "To the Pioneers".....Mrs. M. L. T. Hidden
(To be read by the author.)
Benediction ..... By the Chaplain

In the course of his remarks Mayor Lane alluded to the necessity of holding this year's meeting in tents and declared that a large assembly hall should be built here to receive the state's oldest citizens.

"This gathering," said Mayor Lane, "is the greatest honor that the City of Portland has bestowed upon it. Above every other convention and gathering which is held here, expositions and rose festivals, is the gathering of you people who founded this state for us. It is our duty as

your descendants to carry on the affairs of this country in a manner which will be a credit to you and a credit to ourselves."

In referring to the need for an assembly hall, Mayor Lane said:

"In your day the site of this city was an almost impenetrable wilderness. Where we are gathered now was once a forest of firs and cedars. There ought to be a great hall erected here in which to receive you, instead of putting you out in the street here. I say that officially, and I can't be impeached for it. It is, however, not in my power to change the conditions, but Portland should do this thing and I regret that she has not. When the city acquired the Forestry Building I supposed it was to be devoted to just such gatherings as this. The city should own a place, and I assure you I will do what I can to secure it."

President Lee responded as follows:

MR. MAYOR: Your generous and cordial welcome is most sincerely appreciated by this assembled multitude. The pioneers apprehend with unusual clearness what genuine hospitality is. They have long practiced it. They learned its worth by experiencing its need. Many the day, many the month, when their hearts have yearned for the old-time neighborly greeting and unfeigned hospitality, for they were traversing the wilderness in wearisome marches, far from civilization, far from the land of their nativity and their dearest associations. In little groups they journeyed through an enemy's country. Distress brought them close together. It was only a step between them and famine and sickness, slaughter and death. With a thrill, new and indescribable, they reached the embryo civilization of the Pacific Coast and there ever remained with them a realizing sense of the value of good-fellowship and of the amenities of society.

Your words, Mr. Mayor, will reach far beyond this gathering, large as it is. They come, it seems to me, as the welcome of a

newer, a younger generation, to a great company of men and women grizzled with age and bowed with the weight of many years. They are not all with us. Age and infirmity have forced many to forego the pleasure of this anniversary, but, sir, your words will be borne to them by those returning as a message of gladness. The public press will make mention and enter their far-off homes laden with your inspiring welcome. It will rejoice their hearts and quicken the sluggish pulsations of age, for they will realize that the services that they rendered long years ago are recognized and cherished by a grateful people.

It is most fitting that the populous city welcome its founders—not merely its actual builders, but the heroic men and women who brought civilization to the Northwest and thereby became the source of life and power to the metropolis and made its existence possible. In fancy let us eliminate the pioneer, and the great progressive and peerless city, the terminus of transcontinental railroads, the destination of monster carriers from the high seas, the home of art, commerce, culture and religion, the abiding place of myriads, becomes a receding vision comparable to the fading shadow on the panoramic canvas when the views are being changed. You have noted that strange and mysterious dimness following the dissolving picture as in confusion and chaos it vanishes. Then the outlines of the next scene dimly appear, growing in clearness like the passing of twilight and the coming of the morning. In this mental picture of ours, how changed is the landscape! True, the river and the mountains are there, but no city with grand parade and imposing pageant. Instead of massive buildings are great Douglas firs towering toward heaven. No greyhounds of the ocean are speeding into port, but canoes manned by dark-visaged savages skim the waters. On Council Crest the chieftains have gathered, the war cloud is in their faces, their voices sound like muttered thunder, their wild gesticulations reach a climax and the wild, weird, piercing warwhoop rings out. As it rolls down the mountain and reverberates in the canyons it is taken up by warriors in ravine and jungle. With flying feet they course the warpath. Molalla and Wapato, Clatsop and Clackamas join in deadly fray. We'll sweep away the ugly fancy. The great fact confronts us that but for

the pioneer there would be no Portland with City Council and Mayor—your occupation, sir, would be gone.

Allow me here to suggest that as the coming year 1909 will mark the semi-centennial of our statehood we should at this meeting inaugurate a co-operative movement with the city for the fitting celebration of that great event.

In closing this response, I wish to again thank you most heartily on behalf of this pioneer band. All have passed the meridian of life—many are near to the sunset land. Every kindness to them is doubly appreciated. The cordiality of these annual receptions stirs their inmost souls with tender and pleasurable emotions. The people of the metropolis have great souls and warm hearts. Urbanite and yeoman clasp hands. The new venerates the old. Adapting the language of Fitz James to Rhoderick Dhu, "We take thy courtesy by heaven as freely as 'tis nobly given." Mesika kloshe tilakum, kloshe tumtum copa nesika.

Thank you, Mr. Mayor.

At the conclusion of the annual address a Committee on Resolutions was appointed as follows: M. C. George, 1851, Portland; C. H. Walker, 1837, Albany, and P. H. D'Arcy, 1857, Salem.

A feature of the meeting was the appearance of F. X. Matthieu, 1842, the only survivor of the Champoeg convention of May 2, 1843. Mr. Matthieu was introduced as the greatest man in Oregon. As the venerable pioneer made his way to the platform the audience rose and gave three rousing cheers.

THE BANQUET.

After a short social hour, at 4:30 P. M., the Grand Marshal and aides and the reception committee of the Woman's Auxiliary formed the pioneers in a column of twos and conducted them to the banquet tables in the drill hall of the Armory, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion with flags and small fir trees. A pyramid covered

with roses was the principal floral decoration. Each of the nineteen tables which occupied the main floor was profusely decorated with roses and other flowers. The banquet was conceded to be the largest and most satisfactory one ever attempted and reflected credit upon the ladies of the Pioneer Woman's Auxiliary which had the affair in charge, as follows:

General Chairman, Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, with power to act; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Mollie Burke; Table Committee, Mrs. Benton Killin, chairman.

Table No. 1.—Mrs. Harriet K. McArthur, Mrs. George Taylor; assistants, Miss Pauline Nesmith, Miss Mary Adair, Miss Agnes Catlin, Miss Margaret Catlin.

Table No. 2.—Mrs. H. S. Gile, Miss Kate Holman; assistants, Miss Gile, Mrs. W. W. Biddle, Mrs. F. D. Chamberlain, Miss Mildred Nichols.

Table No. 3.—Mrs. P. L. Willis, Mrs. M. A. M. Ashley; assistants, Mrs. C. W. Sherman, Miss Frances Jeffery, Mrs. G. W. Nottage, Mrs. T. B. Foster.

Table No. 4.—Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, Miss Failing; assistants, Miss Olive Failing, Mrs. W. L. Brewster, Miss Kate Failing, Miss Rhoda Failing.

Table No. 5.—Mrs. H. H. Northup, Mrs. Tyler Woodward; assistants, Miss Mildred Cooper, Miss Della Ross, Miss C. Coleman, Miss Margaret Cornell.

Table No. 6.—Mrs. Irving W. Pratt, Mrs. M. C. George; assistants, Miss Gertrude Pratt, Miss Maudie Scott Upton, Miss Florence George, Miss Edna George.

Table No. 7.—Mrs. William S. Sibson, Mrs. Frank M. Warren; assistants, Mrs. Rupert Chipman, Miss Frances Warren, Miss Muriel Williams.

Table No. 8.—Mrs. L. A. Lewis, Mrs. J. Wesley Ladd; assistants, Miss Flanders, Miss Lewis, Mrs. William Warrens, Mrs. J. K. Kollock.

Table No. 9.—Mrs. William D. Fenton, Mrs. A. Meier; assistants, Mrs. Condon McCornack, Miss Imogene Raffety, Mrs. George Cooper, Miss Clara Teal.

Table No. 10.—Mrs. A. B. Croasman, Mrs. J. W. Cook; assistants, Mrs. W. W. Harder, Miss Lillian Croasman, Miss Mary Dale, Miss Besco.

Table No. 11.—Mrs. G. W. Weidler, Mrs. John McCraken; assistants, Miss Kate Sherlock, Mrs. Robert Lewis, Miss Susie Stott, Miss Hazel Crocker.

Table No. 12.—Mrs. J. M. Freeman, Miss Annie B. Shelby; assistants, Mrs. Frank F. Freeman, Miss Inez Barrett, Miss M. S. Barlow, Miss Celia Friendly.

Table No. 13.—Mrs. Grace Watt Ross, Mrs. Milton W. Smith; assistants, Miss Watt, Mrs. John Macrum, Miss Josephine Smith, Mrs. Harding.

Table No. 14.—Mrs. George H. Himes, Mrs. Edward E. McClure; assistants, Mrs. Harold G. Rice, Mrs. William W. Porter, Miss Jean McClure, Miss Marian Plummer.

Table No. 15.—Mrs. John Gill, Mrs. J. K. Gill; assistants, Miss Frances Gill, Mrs. Nellie Waltz Gill, Mrs. T. T. Strain, Mrs. Horace Butterfield.

Table No. 16.—Mrs. June McMillen Ordway, Mrs. E. W. Spencer; assistants, Miss Fay C. Himes, Miss Myrtle B. Moffett, Mrs. T. T. Briggs, Mrs. W. M. Wisdom.

Table No. 17—Mrs. H. B. Nicholas, Miss Elva Humason; assistants, Miss Beulah Nicholas, Mrs. I. C. Sanford, Miss Evelyn Shively.

Table No. 18.—Mrs. J. K. Locke, Mrs. A. M. Crane; assistants, Miss Sarah Harker, Mrs. W. Y. Masters, Mrs. H. H. Jones.

Table No. 19.—Mrs. P. W. Gillette, Mrs. G. H. Lamberson; assistants, Mrs. M. Meussdorffer, Miss Grace Lamberson, Mrs. S. T. Lockwood, Miss Clarissa Wiley.

COMMITTEES ON SUPPLIES.

Following is a list of Committees on Supplies:

Booth No. 1.—Meats, fish and salads—Mrs. John W. Minto, chairman; Mrs. Herbert Holman, Mrs. Archie L. Pease, Mrs. D. M. McLauchlan, Mrs. Samuel A. Herring, Mrs. D. J. Malarkey, Mrs. A. D. Charlton, Mrs. H. E. Coleman, Mrs. J. H. Burgard, Mrs. George Hoyt, Mrs. R. H. Birdsall, Mrs. George Campbell.

Booth No. 2.—Bread and cake—Miss Nannie E. Taylor, chairman; Mrs. W. D. Porter, Mrs. D. W. Taylor, Mrs. B. L. Carr, Mrs. A. H. McGowan, Mrs. A. J. Meier, Mrs. Plympton Kelly, Miss Nellie Lambert, Miss Linley Morton, Miss Hildegarde Plummer, Mrs. M. L. Myrick.

Booth No. 3.—Ice cream, milk, cream and butter—Mrs. Alexander Muir, Mrs. G. Frank Moffett, Mrs. E. A. Breyman.

Booth No. 4.—Mrs. Mary McKay, Miss Ella Breyman, Mrs. A. J. Van Wassenhove.

Booth No. 5.—Mrs. Clara Watt Morton, Miss Etta Wrenn.

Booth No. 6.—Mrs. Albert Brown, Mrs. E. Brown.

Rose Booth.—Miss Mildred F. Himes, Miss M. Oatfield.

Reserve Table.—Mrs. Robert Porter, Mrs. E. F. Humason, Mrs. Charles Holman, Mrs. T. T. Struble, Miss Caroline Holman, Miss Leola Struble.

Decorating Committee.—Mrs. James P. Moffett, chairman; aides, Robert Marsh, M. McClure, Preston W. Gillette, Miss Margaret Malarkey, Harriet Harlow.

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING

At 7:30 o'clock P. M. the Association was called to order in the large tent by President Lee, and officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

President, J. E. Magers, 1852, Portland; Vice-President, Frederick V. Holman, 1852, Portland; Secretary, George H. Himes, 1853, Portland; Treasurer, Charles E. Ladd, 1857, Portland; Directors—P. H. D'Arcy, 1857, Salem; William Merchant, 1847, Carlton, and D. W. Laughlin, 1850, Lafayette.

A memorial to the United States Congress was adopted and ordered forwarded to Washington, urging the appropriation of the sum of $50,000 to designate the original route of the pioneers, known as the old "Oregon Trail." The memorial follows:

To the Honorable, the House of Representatives of the United States: Your petitioners, the Oregon Pioneer Association of the State of Oregon, would represent to your honorable body that in view of the very great and far-reaching results for the welfare of the whole of our country, by the heroic courage and self-sacrifice of the early pioneers and Indian war veterans, and of the importance of securing and preserving correct historical data and where possible in concrete form, would most respectfully call your attention to the efforts of the Pacific Coast Pioneers, led by the Hon. Ezra Meeker, to carefully locate the "Oregon Trail," which the said pioneers traversed, and of the necessity of permanently designating the route thereof by suitable monuments and markers;

And your petitioners would most earnestly urge and petition your honorable body to pass the bill introduced into Congress by Hon. W. E. Humphrey, of Washington, on

the 6th day of April, 1908, providing for the appropriation of $50,000 out of the treasury, or so much thereof as is necessary for the purpose of erecting such monuments and for paying a commission to be appointed by the President to superintend such work. And your petitioners will ever pray.

It was voted, on motion, that it be discretionary with the Board of Directors of the Association to hold the next annual meeting during Rose Festival week. Resolutions were also adopted expressing the sincere thanks and gratitude of the Association to Ezra Meeker for his efforts in behalf of the appropriation for the "Oregon Trail."

At the conclusion of the business session a campfire meeting was held, with Robert A. Miller presiding. The following programme was followed:

Music ..... Parsons' Orchestra
Remarks by Ezra Meeker, the "Oregon Trail Marker," outlining briefly the object of his work.
Song, "The Oregon Trail" (Words by Miss Mary Osborne Douthit, music by Prof. Edward J. Finck) ...
.....Mr. W. G. Hodson
Recitation ..... Miss Minnie M. Bode
Old-time Music.....Parsons' Orchestra
Song (selected).....Mr. G. T. Howard and Choir
Poem, "Our Pioneers" (By Mrs. June McMillen Ordway).....Robert A. Miller
Five-minute "Pioneer Reminiscences".....
"Auld Lang Syne".Parsons' Orchestra, Choir and Audience

On Friday, June 12, by the courtesy of D. C. Freeman, manager, about five hundred pioneers had a picnic at "The Oaks," a pleasure resort south of the city.

OUR PIONEERS.

Hats off! hats off! to those brave men,
And bravest women, too,
Who march today with feeble step,
Whose lives are good and true.

Upon the lonely mountain trail,
Through valleys long and drear,
Through storm and sunshine, Westward came,
Each true, brave pioneer.

They made a wilderness to smile
With fruit and golden grain;
For us, calm years, content and peace—
Theirs was the toil and pain.

A warmer clasp our hands must give,
For soon they'll march away
Into the land of their reward—
Into the endless day.

Beyond the hurrying scenes of life,
'Mid gladness they'll know then;
Their kind deeds all, shall live once more,
Where we'll clasp hands again.

Would we could claim, as they pass on,
Such strength and courage ours.
Ah! may their last, long homeward march
Be strewn with sweetest flowers.

JUNE MCMILLEN ORDWAY.

TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING OF THE INDIAN WAR VETERANS OF THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST.

Portland, June 10, 1908.

The veterans opened their twenty-third Annual Encampment shortly after 10 o'clock in the morning. The assemblage was called to order by Grand Commander A. G. Lloyd and upon reading the roll call the following officers reported present: Grand Commander, A. G. Lloyd; Senior Vice-Commander, A. B. Stuart; Junior Vice-Commander, Ed. Ross; Grand Adjutant, Otto Kleeman; Grand Chaplain, W. D. Ewing; Grand Marshal, Captain Patrick Maloney, and Captain of the Guard, John Storan.

After prayer by the Grand Chaplain, W. D. Ewing, the election of officers for the ensuing year was as follows:

Grand Commander, Alexander Coffee, 1853.
Senior Vice-Commander, Harvey W. Scott, 1852.
Junior Vice-Commander, Captain A. B. Stuart, 1849.
Grand Adjutant, Otto Kleeman.
Grand Paymaster, Charles H. Chambreau.
Grand Chaplain, W. D. Ewing, 1852.
Grand Marshal, Captain Patrick Maloney, 1856.
Captain of the Guard, John Storan, 1854.

Letters were read from Congressmen and Senators from Pacific Coast States pledging their support to the Hayes bill, which provides for the increasing of the pensions of the Indian War Veterans. There were about 300 veterans present. Addresses, eloquent and patriotic, were delivered by Alexander Coffee and Captain Stillwell in favor of the measure. A resolution was introduced by Comrade Van Vleet calling upon every Indian War Veteran to constitute

himself a committee of one to use his influence with the Representatives at Washington in regard to the passage of the bill.

W. D. Ewing, H. D. Mount and A. Porter were appointed a committee to compile a list of those members who had passed away during the year. The following names were returned: Mrs. W. D. Stillwell, Mrs. J. T. Fouts, W. R. Barrett, Mrs. T. N. Faulconer, Milton E. Polk, Colonel B. F. Shaw, L. M. Parrish, Sam P. Whitney, J. P. Mann, Sam P. Wheeler, John Dibble, John Reidel, Delia Smith, Mrs. T. R. Bulley and Mr. and Mrs. Jackson Milligan.

A recess was declared at noon while the veterans partook of a spread prepared by the Sons and Daughters of Indian War Veterans.

A general entertainment under the auspices of the Sons and Daughters of the Indian War Veterans was furnished in the afternoon. The programme consisted of addresses by Mayor Lane and Rev. J. F. Ghormley. The Mayor extended a welcome to the veterans and announced that the city was theirs. Miss Hazel Hoopengarner rendered a humorous dialect selection, which was well received. The Veterans' Quartet sang "We Meet Again, Boys," and "Good Night, My Love." Mrs. George Watkins then rendered a selection and the quartet sang "When the Winds Blow Soft Again."

Warm discussion arose at the afternoon session over a request made by Rev. J. F. Ghormley, of the Christian Church, that the veterans go on record as favoring prohibition. P. J. Morgan, ex-Secretary of Multnomah Camp, No. 2, seconded the motion of Rev. Mr. Ghormley, but after

a brief and heated controversy the motion was ruled out of order.

EACH ANNUAL REUNION FINDS FEWER ANSWERING ROLL CALL.

By Arthur A. Greene.

Every year there gathers here the gray remnant of an army. Time was when it was terrible with banners. There was not much of the glory and pomp of war in the calculations of its leaders, but its deeds were no less heroic than had it marched with Napoleon or Von Moltke. Fighting savages from the thresholds of a frontier civilization was a grim and unadorned affair with Indian war soldiers of the fifties, but their achievements were no less important nor less worthy of song and story because they were untrained and ununiformed minute men of the wilderness.

The grizzled and feeble survivors of the regiments that saved the Oregon country are vanishing. But a scant battalion remains, and that battalion, some 300 only, met in annual reunion yesterday. The session was held in the Woodmen of the World Hall, on Eleventh street, and was, as always, an interesting affair.

Considerable business was transacted, but its chief importance lay in the fact that it brought together the patriarchs of the Pacific Northwest for another handclasp and another telling over of brave tales of the days when they were young and an empire was in the making. Every year there are fewer of the "boys," every year the voices are less lusty and the eyes dimmer. They are making a final stand. The Old Guard is dying hard. Every foe it has overcome but the gaunt foeman with the scythe. They are facing inevitable defeat, for Time is invincible and merciless. He takes no prisoners and gives no quarter.

Today's reunion of the Association of Indian War Veterans was not gloomy. The old warriors had a very happy day of it, exchanging reminiscences, fighting their battles over again and enjoying the well-earned comforts and honors which their valor won in the long ago. All the addresses voiced a spirit of happy content, while the informal exchanges of greetings, wherever a little group of the veterans gathered, had in it no jarring note of complaint and protest because they were no longer as young as when they gave a group of sovereign states to the Republic. There was much good-natured joking, and the old stories, none the less thrilling that they are more than half a century old, were retold. Octogenarians called each other by their nicknames and slapped each other affectionately on the back. Occasionally there was a pathetic note when some comrade started calling the roll which showed so many missing from the ranks.

With the knowledge that they have kept the faith and fought the good fight, the heroes are one by one going outside the lines on forlorn hopes from which they never return. Most of them are now encamped in a land where there are no night attacks and no wild forays, where they may bivouac together in peace and security through the long, unending day of eternity. Those who remain will come again next year, fewer than met yesterday, just as yesterday many who had reported for duty last year were absent.

As an example to the younger generation these reunions are helpful. They make for the betterment of the community, but best of all they bring together once a year the survivors of an heroic age. Yesterday's meeting was in all respects successful and enjoyable.

PIONEERS IN ATTENDANCE.

Those who registered with the Secretary were as follows:

Name and Address	Place of Birth and Date
1837	
Aplin, Mrs. Mary, Woodburn	Oregon 1837
Beers, Benjamin, Oregon City	Connecticut 1835
1838	
Walker, Cyrus H., Albany	Oregon 1838
1839	
Bird, Mrs. M. A., Hillsboro	Canada 1831
Watt, Mrs. Harriet	Oregon .....
1840	
Abernethy, W., Forest Grove	New York 1830
Curl, Mrs. Abigail, Jefferson	Oregon 1840
Edwards, Mrs. Wiley, Newberg	Oregon 1840
1841	
Elliott, Mrs. Mary, Portland	Canada 1837
Hood, Mrs. C. J., Portland	Illinois 1840
Mountain, Thomas, Portland	England 1822
1842	
Carter, D. A., Sheridan	Oregon 1842
Matthieu, F. X., Aurora	Canada 1818
1843	
Adair, Dr. Owens, Warrenton	Missouri 1840
Bertrand, Mrs. Isabel, Portland	California 1841
Cornell, Mrs. E. J., Salem	Arkansas 1835
Cullen, Mrs. Annie E., Hillsdale	Missouri 1840
Delaney, Daniel, Starbuck, Wash	Tennessee 1826
Dixon, Mrs. Louisa, Portland	Mississippi 1838
Eberman, Mrs. Emma, Seaside	England 1836
Griffiths, Mrs. Rebecca, Portland	Missouri 1837
Hatch, D. C., Stevenson, Wash	Sandwich Islands... 1843
Hembree, Jas. T., Lafayette	Tennessee 1825

Name and Address	Place of Birth and Date
Hembree, Mrs. Melvina A., Lafayette	Arkansas 1832
Hembree, W. C., McMinnville	Tennessee 1829
Hembree, Mrs. W. C., McMinnville	Kentucky 1836
Jenkins, Mrs. D., Albany	Colorado 1843
Lenox, S. S., Gaston	Illinois 1841
McHaley, A. J., Sellwood	Missouri 1839
O'Neill, Mrs. Daniel, Oregon City	Arkansas 1838
Patterson, Mrs. L. H., Portland	Wisconsin 1835
Phillips, Mrs. C. M., Clackamas	Indiana 1830
Shepherd, Mrs. Eliza, Portland	England 1831
Swick, Mrs. M. R., The Dalles	Missouri 1843
Watson, H. H., Salem	Illinois 1843
Wright, Mrs. L. E., Lents	Indiana 1829

1844

Adams, Mrs. J. H., Portland	Oregon 1844
Bain, Mrs. Ann, Portland	Iowa 1840
Baker, Mrs. O. G., Portland	Canada 1834
Bedwell, Mrs. Elizabeth, North Yamhill	On Plains 1844
Caples, Hezekiah, Caples	Ohio 1838
Cline, Mrs. Mary, Portland	Iowa 1844
Crawford, Medorem, Washington, D. C.	Oregon 1844
Embree, T. V. B., Dallas	Missouri 1836
Hamlin, Mrs. H. M., St. Johns	Missouri
Hawley, J. H., Monmouth	Canada 1835
Helms, Mrs. D. M., Portland	Ohio 1836
Holden, H. F., Tillamook	Massachusetts 1837
Johnson, Burr, Pendleton	Indiana 1840
Klinger, Mrs. M. J., Dufur	
Lewes, F. Lee, Portland	Canada 1832
McHaley, Mrs. May A., Sellwood	Missouri 1842
McDaniel, Joshua, Portland	Missouri 1828
Minto, John, Salem	England 1822
Nelson, J. C., Newberg	Missouri 1825
Olds, Eli, Portland	Indiana 1837
Olds, N. H., Lents	Indiana 1840
Perkins, Eli, Madison	Indiana 1838
Ramsdell, T. M., Portland	Vermont 1821
Reynolds, Mrs. L. E., Portland	Oregon 1844
Riggs, Mrs. T. C., Orchard, Wash	Ohio 1837

Name and Address	Place of Birth and Date
Rowland, G. L., North Yamhill	North Carolina....1827
Russell, Mrs. Wm., North Yamhill	Indiana 1843
Sax, Mrs. M. P., Portland	Iowa 1834
Stillwell, W. D., Tillamook	Ohio 1824
Walker, J. E., Forest Grove	Oregon 1844
Welch, James W., Astoria	Iowa 1842

1845

Anderson, Mrs. C. J., Salem	Kentucky 1839
Archibald, Mrs. Frances, Hillsboro	Missouri 1844
Arthurs, Mrs. Sarah Williams, Wendling	Illinois 1844
Bartlett, Mrs. J. P., Vancouver, Wash	Oregon 1845
Belieu, J. W. A., Portland	Missouri 1841
Bennett, Mrs. L. J., Portland	Missouri 1833
Boge, Mrs. Elizabeth T., Jacksonville	Missouri 1835
Bolds, Chas., Portland	Kentucky 1822
Bonney, B. F., Colton	Illinois 1838
Bonney, T. L., Hubbard	Ohio 1835
Bowley, Mrs. Minerva, Portland	
Bozorth, C. C., Ridgefield, Wash	Missouri 1832
Capps, Mrs. A. R., Portland	Plains 1845
Carey, J. J., Carlton	Oregon 1845
Carter, J. L., Hood River	Oregon 1845
Cartwright, Mrs. Charlotte M., Portland	Illinois 1842
Catching, Mrs. A. F., Portland	Missouri 1842
Chamness, Jos., Silverton	Iowa 1838
Comstock, Mrs. M. J., Portland	Missouri 1838
Cornelius, Mrs. C., Portland	Missouri 1845
Cornelius, Mrs. Rachel, Portland	Illinois 1833
Crabtree, J. P., Crabtree	Missouri 1837
Crandall, Mrs. Lydia, Portland	Missouri 1844
Denny, Mrs. C. H., McCoy	Iowa 1844
Durbin, Solomon, Salem	Ohio 1829
Ferrell, Mrs. G. W., Salem	Iowa 1839
Foster, G. W., Oregon City	Illinois 1835
Foster, Mrs. M. E., University Park	Indiana 1841
Frush, Mrs. M. A., Montavilla	Missouri 1839
Gaines, Mrs. Elizabeth, Thomas, Linn Co.	Missouri 1840
Griffith, J. M., Oregon City	Illinois 1842
Hall, J. C., Molalla	Missouri 1839
Hawk, Mrs. Sarah A. I., Portland	Illinois 1832
Helm, W. F., Portland	Kentucky 1833
Hendricks, Mrs. M. J., Carlton	Virginia 1830
Henderson, Mrs. S. J., Portland	New York 1843

Name and Address	Place of Birth and Date
Hilderbrand, Mrs. Eveline, Monmouth	Missouri 1845
Hosford, C. O., Mt. Tabor	New York 1822
Hurley, Mrs. Mary A., Risley Station	Iowa 1842
Jacobs, Mrs. M. A., Portland	Illinois 1840
Kenney, Mrs. Elizabeth, Jacksonville	Kentucky 1829
Killin, Geo. W., Woodburn	Iowa 1844
Latourette, Mrs. A. E., Portland	Illinois 1839
Lamberson, H. C., Scappoose	Missouri 1844
Lamberson, J. L., Houlton	Iowa 1840
Lemmon, L., Junction City	Indiana 1836
Lloyd, A. G., Waitsburg	Missouri 1836
Locke, Mrs. M. P	Illinois 1836
Manning, Mrs. S. E., Hillsboro	Missouri 1836
Meldrum, John W., Oregon City	Iowa 1839
Miller, Mrs. Mary, Gresham	.....
Moore, Mrs. Mary, Hillsboro	Missouri .....
Moore, Mrs. M. O., Portland	.....
Morgan, G. W., Cornelius	Ohio 1840
Morgan, W. H. H., Portland	Ohio 1849
McCown, Mrs. Sarah, Portland	.....
McGrew, Mrs. Phoebe Walling, Portland	Iowa 1844
McKenna, Mrs. N., Corvallis	Iowa 1841
McNamee, A., Portland	Missouri 1841
Parker, G. L., Mount Tabor	Iowa 1843
Pathson, Mrs. W. W., Dufur	Illinois 1843
Perry, Mrs. Elizabeth, Houlton	New Jersey 1827
Perry, F. C., Molalla	Iowa 1844
Powell, Mrs. M. A., Hillsboro	Iowa 1849
Rees, Mrs. Amanda, Portland	Indiana 1832
Rhodes, Mrs. M. J., Reedville	Illinois 1837
Robbins, Mrs. J. H., Amity	Illinois 1845
Rodgers, Mrs. Agnes Maley, Corvallis	Illinois 1844
Ryder, Mrs. D. E., Portland	Illinois 1839
Scott, Mrs. M. A., Portland	Iowa 1844
Simmons, J. A., Mount Angel	Indiana 1832
Stockwell, Mrs. M. J., Marquam	Missouri 1843
Terwilliger, H., Portland	Ohio 1840
Thomas, Geo. B., Bull Run	Missouri 1826
Thompson, Mrs. D. P., Portland	.....
Thyng, Mrs. E. C., Portland	Iowa 1842
Wilcox, Mrs. Julia H., Portland	Virginia 1823
Wilkes, J., Hillsboro	Indiana 1832

1846

Name and Address	Place of Birth and Date	
Arey, Mrs. Mary H. D., Portland	Illinois	1842
Apperson, Mrs. Mary A., Forest Grove	Missouri	1838
Bartenstein, Mrs. Eva, Portland	Oregon	1846
Bird, N. H., Portland	Oregon Territory	1846
Brown, Alvin C., Forest Grove	Missouri	1829
Burnett, Mrs. Martha, Corvallis	Missouri	1838
Clymer Mrs. Mary, Portland	Ohio	1826
Cone, A. S., Aurora	Indiana	1827
Croisan, Mrs. M. E., Salem	Illinois	1832
Davidson, Mrs. M. E., Parker	Missouri	1838
Deady, Mrs. Matthew P., Portland	Missouri	1835
Debord, Mrs. E. A., Independence	Missouri	1836
Dolman, Mrs. Morse, Portland	Missouri	1837
Garrison, A. H., Roseburg	Indiana	1831
Guthrie, D. M., Dallas	Missouri	1824
Hacker, Mrs. Ellen C., Oregon City	Ohio	1830
Hall, W. R., Buena Vista	On the way	1846
Henderson, Mrs. Olivia, Portland	Virginia	1843
Hill, F., Gaston	Oregon	1846
Holman, Frances A., Portland	Missouri	1843
Holston, Mrs. Prudence	Oregon	1846
Jenkins, Mrs. R. L., Portland		
Johnston, Mrs. Susan E., McMinnville	Illinois	1844
Laughlin, Mrs. D. W., Carlton	Oregon	1846
Lewis, Mrs. Kate, Portland	Tennessee	1837
Marks, Mrs. O. G., Portland	Oregon	1846
Murch, Mrs. Mary E., Portland		
Myrick, Mrs. M. L., Portland	California	1846
McEwan, Mrs. Clementine, Portland		1835
McPherson, Donald, Buxton	Oregon	1845
Olds, E., Grass Valley, Sherman Co	Oregon	1846
Phillips, Benton, Banks	Missouri	1846
Pringle, F. M., Portland	Missouri	
Riggs, G. B., Orchard, Wash	Missouri	1836
Simmons, S. C., Portland	Michigan	1841
Simpson, Ben, Portland	Tennessee	1818
Smith, Mrs. Sarah E., Oregon City	Illinois	1833
Starkweather, Mrs. Eliza, Milwaukie	Indiana	1831
St. George, Mrs. M. J., Pomeroy, Wash	Iowa	1842
Stuart, Mrs. A. B., Portland	Missouri	1832
Walker, Mrs. N. J., Forest Grove	Ohio	1838
Wood, Mrs. S. G., Walla Walla, Wash	Oregon	1846

1847

Name and Address	Place of Birth and Date
Adams, H. R., Gresham	Missouri 1840
Anderson, Mrs. S. J., Vancouver, Wash	New York 1837
Apperson, J. T., Park Place	Kentucky 1834
Baldra, Mrs. R. C., Hillsboro	Oregon 1847
Baldra, Mrs. Sarah, Hillsboro	.....
Barger, Mrs. R., Portland	Ohio 1825
Beal, G. W., Sager	Indiana 1839
Beal, Josiah, Goldendale, Wash	Indiana 1837
Bonser, J. H., Portland	Ohio 1832
Bonser, S. D., Portland	Ohio 1830
Brush, John, Portland	New York 1822
Buel, Sam'l, Sheridan	Iowa 1845
Caufield, David, Oregon City	Ohio 1845
Caufield, R. F., Oregon City	Ohio 1843
Capps, Mrs. Nancy, Portland	Missouri 1840
Chapman, Wm., Sheridan	New York 1824
Coffin, Mrs. L., Portland	Massachusetts 1819
Corby, Mrs. E. J., Salem	Illinois 1837
Cosper, Mrs. Martha J. E., Dallas	Illinois 1842
Cottel, Mrs. C. W., Portland	Oregon 1847
Cullen, John W., Hillsdale	Indiana 1838
Denny, Mrs. Gertrude, Portland	New Jersey 1837
DeWitt, Mrs. Otelia, Portland	Indiana 1812
Dillon, A. J., Portland	Iowa 1847
Dixon, Cyrus, Lents	Oregon 1847
Fellows, Mrs. J. D., Park Place	Missouri 1843
Findley, A. B., Portland	Illinois 1831
Fler, W. E., Portland	Missouri 1845
Ford, Mrs. R. S., Portland	Illinois 1840
Forgey, Mrs. Hannah, Lents	Indiana 1820
Fulton, Jas., Fairbank, Wasco Co	Missouri 1847
Geer, L. B., Macleay	Illinois 1845
Gibson, Jas. W., Reedville	Missouri 1835
Griffin, Nancy, Dexter	Ohio 1833
Guild, J. S., Mount Tabor	Illinois 1844
Hauck, Mrs. D. O. Young, Corvallis	Missouri 1843
Hawley, Mrs. Emma O., Salem	 1847
Hawley, Mrs. J. H., Monmouth	Missouri 1840
Heater, Mrs. J. A., Newberg	Iowa 1840
Hembree, I. M., Portland	Oregon 1847
Hill, P. H., Ocean Park, Wash	Vermont 1837
Hill, Mrs. S. A., Portland	Missouri 1846
Hopkins, Mrs. R. H., Lents	Illinois 1834

Name and Address	Place of Birth and Date
Hovenden, Mrs. E., Woodburn	Indiana 1841
Howell, Mrs. Mary, Oregon City	Missouri 1840
Hubbard, Mrs. Alice, Woodburn	Indiana 1845
Hudson, Shad, Myrtle Point	Michigan 1830
Hunsaker, A. J., McMinnville	Illinois 1834
Hunt, Mrs. Rosetta W., Tacoma, Wash	Missouri 1847
Jackman, Mrs. Lizzie, Odd Fellows' Home	
Johnson, Mrs. Burr, Pendleton	Texas 1847
Johnson, J. F., North Yamhill	Texas 1841
Johnson, Mrs. Martha, Seaside	Missouri 1846
Jolly, Wm. B., Portland	Illinois 1843
Jory, H. S., Salem	New Brunswick ... 1833
Kelly, Mrs. J. D., McCoy	Oregon 1847
Kelley, Jas. W., Cathlamet, Wash	Kentucky 1837
Kent, Mrs. Elizabeth, Portland	Ohio 1833
Kesselring, Mrs. N. A., Canby	Missouri 1834
Kinney, M. G., Portland	Iowa 1819
Klinger, L. J., Dufur	Missouri 1837
Landess, Mrs. E. J., Portland	
May, Mrs. Jackson, Prineville	Kentucky 1830
Megler, Mrs. M. A., Astoria	Indiana 1846
Merchant, William, Carlton	Iowa 1843
Merrill, Geo., Deer Island	Ohio 1826
Merrill, R., Columbia City	Illinois 1834
Munson, Mrs. S. S., Warrenton	Indiana 1841
McBride, T. A., Oregon City	Oregon 1847
McClaine, E. C., Albany	Missouri 1825
McDaniel, Mrs. Virginia, Portland	Missouri 1830
McKinney, Mrs. M., Turner	Kentucky 1831
Pendleton, Mrs. Sara, Woodburn	Indiana 1842
Poppleton, Mrs. N. J., Portland	Missouri .....
Perry, Mrs. S. J., Portland	Oregon 1841
Powell, Mrs. W. S., Portland	Vermont 1839
Prettyman, H. W., Mount Tabor	Delaware 1839
Reames, Mrs. Sarah Evans, Portland	Iowa .....
Riggs, G. W., Lents	Missouri 1836
Riggs, J. C., The Dalles	Missouri 1839
Roe, Mrs. E. E., Portland	Missouri 1846
Roland, Mrs. Eliza, Portland	Iowa 1843
Ryan, Mrs. Mary, Portland	Oregon 1847
Schantz, Mrs. Sarah, Salem	Ohio 1836
Schofield, Mrs. B., Cornelius	Missouri 1847
Shelton, L. D. W., Seattle, Wash	Missouri 1841
Shively, C. W., Portland	Missouri 1839

Name and Address	Place of Birth and Date
Slavin, Mrs. Erma R., Hillsdale	Ohio 1836
Smith, Seneca, Portland	Indiana 1844
Smith, Thomas, Roseburg	England 1821
Stimson, Mrs. D. S., Portland	Missouri 1844
Sturgess, Geo. W., Vancouver, Wash	Illinois 1845
Thorpe, Mrs. Ernest	Illinois 1832
Todd, Mary H., Portland	Texas 1846
Walker, Mrs. Lucy, Hillsboro	.....
Watts, F. A., Portland	Illinois 1846
Watts, J. M., Portland	Missouri 1839
Watts, L. W., Sellwood	Oregon 1847
Whalley, Mrs. J. W.	Missouri 1841
Woods, J. C., Portland	Missouri 1838
Worley, Mrs. E. J., Portland	Missouri 1842
Wright, Mrs. M., Portland	Missouri 1839

1848

Ankeny, Mrs. Levi, Walla Walla, Wash.	Oregon 1848
Bauer, F. A., Woodburn	Indiana 1842
Beers, John, Oregon City	Oregon 1848
Blain, W. R., Portland	Indiana 1847
Catlin, Fred, Catlin, Wash	Illinois 1848
Chance, Mrs. M. A., Portland	Illinois 1839
Gill, Mrs. J. K., Portland	Oregon 1848
Graham, J. K., Portland	Illinois 1847
Hanna, Mrs. Mary J., Portland	New York .....
Hinton, Mrs. H. E., Portland	Illinois 1847
Holmes, Mrs. D. J., Salem	Oregon 1844
Holmes, D. J., Salem	Illinois 1839
Hutton, Mrs. Catherine, Mount Tabor	Illinois 1842
Kelley, Mrs. C., Cathlamet	Arkansas 1845
Kelly, Penumbra, Portland	Kentucky 1845
Kellogg, Mrs. A. A., Portland	 1847
King, Jas W.	New York 1846
Killin, Mrs. Harriet Hoover, Portland	Oregon 1848
Lee, J. D., Portland	Oregon 1848
Looney, Miss Pauline, Jefferson	Oregon 1848
Mattoon, Mrs. E. A., Riddell	Indiana 1838
Merchant, Warren, North Yamhill	Oregon 1848
Merrill, Edwin, Portland	Oregon 1848
Miller, Chas., Jefferson	Indiana 1848
Minto, John W., Portland	Oregon 1848
Morgan, Mrs. E. E., Portland	Indiana 1836
Morton, Mrs. Clara Watt, Portland	Missouri 1846

Name and Address	Place of Birth and Date
Porter, S. R., Portland	Illinois 1847
Reasoner, Mrs. A., Sellwood	Oregon 1848
Robinson, F. M., Beaverton	Oregon 1848
Seeley, Mrs. Sarah, Pomeroy, Wash	Oregon 1848
Shelley, Troy, Hood River	Iowa 1845
Starr, L. H., Eugene	Iowa 1845
Starr, S. E., Portland	Ohio 1834
Stennet, Mrs. M. O., St. John	Oregon 1848
Slocum, Mrs. Sarah, Vancouver, Wash	Illinois 1845
Walker, Mrs. Louisa, Portland	Illinois 1831
Watt, Ahio S., Portland	Ohio 1824
White, Mrs. E., Portland	Oregon 1847
White, Mrs. Roxana Watt, Portland	Ohio 1836
Wright, Mrs. Mary, Hillsdale	Oregon 1848

1849

Adair, S. D., Portland	Kentucky 1847
Backenstos, Jas. S., City Hall	
Bird, Mrs. Alice T., Portland	Illinois 1846
Brack, Philip, Myrtle Point	Germany 1827
Brackett, Wm. H., Portland	New York 1830
Campbell, Jas. H., Ridgefield, Wash	Vermont 1825
Campbell, H. B., Portland	Massachusetts 1829
Campbell, Mrs. N. P., Wilsonville	Oregon 1849
Caples, Mrs. Nancy, St. Johns	Maine 1829
Carter, Mrs. Louisa, Vancouver, Wash	Oregon 1849
Denney, F. J., Jefferson	Oregon 1849
Dodge, Mrs. F. M., Woodburn	
Edwards, Mrs. E. W., Spokane, Wash	Oregon 1849
Force, G. W., Portsmouth	Oregon 1849
Fox, Mrs. J. C., Portland	Oregon 1849
Freeman, Mrs. J. H. M., Portland	Oregon 1849
Gile, H. S., Portland	Maine 1827
Glover, C. P., Lents	Missouri 1840
Glover, James N., Spokane, Wash	Missouri 1837
Hays, H. E., Oregon City	Connecticut 1831
Hayter, T. J., Dallas	Missouri 1830
Hughes, P. E., Creswell	Iowa 1842
Jerelaman, Jardin, Portland	New York 1829
Kelly, Silas G., Hillsdale	Missouri 1848
Love, Rev. G. C., Lents	Missouri 1849
Marquam, P. A., Portland	Indiana 1823

Name and Address	Place of Birth and Date
Moor, N. H. Lostine	New York ... 1822
McCraken, John, Portland	England 1826
McReynolds, Wm., Cleone	Virginia 1824
McRoberts, Mrs. Susan, Portland	Missouri 1845
Padrick, Mrs. M G., Sellwood	Missouri 1843
Pattison, Chas., Shedds	Illinois 1833
Pattison, Robt., Eugene	Illinois 1828
Pease, Geo A, Portland	New York 1830
Powers, W. M, Albany	New York 1827
Quivey, Mrs M B Portland	Oregon 1849
Reed, C. A., Portland	New Hampshire 1825
Sargent, Mrs N J, McMinnville	Oregon 1849
Stansburrough, Edw., Portland	New Jersey 1823
Stuart, A. B., Portland	New Jersey 1828
Taylor, Mrs. Martha M., Portland	Oregon 1849
Thompson, Mrs Sarah A, Portland	Missouri 1846
Timmen, John H, Ilwaco, Wash	Germany 1829
Watt Mrs. E. M., Portland	Massachusetts 1836
Watson, Mrs Celia, Salem	Illinois 1849
Weeks, Reuben, Portland	New York 1829
Welch, Mrs. J. W., Astoria	Oregon 1849
Wells, Darius, Elkton	Oregon 1849

1900

Adams, Mrs. M. E, Portland	Oregon 1850
Allen, H. S., Portland	Ohio 1830
Baker, Mrs J W, Cottage Grove	Oregon 1850
Bales, O J., Portland	Oregon 1850
Bartlett, J. P., Vancouver, Wash.	Illinois 1838
Beary, S., Portland	Germany 1823
Belieu, Mrs. C. L., Portland	Pennsylvania 1845
Bonney, W. E., Colton, Wash	Oregon 1850
Brainerd Mrs. W E., Mount Tabor	Ohio
Brooks, Mrs Anna P The Dalles	England
Brooks, S. L., The Dalles	Ohio 1830
Burk, Mrs. J. A., Kalama, Wash	Ohio
Bush, Asahel, Salem	Massachusetts 1825
Bybee, James, LaCamas Wash	Kentucky 1827
Byrd, Mrs M C., Salem	Missouri 1838
Caples, J. W, Forest Grove	Ohio 1840
Carson, J. C, Portland	Pennsylvania 1825
Chapman, W. S., Portland	Oregon 1856
Davenport, T. W., Silverton	New York 1826
Davidson, I. G., Portland	Illinois 1845

Name and Address	Place of Birth and Date
Dart, Mrs. Ellen, St. Helens	Missouri 1847
Dixon, Mrs. M. E., Lents	Oregon 1850
Dunbar, D. S., Cleone	Missouri 1844
Ellerson, Mrs. D., Portland	Pennsylvania 1819
Ellerson, J. H., Beaverton	Illinois 1850
Eppler, Mrs. S. J., Portland	Missouri 1850
Exon, Mrs. H. C., Portland	Missouri 1841
Farlow, Christian, Jefferson	Indiana 1830
Farrar, Mrs. A. H., Portland	Oregon 1850
Ferguson, Mrs. Jane, Woodlawn	Indiana 1843
Flinn, Rev. J., Portland	Ireland 1819
Fowler, G. C., Goble	Oregon 1850
Gatton, S., Woodland, Wash	Ohio 1833
Gault, Mrs. Julia A., Spokane, Wash	Oregon 1850
Gleason, M. J., Portland	Ireland 1844
Gove, I. H., Portland	Maine 1838
Graham, Mrs. H. M., Portland	Oregon 1850
Guild, Mrs. Emma, Portland	Illinois 1845
Hackett, E. C., Oregon City	Oregon 1850
Hanna, Wm., North Yamhill	Pennsylvania 1825
Hazard, W. C., Vancouver, Wash	Rhode Island 1827
Hembree, J. E., Lafayette	Oregon 1850
Hendershott, Mrs. E. R., Portland	Oregon 1850
Herlin, Mrs. D. M., Cleone	Missouri 1848
Heulat, Mrs. Sarah, Portland	Missouri .....
Hill, W. G., Wilbur	Missouri 1834
Hoopengarner, Mrs. S. J., Portland	Missouri .....
Hoskins, J. J., Portland	Maryland 1822
Howell, Jos., Portland	Pennsylvania 1839
Howard, Mrs. M. C., Montavilla	Missouri 1844
Jones, Mrs. Losia A., Portland	Illinois 1846
Kinsey, Mrs. P. B., Portland	Oregon 1850
Lamberson, Mrs. S. E., Scappoose	Oregon 1850
Lambert, J. H., Portland	Indiana 1825
Laughlin, D. W., Carlton	Missouri 1842
Logan, Hugh, The Dalles	Oregon 1850
Lucas, Mrs. S. J., Portland	Pennsylvania 1836
Mathaney, Robt., Philomath	Kentucky 1829
Merrithew, Mrs. Alvina, Gresham	Oregon 1850
Miles, S. A., St. Helens	Kentucky 1830
Millard, S. B., Milwaukie	Oregon 1850
Miller, G. W., Vancouver, Wash.	Ohio 1835
Miller, Mrs. J. N. T., Portland	Missouri 1832
Moffett, Mrs. Thos., Portland	Illinois 1848

Name and Address	Place of Birth and Date	
Musgrove, Wm. H., Portland	Kentucky	1833
Olds, Mrs. N. E., Portland	Iowa	1840
Pillsbury, Mrs. J. G., Woodmere	Indiana	1837
Plummer, Mrs. M. E., Hillsdale	Oregon	1850
Ramsby, R. C., Portland	Ohio	1823
Redman, Mrs. E. J., Portland	Missouri	1840
Riggs, Mrs. M. C., Newberg	Missouri	1847
Robinson, Mrs. G. D., Dallas	Tennessee	1830
Root, Sidney, Newberg	Ohio	1828
Ryan, Mrs. E., Portland	Indiana	1832
Sheppard, Mrs. M. W., Portland	Missouri	1850
Sellwood, J. A., Salem	Illinois	1843
Smith, Lowell, McMinnville	Missouri	1847
Smith, Mrs. Thos., Roseburg	Indiana	1832
Thompson, H. C., Echo	Missouri	1829
Wade, W. H. H., Estacada	Missouri	1841
Wade, Mrs. Rebecca, North Yamhill		
Weatherford, Mrs. M. A., Portland		1843
Wilcox, Edwin, Portland	Oregon	1850
Williams, W. H., Boyd	Indiana	1838
Woods, Mrs. C. L., Portland	Ohio	1843
Yoakum, H., Lents	Illinois	1831

1851

Baker, G. L., McMinnville	Oregon	1851
Ball, Chauncey, Mt. Tabor	Pennsylvania	1827
Barstow, Jos., Portland	Massachusetts	1826
Bergevin, Mrs. Rose, Portland	Oregon	1851
Byrom, Edw., Tualatin	England	1827
Cleveland, Isabel T., Astoria	Oregon	1851
Corner, E. L., Portland	Ohio	1827
Cottle, Mrs. Wm., San Jose, Cal.	Illinois	1845
Curl, J. W., Boring	Oregon	1851
Davenport, B. F., Silverton	Ohio	1839
Dearborn, Mrs. H. A., Portland	Connecticut	1842
Failing, Mrs. W. S., Mt. Tabor	Ohio	1844
Faulconer, T. N., Portland	Missouri	1830
Flake, Mrs. S. E., Madras	Indiana	1844
Frazier, Mrs. Wm., Portland	Oregon	
George, M. C., Portland	Ohio	1849
Gibson, J. T., Portland	Oregon	1851
Gleason, A. S., Woodburn	Indiana	1832
Gray, David Baxter, Portland	Ohio	1836

Name and Address	Place of Birth and Date
Haines, W. W., Eugene	Illinois 1828
Henrici, J. G., Portland	Germany 1838
Henrici, Wm. E., Portland	Missouri .....
Holmes, Richard, Portland	New York 1830
Howe, Z., Seattle, Wash.	Indiana 1835
Howell, Mrs. Ruthie Jane, Wasco	Oregon 1851
Irvin, J. R. K., Portland	Ohio 1831
Johnson, J. H., Lents	Illinois 1842
Johnson, J. L., Woodburn	Illinois 1830
Jones, Mrs. G. W., Portland	Missouri 1850
Kennedy, —.	
Landess, Wm., Cottage Grove	Illinois 1849
Livingstone, J. D., Fossil	Missouri 1844
Lownsdale, J. P. O., Portland	Indiana 1830
Mathews, Mrs. R. A.	
Mattoon, C. H., McMinnville	New York 1824
Merchant, Mrs. W. M., Carlton	Oregon 1851
Mitchell, Mrs. A. E., Portland	Oregon 1851
Miller, Jacob, Oregon City	Indiana 1831
Miller, J. F., Portland	Missouri 1834
Moody, Z. F., Salem	Massachusetts 1832
Moody, Mrs. Z. F., Salem	Indiana 1836
McDonald, Mrs. Betsy M., Portland	Massachusetts 1829
McKinney, Mrs. A. E., Turner	Oregon 1851
McTeer, Mrs. S. W.	Indiana 1826
Needham, Isaac C., Salem	Indiana 1844
Olds, J. H., Lafayette	Ohio 1830
Pausell, J. A., Woodstock	Indiana 1836
Philpott, J. M., Harrisburg	Missouri 1846
Pope, T. A., Oregon City	New York 1842
Pope, W. H., Portland	New York 1840
Potter, Mrs. L. C., Irving	Missouri 1830
Rice, H., The Dalles	Ohio 1821
Richardson, J. Q. A., Alicel	Indiana 1840
Rood, Mrs. L. A., Hillsboro	Oregon 1850
Sargent, W. J., McMinnville	Illinois 1845
Smith, Mrs. C. J., Portland	Missouri 1847
Smith, J. D., Gervais	Missouri 1843
Smith, Mrs. M. J., Forest Grove	Missouri 1836
Smith, M. C., Gervais	Missouri 1838
Smith, Mrs. Sarah, Portland	Oregon 1850
Spencer, Mrs. Thos. W., Portland	America 1850
Story, Geo. L., Portland	Massachusetts 1850

Name and Address	Place of Birth and Date
Stanborough, Mrs. Edw., Portland	Illinois 1842
Stratton, Mrs. Helen L., Portland	Iowa 1850
Streets, John, Airlie	Oregon 1851
Thompson, Mrs. Averilla, Portland	Indiana 1841
Trimble, Mrs. C. H., Portland	New York 1850
Walker, N. J., Forest Grove	Illinois 1830
Wallace, Jas.; Kelso, Wash.	Washington 1851
Wilbur, Mrs. H. C., Portland	Iowa
Williams, Mrs. Emma, Portland	Oregon 1851
Williams, Geo., Portland	Ohio 1839
Williams, Richard, Portland	Ohio 1836
Wright, Silas, Liberal	Oregon 1851

1852

Adair, Mrs. M. M., Portland	Missouri 1836
Adair, Mrs. W. H., McMinnville	Missouri
Adams, Mrs. C. J., Portland	New York 1828
Ambrose, N. A., Woodlawn	Oregon 1852
Ball, Mrs. Nancy A., Oswego	Indiana 1844
Banzer, S. D., La Center, Wash.	Iowa 1849
Barney, Mrs. E. N., Portland	Ohio 1848
Barrett, Cornelius, Portland	Valparaiso, S. A.
Beagle, Mrs. Maria, Portland	Oregon 1852
Beck, Mrs. Wm., Portland	
Beck, W. G., Portland	Missouri 1849
Bettle, Mrs. C., Portland	Missouri 1850
Bickel, Fred, Portland	Germany 1832
Biles, Mrs. J. D., Portland	Montreal 1842
Blount, Wm., Portland	Ohio 1829
Bodyfelt, Mrs. Melissa Gilson, Portland	Iowa 1852
Bolen, Mrs. Elizabeth Gilson, Portland	Ohio 1828
Bowers, D. C., Portland	Indiana 1850
Boyd, J. R., Oregon City	Missouri 1838
Bozorth, Mrs. L. A., Portland	Ohio 1826
Brainerd, W. E., Mt. Tabor	Ohio 1832
Brallier, Henry, Seaside	Pennsylvania 1830
Brown, Francis, Portland	Iowa 1839
Brown, Mrs. Mary A., Hillsboro	Missouri
Brown, Mrs. S. J., Hillsboro	Missouri 1829
Bryant, O. J., Portland	Indiana 1828
Buchanan, Mrs. L. A., Gresham	Illinois
Buchtel, Jos., Portland	Ohio 1830
Burk, J. A., Kalama, Wash.	New York 1832
Burns, W. P., Portland	Massachusetts 1822
Burns, Mrs. W. P., Portland	Kentucky 1826

Name and Address	Place of Birth and Date	
Bybee, Miss Ella E., Portland	Iowa	1849
Bybee, Mrs. Mary, Portland	Illinois	1840
Byers, Mrs. E., St. Johns	Indiana	1834
Byland, O. H., Rainier	Kentucky	1848
Calvin, Mrs. A. J., Walla Walla, Wash.	Iowa	1848
Caples, Mrs. J. W., Forest Grove	Iowa	1846
Cardwell, Mrs. Eva M., Portland	Massachusetts	....
Cardwell, J. F., Portland	Illinois	1830
Carll, Mrs. Wm., Portland	Iowa	1851
Carpenter, Mrs. A. F., Portland	Illinois	1851
Carter, Mrs. J. L., Hood River	Missouri	1848
Carter, Mrs. L. A., Portland	Kentucky	1840
Catlin, Mrs. Chas. T., Portland	Missouri	1846
Chambreau, Mrs. B. A., Portland	Ohio	1837
Chance, W. G., Portland	Kentucky	1849
Chaney, Mrs. F. E., Portland	New York	1834
Clements, H. C., Monroe	Missouri	1834
Cline, W. F., Gervais	Illinois	1829
Clinton, Mrs. S. J., Astoria	Illinois	1840
Coburn, Mrs. C. A.	Illinois	....
Cochrane, Mrs. F. L., Oregon City	Montreal	1840
Coffey, A. L., La Camas, Wash.	Missouri	1831
Cole, Mrs. Emily, Portland	Tennessee	1841
Collard, Mrs. Isophena, Newberg	Pennsylvania	1849
Conless, Mrs. B. A., Portland		....
Conyers, E. W., Clatskanie	Kentucky	1829
Cook, Mrs. Iantha, Portland	Oregon	1852
Cooper, Thos., Kalama, Wash.	Oregon	1852
Copeland, Miss C. G., Siletz	Oregon	1852
Cornutt, A., Gresham	Virginia	1837
Cox, Thomas, Gales Creek	Virginia	1825
Crane, Mrs. A. M., Mt. Tabor	Iowa	....
Creighton, Mrs. Mary J., Portland	Iowa	1844
Creswell, D. C., Kennewick, Wash.	Illinois	1830
Dalton, Mrs. M. A., Portland	Illinois	1839
Daly, W. J., Portland	Massachusetts	1834
Dart, Mrs. A. C., Portland	Indiana	1837
Davies, J. F., St. Charles	Indiana	1845
Deardorff, Geo., Clackamas	Illinois	1850
Dekum, Mrs. Phebe M., Portland	Ohio	1840
DeWitt, F. M., Portland	Oregon	1852
Dickman, Mrs. L. C., Portland	Iowa	1851
Dimmick, Mrs. S. J., Portland	Missouri	1844
Dolan, Mrs. May, Boring	Missouri	1843
Dolman, Wm. H., Portland	Ohio	1830

Name and Address	Place of Birth and Date
Donaldson, T. B., Aurora	Mississippi 1839
Donnell, Mrs. C. T., The Dalles	Indiana 1827
Dorris, B. F., Eugene	Tennessee 1829
Dunbar, Margaret F., Cleone	Indiana 1848
Duniway, Mrs. A. S., Portland	Illinois 1834
Durbin, Mrs. S., Salem	Missouri 1839
Eby, David, Oregon City	Pennsylvania 1828
Egan, W. H., Gervais	Wisconsin 1850
Egan, M. J., Gervais	Canada 1838
Emmett, Mrs. Silistine, Salem	Iowa 1847
Ennis, Mrs. E., Hillsboro	Arkansas 1840
Espy, R. H., Oysterville, Wash.	Pennsylvania 1826
Eubanks, Mrs. Polly, Oakland	Iowa 1843
Evans, Mrs. Jenatte, Portland	Michigan 1843
Ewing, W. D., Portland	Ohio 1832
Findlay, Mrs. Sarah J., Portland	Missouri 1842
Fleischner, J.	Germany ....
Fouts, John, McMinnville	Missouri 1839
Fraker, Wm., Pendleton	Missouri 1826
Frizzell, J. P., Salem	Missouri 1848
Fulton, John, Wasco	Oregon 1852
Galloway, Wm., McMinnville	Missouri 1845
Gammill, Mrs. Sarah, Portland	Illinois 1845
Gatton, Wm., St. Johns	Ohio 1831
Gay, Mrs. Kittie, Portland	Oregon 1852
Gibson, Mrs. G. D., Portland	Missouri ....
Gilham, N. L., Hillsdale	....
Greer, Geo. H., Newberg	Pennsylvania 1836
Greer, Mrs. Geo. H., Newberg	Ohio 1841
Greve, Mrs. Annie, Lents	Indiana 1850
Griffith, Mrs. Elizabeth, Oregon City	Missouri 1850
Grubbs, F. H., Portland	Pennsylvania 1834
Gulliford, J. A., Dufur	Illinois 1834
Gulliford, Mrs. J. A., Dufur	Missouri 1850
Guptil, Mrs. S. J., Portland	Pennsylvania 1844
Hallinant, Mrs. Kate, Oswego	Illinois 1848
Hamblin, Mrs. H. A., Portland	Indiana 1832
Hamilton, T. J., Portland	Ireland 1841
Hamilton, T. J., Portland	Ireland 1841
Hardy, Mrs. Beel, Oregon City	Nebraska 1852
Harer, Mrs. Eliza J., Arlington	Texas 1832
Harman, Mrs. J. L., Gresham	Texas 1850
Harrington, J. N., Oregon City	Iowa 1848
Hathaway, Mrs. I. E., Vancouver, Wash.	Ohio 1827
Hawkins, W. H., Rainier	Ohio 1841

Name and Address	Place of Birth and Date
Hawkins, Mrs. W. H., Rainier	Illinois 1846
Hayes, Mrs. Alice, Portland	Oregon 1852
Henley, Mrs. Mary F., Portland	Oregon 1852
Henness, Ephraim, Gates	Iowa 1849
Hess, Mrs. R. M., Sherwood	Iowa 1848
Hinkle, Casper J., Hubbard	Missouri 1829
Hinkle, Mrs. M. J., Dalles	Iowa 1850
Hoffman, Mrs. Jas., Portland	.....
Holman, Fred V., Portland	Washington 1852
Holman, Mrs. M. E., Portland	Indiana 1836
Holtgrieve, Mrs. E. R., Cleone	Iowa 1840
Hovenden, Mrs. Sarah, Portland	Tasmania 1839
Howard, Mrs. M. E., Portland	.....
Hunsaker, B., Baker City	Illinois 1832
Huntington, S. J., Portland	Indiana 1841
Huston, Mrs. Margaret, Vancouver, Wash	.....
Iler, Mrs. D. C., Sherwood	Illinois 1841
Jameson, Mrs. Jane, Vancouver, Wash	.....
Jeffery, E. J., Portland	New York 1835
John, Mrs. Olive, Portland	Wisconsin 1849
John, S. A., Portland	Iowa 1843
Johnson, Mrs. Rhoda Quick, Tillamook	Illinois 1844
Johnson, S. B., Gresham	Missouri 1833
Johnson, Mrs. S. B., Gresham	.....
Jower, Mrs. S., Portland	Tennessee 1827
Keeler, Ebenezer, Vancouver, Wash	Indiana 1835
Kellogg, G. B., Portland	Ohio 1829
Kellogg, Mrs. G. B., Portland	Ohio 1830
Kellogg, Mrs. M. E., Portland	Indiana 1842
Kelly, Mrs. H. L., Oregon City	Iowa 1844
Kelty, J. D., McCoy	Indiana 1832
Kelty, J. M., Portland	Indiana 1842
Keniston, Mrs. Lydia Maley, Portland	Oregon 1852
Kerns, W. G., Portland	Oregon 1852
Kesling, Mrs. C., Portland	Ohio 1844
Kirk, T. J., Oregon City	Michigan 1836
Kirk, W. F., Monument	Michigan 1839
Kinder, Samuel, Deer Island	Illinois 1833
Kirker, Mrs. S. F., Portland	Oregon 1852
Kiser, Mrs. S. A., Siletz	Oregon 1852
Kisor, A. E., Siletz	Iowa 1846
Knaggs, G. H., Portland	South Carolina 1830
Kulper, Mrs. H., Dayton	Indiana 1850
Kyle, R. M., Portland	Ohio 1847

Name and Address	Place of Birth and Date
LaForrest, Mrs. Mary, Oregon City	Germany 1852
Lamberson, Mrs. S. C., Holton	Indiana 1850
Lance, Mrs. Sarah E., Milwaukie	Illinois 1850
Lasater, Mrs. Jennie, Walla Walla, Wash.	Indiana 1841
Laws, Andrew J., ———, Wash.	Illinois 1837
Layfield, Wm., Portland	Oregon 1852
Lee, Mrs. J. D., Portland	Tennessee
Leisy, Mrs. Esther, Woodlawn	Michigan 1836
Lent, Geo. P., Portland	Oregon 1852
Levins, Mrs. E. A., Goldendale, Wash.	Indiana 1847
Lewellen, J., Oregon City	Missouri 1848
Lewis, Mrs. I. B., Terrace Heights	Iowa 1847
Lewis, Mrs. Mattie, Portland	Oregon 1852
Lockhart, Mrs. Mary R., Portland	Missouri 1849
Lockwood, Mrs. M. C., Lents	Indiana 1830
Long, Mrs. Eliza, Portland	Iowa 1841
Loomis, L. A., Nahcotta, Wash.	New York 1830
Magers, J. E., Portland	Ohio 1847
Mathena, S., Gaston	Missouri 1833
Matlock, Mrs. M. C., Montavilla	Missouri 1838
Maxwell, W. H., Orient	Missouri 1829
May, Mrs. M. E., Portland	Iowa 1838
Mayo, Mrs. Barbara, Portland	Oregon 1852
Meeker, Lindley, Portland	Ohio 1829
Meldrum, Mrs. J. W.	Oregon 1852
Mercer, Mrs. Lucy, Portland	New York 1843
Merrill, E. S., Portland	Indiana
Merrill, Frank, Portland	Oregon 1852
Middleton, Mrs. Mary, Portland	
Miller, A. W., Portland	New York 1827
Miller, Jas. H. B., Sunnyside, Wash.	Indiana 1840
Mills, Mrs. M. E., Montavilla	Missouri 1840
Milster, Mrs. M. E. Silverton	Missouri 1837
Mitchell, H. A., St. Johns	Illinois 1836
Mock, John, Portland	Pennsylvania 1838
Montgomery, Miss Flora A., Portland	Illinois 1849
Moreland, J. C., Salem	Tennessee 1844
Morgan, E. N., Sherwood	Illinois 1837
Morgan, H. G., Portland	Illinois 1824
Morgan, H. V., Portland	Illinois 1834
Morgan, Mrs. S. E., Portland	Texas 1847
Morris, Douglas A., Sylvan	Illinois 1843
Musgrove, Mrs. N. A., Portland	Illinois 1849
Myers, W. H. H., Forest Grove	Missouri 1830
Myrick, Mrs. J., Portland	Ohio 1830
McBee, Isaiah, Portland	Missouri 1840

Name and Address	Place of Birth and Date
McCall, Mrs. A. E., Portland	Indiana
McClung, Mrs. J. H., Portland	Pennsylvania 1845
McConnell, Mrs. J. E., Sherwood	Illinois 1845
McCown, Jas. L., Portland	West Virginia 1841
McFarland, E. B., Portland	Ohio 1849
McFadden, Mrs. Susan, Salem	Indiana 1828
McGuire, Mrs. Maria, Hood River	Canada 1834
McKay, Mrs. Rachel, Beaverton	Indiana 1832
McMorris, Lewis, Walla Walla, Wash	Ohio 1831
Neer, A., Goble	Pennsylvania 1840
Newman, W. H., Roseburg	Oregon 1852
Nicholas, Mrs. H. B., Portland	Oregon 1852
Noblett, C. W., Aurora	Virginia 1822
Nooning, Mrs. Susan M., Portland	Ohio 1851
Oatfield, Mrs. M. T., Milwaukie	Oregon 1852
Olds, F. M., Lents	On the way 1852
Osburn, Silas, Portland	Indiana 1833
Palmateer, R. G., Estacada	Canada 1844
Palmateer, Mrs. Sarah, Estacada	Illinois 1842
Palmer, Mrs. H. L., Portland	Illinois 1843
Palmer, Mrs. W. D., Sellwood	1852
Paquet, Jos., Portland	Missouri 1852
Parker, Hollon, Walla Walla, Wash	New York 1832
Parker, H. B., Astoria	Vermont 1825
Parker, S. F., Portland	Oregon 1852
Parsons, Mrs. Mary C., Portland	Ohio 1829
Pate, J. W., Jefferson	Illinois 1831
Patton, Mrs. Martha J., Portland	Iowa 1852
Pomeroy, Mrs. C. T. (Henrietta), Port	....
Powell, Mrs. John, Portland	Tennessee ....
Powell, W. S., Portland	Ohio 1832
Powers, A. W., Lents	Missouri 1841
Pratt, Mrs. Mary A., Beaverton	Missouri 1833
Preston, Mrs. C. F., Portland	Oregon 1852
Proebstel, G. W., Weston	Missouri 1842
Pugh, J. W., Clatskanie	Missouri 1847
Raffety, Dr. Dav, Portland	Missouri 1844
Raley, Mrs. A. M., Pendleton	Maine 1829
Rathbun, Mrs. M. L., Mt. Tabor	Illinois 1839
Rauch, W. J., Park Place	Illinois 1845
Reasoner, J. C., Portland	Indiana 1845
Reed, Mrs. Mary, Portland	Ohio 1845
Reeves, G. H., Portland	Illinois 1835
Reeves, Mrs. Mary E., Portland	Missouri 1848
Richey, Edgar	....

Name and Address	Place of Birth and Date
Rider, Mrs. M. E., Portland	Iowa 1845
Rindlaub, Mrs. Rebecca, Portland	Missouri 1845
Ripperton, Mrs. Sarah E., Portland	Missouri 1838
Roberts, Mrs. C. S., Portland	Illinois 1847
Roberts, J. F., Gresham	Illinois 1847
Robinett, Mrs. Mary B., Oak Grove	Illinois 1838
Roland, Miss Esther, Jefferson	Illinois 1846
Root, L., McMinnville	Ohio 1825
Rowell, Mrs. A. J. B., Newberg	Tennessee 1836
Royal, C. F., Salem	Indiana 1834
Russell, A. E.	Ohio 1832
Russell, Mrs. Elizabeth, Washougal, Wn.	Indiana 1842
Sails, Mrs. Jennie, Portland	Missouri 1851
Sanders, Mrs. Martha E., Willamette	Illinois 1849
Seaman, Mrs. S. J., Portland	Pennsylvania
Scott, H. W., Portland	Illinois 1838
Shannon, Phil, Springwater	Pennsylvania 1822
Sharp, Mrs. Wm., Sherwood	Indiana 1834
Shattuck, Mrs. J. W., Gresham	Missouri 1840
Shaver, A., Oswego	Ohio 1834
Sheperdson, Mrs. Flora, Catlin, Wash.	Indiana 1841
Shipley, Mrs. Stella Taylor, Oswego	Oregon 1859
Shobert, Stephen, Portland	Pennsylvania 1837
Short, Mrs. W. P., Portland	Oregon 1852
Slocum, Mrs. Louisa, Vancouver, Wash.	Iowa 1838
Slover, D. J., Oregon City	Arkansas 1833
Simmons, J. B., Gervais	Indiana 1837
Smith, F. A., Adams	Tennessee 1835
Smith, Mrs. Elizabeth R., Portland	Indiana 1850
Smith, Mrs. M. C., Portland	England 1820
Smith, W. V., Portland	Oregon 1852
Snuffin, Mrs. M. E., Portland	Iowa 1845
Spencer, Theo. W., Portland	Pennsylvania 1848
Spooner, Mrs. Ella A., Jennings Lodge	Oregon 1852
Stabler, Mrs. H., Portland	Indiana 1844
Steward, Mrs. A. D., Vancouver, Wash.	Missouri 1839
Stillwell, Mrs. E. G., Tillamook	Oregon 1852
Stott, Mrs. Mary E., North Yamhill	Ohio 1842
Strang, Mrs. Lydia, Portland	Ohio 1832
Sutherland, A., Portland	Illinois 1840
Sutherland, Mrs. A., Portland	Arkansas 1848
Swank, T. W., Cleone	Indiana 1831
Taylor, D. M.	Illinois
Taylor, Dave, Athena	Illinois 1840
Taylor, Mrs. L. S., Portland	Illinois 1834

Name and Address	Place of Birth and Date
Taylor, Miss Nannie E., Portland	Oregon 1854
Taylor, Peter, Portland	Scotland 1823
Thomas, Mrs. George, Bull Run	Tennessee 1835
Tibbetts, Francis M., Woodstock	Indiana 1837
Tindall, R. A., Shelburne	Wisconsin 1836
Tong, Mrs. J. N., Gresham	Iowa 1850
Tong, J. N., Gresham	Iowa 1846
Troup, Mrs. E. J., Portland	Missouri 1840
Underwood, Amos, Underwood, Wash.	Ohio 1834
Upton, Mrs. J. B., Portland	Missouri 1849
Wagonblast, Mrs. Margaret, Portland	Missouri 1851
Wakefield, Mrs. Sarah M., Portland	Iowa 1841
Waldron, Mrs. Samuel, Oregon City	
Walker, Mrs. Ellen C., Portland	Oregon 1852
Wallace, E. P., Amity	Indiana 1829
Wallace, Mrs. R. J., Amity	Michigan 1851
Warner, Mrs. E., Oregon City	New York 1830
Warren, Mrs. L. N. C., Portland	Iowa 1850
Watts, Casey, Reuben	Missouri 1846
Watts, Mrs. E. M., Scappoose	Ohio 1844
Wait, Mrs. S. M., Dayton, Wash.	Illinois 1836
Weatherford, L. C., Portland	Iowa 1847
Wereman, J. W., Portland	Missouri 1852
West, Mrs. N. K., Portland	New York 1844
Westfall, W. M., Portland	Indiana 1834
Wiggington, J. G., Portland	Iowa 1846
Wigle, John L., Portland	Illinois 1838
Whitwell, Mrs. Susan Gill, Portland	Kentucky 1841
Williams, Mrs. Amanda, Boyd	Iowa 1846
Winters, Mrs. P. A., Portland	Wisconsin 1839
Wishard, Mrs. Sarah F., Portland	Missouri 1848
Wooden, R. M., Jewell	Kentucky 1837
Wooden, Mrs. R. M., Jewell	Ohio 1840
Worick, Mrs. M., Montavilla	Illinois 1841
Wright, Mrs. Elizabeth, Portland	Missouri 1843
Wright, Miss Jane G., Portland	Oregon 1852
Wright, W. T., Union	Illinois 1845
Yergen, Mrs. Elizabeth, Portland	Illinois 1833
Young, Mrs. Elizabeth, Hood River	Missouri 1852

1853

Anderson, Mrs. Emily, Vale	Iowa 1850
Armsworthy, L., Wasco	North Carolina 1829
Armstrong, Mrs. M. J., Portland	Oregon 1853

Name and Address	Place of Birth and Date
Bailey, Mrs. B. A., Portland	Illinois 1836
Baker, Mrs. A. J., McMinnville	Missouri 1833
Baker, J. W., Cottage Grove	Kentucky 1846
Baker, L. H., Portland	Kentucky 1850
Baker, Mrs. M. A., Portland	Iowa 1834
Barlow, Miss Mary S., Portland	Oregon 1853
Bartlett, Mrs. L. B. D., Portland	Missouri 1851
Basey, Mrs. Martha A., St. Johns	Indiana 1850
Beck, Mrs. A. T., Portland	Ohio 1853
Bills, Mrs. Ann E., Portland	Indiana 1829
Blackerly, Mrs. Margaret, Oak Grove	Kentucky 1846
Bode, Mrs. R. L., Portland	Iowa 1848
Bond, W. H., Gresham	Iowa 1841
Bowie, Mrs. Louisa E., Portland	Indiana 1837
Bradley, Mrs. Louisa G., Oregon City	Oregon 1853
Brown, A. H., Portland	Louisiana 1824
Bruce, D. C., Portland	Indiana 1834
Bryant, C. W., Portland	New York 1827
Bryant, Mrs. C. W., Portland	New York 1829
Bunnell, C. B., Oak Grove	Ohio 1832
Burnett, George H., Salem	Oregon 1853
Butler, Miss Maggie, Monmouth	Illinois 1853
Byars, W. H., Salem	Iowa 1839
Byars, Mrs. E. H., Salem	Kentucky 1842
Campbell, Mrs. Elizabeth, Portland	Wisconsin 1849
Campbell, J. M., Dallas	Illinois 1833
Carey, Mrs. G. G., Carlton	Iowa 1848
Carothers, Mrs. H. A., Oregon City	Ohio 1823
Cason, Mrs. H., Portland	Ohio 1827
Chase, Mrs. S. A., Oregon City	Illinois 1842
Chitwood, J. D., Damascus	Oregon 1853
Coats, E. B., Yoncalla	Missouri 1835
Cochran, Mrs. M. K., Portland	Missouri 1845
Cone, A. S.	Ohio 1837
Cox, Mrs. Lewis, Waitsburg, Wash.	Illinois 1840
Crawford, Mrs. Della, Dillard	Illinois 1844
Culbertson, A. G., LaCenter, Wash	Indiana 1837
Cummings, A. S., Portland	Indiana 1835
Cummings, Catherine, Portland	Connecticut 1828
Cummings, Mrs. W. H. H., Gresham	Indiana 1850
Curry, Norwood L., Portland	Oregon 1853
Daly, Mrs. P. M., Portland	Illinois 1839
Davis, Alfred, Beaverton	Indiana 1841
Davis, O. M., Portland	Indiana 1850
Deardorff, Mrs. G., Oakland	Ohio 1837
Debow, G. W., Independence	Indiana 1830

Name and Address	Place of Birth and Date
DeLin, Mrs. G., Portland	Germany 1840
Dodge, F. M., Woodburn	Missouri 1849
Douthit, Mary Osborn, Portland	Indiana 1851
Easterbrooks, F., Portland	Pennsylvania 1838
Eckler, J. P., Portland	Illinois 1830
Elgin, Mrs. Jas., Salem	Tennessee 1841
Epperly, John, Portland	Virginia 1831
Failing, Jas. F., Portland	New York 1842
Flinn, Mrs. Mary E., Portland	Ireland
Foster, Mrs. A. E., Portland	
Gaby, Daniel, Kelso, Wash.	Missouri 1843
Gage, John C., Sherwood	Michigan 1834
Gaither, Mrs. S., Astoria	Missouri 1849
Gardiner, Mrs. F. W., Portland	Oregon 1853
Gavitt, Mrs. E. H., Arleta	Ohio 1847
Geiger, C. E., Forest Grove	Oregon 1853
Gibbons, Mrs. C., Oregon City	Illinois 1830
Gibbs, W. S., North Yamhill	Ohio 1833
Gibbs, Mrs. K. E., North Yamhill	Missouri 1843
Godley, H. D., Portland	New York 1838
Griswold. Mrs. J. F., Portland	Massachusetts 1840
Hall, Mrs. B. F., Woodburn	Oregon 1853
Hamilton, Mrs. Victoria, Portland	
Harris, Mrs. Mary, Portland	Oregon 1853
Heitman, H., La Center, Wash.	New York 1833
Himes, George H., Portland	Pennsylvania 1844
Himes, Judson W., Elma, Wash.	Illinois 1850
Hogue, C. P., Portland	Illinois 1847
Hoit, Mrs. R. A., Portland	Indiana 1844
Holder, Mrs. F. A., Portland	Illinois 1846
Hunt, Mrs. George W., Portland	Illinois 1849
Hurlburt, Mrs. E. M., Oswego	Arkansas 1850
James, Mrs. Lilly A., Portland	Indiana 1851
Johns, Mrs. G. C., Portland	Ohio 1836
Johnson, Mrs. H. P., Portland	Oregon 1853
Johnson, Mrs. Jacob, Lents	Arkansas 1847
Johnson, Mrs. J. L., Woodburn	Missouri 1842
Johnson, Mrs. Mary E., Portland	1843
Johnson, Mrs. North, Portland	Oregon 1853
Lacy, W. C., Portland	Iowa 1849
LaRue, Mrs. L. W., Portland	Illinois
Lee, J. B., Lents	Missouri 1852
Kelly, E. D., Oregon City	New York 1833
Kent, Mrs. D. B., Portland	New York 1824

Name and Address	Place of Birth and Date
Levison, Mrs. S. M., Lents	Illinois
Kindt, Mrs. Phoebe, Beaverton	Indiana 1837
King, John, Vancouver, Wash.	Ohio 1835
Kline, Mrs. M., Portland	Indiana
Lysons, John, Kelso, Wash.	England 1828
Mack, Mrs. Sarah Z., Sellwood	Illinois 1852
Marks, Mrs. Mary A., Dallas	Illinois 1842
Matlock, J. D., Eugene	Tennessee 1839
Matlock, T. G., Heppner	Missouri 1849
Matlock, W. F., Pendleton	Missouri 1847
Matlock, Mrs. W. F., Pendleton	Illinois 1849
Matthews, A. H., Houlton	Illinois 1842
Megler, Mrs. M. A., Astoria	Indiana 1846
Miller, Mrs. A. F., Sellwood	Illinois 1844
Miller, Mrs. Annie S., Lents	Oregon Ter. 1853
Miller, Mrs. Betsy, Portland	England 1833
Morton, Mrs. Eliza, Kalama	Indiana 1844
Morton, William	
Mosher, Mrs. L. F., Portland	Indiana 1840
Mossman, Isaac V., Oakland, Cal.	Indiana 1830
Mulkey, T. B., University Park	Missouri 1837
McClure, Mrs. E. E., Portland	
McCully, A. L., Newberg	Oregon 1853
McKennan, John, Portland	Massachusetts 1850
McDuffy, Mrs. Susan, Portland	Ohio 1826
Naught, F. M., Oregon City	Illinois 1838
Nickum, A. J., Sellwood	Indiana 1828
Niles, Mrs. Anna, Portland	Oregon 1853
Palleson, N. W., Dufur	Tennessee 1830
Pearson, H. H., Turner	New York 1833
Piercy, Mrs. F. A., Portland	Iowa 1848
Pittock H. L., Portland	Pennsylvania 1837
Plummer, Mrs. M. A., Oregon City	Illinois 1851
Pope, S. L., Portland	Massachusetts 1837
Pope, W. H., Portland	Massachusetts 1839
Porter, Mrs. E., Portland	Iowa
Porter, W. H., Salem	Indiana 1840
Powell, Andrew J. B., Newberg	Michigan 1836
Powers, Mrs. Mary, Albany	Illinois 1838
Powers, Mrs. M. B., Lents	Indiana
Price, C. E., Hood River	Ohio 1832
Price, Mrs. C. E., Hood River	New York 1830
Prince, Mrs. Mary F., Portland	Oregon 1853
Prosser, S. W., Oswego	Iowa 1847

Name and Address	Place of Birth and Date
Rhoades, Mrs. Sarah, Dayton	New York 1831
Richardson, Asa K., Portland	New York 1824
Riggs, Cass, Rickreall	Illinois 1848
Riggs, Pierce, Rickreall	Illinois 1852
Robeson, David, Mollala	Ohio 1831
Robison, G. C., North Yamhill	Illinois 1837
Rohr, Mrs. Mary, Portland	Indiana 1841
Royal, Mrs. C. F., Salem	Indiana 1843
Royal, J. H. B., Mt. Tabor	Illinois 1830
Royal, Rev. T. F., Montavilla	Ohio 1821
Samson, J. C., Oregon City	Pennsylvania 1842
Schuele, Mrs. Josephine, Vancouver, Wn.	Massachusetts 1853
Scofield, Mrs. B. F., Portland	Washington 1853
Sharp, Mrs. J. R., Portland	Oregon 1853
Shear, Mrs. S. R., Portland	Oregon 1853
Sigler, Mrs. A. E., Hillsboro	Oregon 1853
Simpson, Mrs. Ben, Portland	Oregon 1853
Skidmore, J. N., South Bend, Wash.	Kentucky 1832
Skidmore, Mrs. J. N., South Bend, Wn.	Kentucky 1840
Skiff, Mrs. Mary Gardner, Portland	
Smith, Mrs. Lizzie Wyatt, Salem	Illinois 1850
Smith, Mrs. W. H., Portland	
Snipes, George R., The Dalles	North Carolina 1832
Southwell, Mrs. Emma, St. Johns	Illinois 1846
Spaulding, Mrs. Mary, Portland	Indiana
Spencer, Mrs. Sevilla, LaCenter, Wash.	Missouri 1851
Starr, Mrs. A. E., University Park	Oregon 1853
Stennett, R., St. Johns	Oregon 1853
Stevenson, J. W., Cape Horn, Wash.	Illinois 1835
Stratton, Mrs. Lucy Foss, Gresham	
Strong, T. N., Portland	W. Tennessee 1853
Swick, B. F., Dayton	Michigan 1848
Talbot, Miss Ella, Portland	Oregon 1853
Tate, Mrs. E. J., Portland	Indiana 1827
Taylor, G. W. N., Aurora	Ohio 1828
Taylor, Miss Nellie, Salem	Wisconsin 1844
Taylor, Douglas W., Portland	Iowa 1851
Thompson, G. A., Heppner	Missouri 1835
Timmens, Mrs. John H., Ilwaco, Wash.	Illinois 1844
Titus, Mrs. E., LaCenter, Wash.	Missouri 1842
Tout, Mrs. Ellen, Portland	Iowa 1847
Tower, Mrs. Ellen, University Park	Ohio 1834
Trevett, Mrs. M. W., Portland	Virginia 1847
Tucker, Mrs. Annie M., Portland	Indiana 1831
Van Vleet, Louis, Portland	New York 1826

Name and Address	Place of Birth and Date
Wade, Mrs. R. M., Portland	Missouri
Warinner, Mrs. Emily, Portland	Indiana 1826
Warren, Mrs. R. C, Portland	
Watts, Mrs. M. E., Reuben	Iowa 1852
Webb, Mrs. Eliza J., Walla Walla, Wn.	Missouri 1843
Weed, W. H., Portland	Ohio 1836
White, John, Moffett Springs	Missouri 1831
Willetts, Mrs. D. J., Portland	Indiana 1842
Williams, George H., Portland	New York 1823
Wills, Mrs. R A., Portland	Illinois 1838
Wiseman, Mrs. J. W., Portland	Iowa 1852
Woodworth, Mrs. W. H., Mt. Tabor	Oregon 1853
Wynkoop, Mrs. L., Portland	Oregon 1853

1854

Baker, Mrs. L. H., Portland	Oregon 1854
Ball, Mrs. H. F, Portland	Oregon 1854
Barrell, W. C., Portland	Oregon 1854
Barrett, Mrs. E. J., Hillsboro	Missouri 1833
Bell, Mrs. S. E., Portland	Kentucky 1830
Blanchard, Dean, Rainier	Maine 1832
Bonser, Miss M., Sellwood	Washington 1854
Boyd, Mrs. W. H., Portland	Oregon 1854
Chambers, Mrs. W. N., Portland	Oregon 1854
Clark, George, Lents	Ireland 1832
Coe, H. C., Portland	New York 1844
Coleman, W. T., Portland	Oregon 1854
Comegys, H. C., Snohomish, Wash.	Missouri 1844
Conrad, S., Woodland, Wash.	Oregon 1854
Cook, J. W., Portland	New Jersey 1833
Cook, V., Portland	Illinois 1841
Copley, Mrs. Jessie L., Portland	Canada 1845
Cornell, Mrs. Frances, Salem	Oregon 1854
Cowles, H. A., Gaston	Oregon 1854
Crandall, Mrs. Lulu D., The Dalles	Oregon 1854
Croasman, Mrs. L. M., Portland	Oregon 1854
Day H. L., Portland	Maine 1835
DeVine, Mrs Henrietta, Portland	
Dickinson, Charles T., Oswego	Oregon 1854
Dillon, Mrs. W. F., Portland	Wales 1849
Dix, Mrs. Seatla, Portland	On Plains 1854
Donahue, Mrs. M., Orient	Oregon 1854
Fusch, Mrs. Elizabeth, Portland	1854
Freeman, Mrs. B. M., Portland	Ireland 1854

Name and Address	Place of Birth and Date	
Henderson, Mrs. M. B., Portland	Vermont	1835
Henkle, John A., Portland	Oregon	1854
Huston, Mrs Luther, Eight Mile	Oregon	1854
Irwin, Mrs. E., Philomath	Kentucky	1838
Jackson, Mrs. Hattie, Portland	Northwest	1848
Jones, Mrs. J. P., Portland	Oregon	1854
Johnson, Mrs. H. B., Lents	Ohio	1852
Kelly, Mrs. Mary E., Portland	Oregon	1854
Kent, L. A., Portland	Oregon	1854
King, Mrs. Abigail, Vancouver, Wash.	Washington	1854
Lett, Mrs. M. B., Molalla	Kentucky	1837
Lloyd, Mrs. Lois, Waitsburg	Kentucky	1841
Mann, Jos., Hillsboro	New York	1833
Martin, Mrs. Cluna, Oregon City	Oregon	1854
Middleton, Rebecca A.	New Jersey	1836
Milem, Mrs. P. A., Lents	Oregon	1854
Miller, Robert A., Portland	Oregon	1854
Moffatt, S. H., Morgan	Ohio	1854
Morgan, Mrs. E. E.	Oregon	1854
Morris, Mrs. E. J., Portland	New York	1846
McCarver, Mrs. Mary E., Oregon City	Ohio	1835
McGrew, Mrs. E. L., Lents	Oregon	1854
McKernan, Mrs. John, Portland	Oregon	1854
Packard, Mrs. M. L., Portland	Vermont	1824
Pate, J. W., Jefferson	Missouri	1845
Phillips, Mrs. Benlin, Banks	Oregon	1854
Phillips, Mrs. Laura H., Banks.	Oregon	1854
Purdin, Ira E., Portland	Oregon	1854
Reynolds, Mrs. Maggie F., Portland	New York	1847
Riggs, Miss Emma, Rickreall	Oregon	1854
Roberts, Mrs. N. A., Portland	E Tennessee	1838
Rood, L. A., Hillsboro	Norway	1837
Royal, Mrs. Emma J. C., Mt. Tabor	Ohio	1850
Scheurer, W. R., Butteville	Oregon	1854
Smith, W. H., Portland	Portland	1858
Smith, W. K., Portland	Pennsylvania	1826
Smock, Mrs. M. E., Sherwood	Oregon	1854
Spaulding, Mrs. Marian, Portland	Oregon	1854
Thomas, Mrs. E. T. B., Mollalla	Kentucky	1842
Thompson, E. W., Portland	Pennsylvania	1831
Thompson, Mrs. Sarah, Portland	New Brunswick	1827
Van Horn, Mrs. S. C., Portland	Oregon	1854

Name and Address	Place of Birth and Date
Wakefield, D. W., Portland	Vermont 1836
Watkins, Mrs. L. L., Mt. Home, Idaho	Oregon 1854
Winnie, Mrs. M. A., Milwaukie	Illinois 1853
Wise, Mrs. Jos., Yoncalla	Oregon 1854
Woodruff, R. H., Roseburg	Ohio 1839

1855

Bacon, Mrs. L. N., Portland	Oregon 1855
Barrett, W. N., Hillsboro	Oregon 1855
Bean, Mrs. Agnes, Portland	Oregon 1855
Bettman, L., Portland	Oregon 1835
Breyman, Mrs. E. A., South Mt. Tabor	Bavaria 1855
Brock, J. W., St. Johns	Oregon 1855
Bunnell, Mrs. C. B., Oak Grove	Oregon 1855
Burns, C. E., Oregon City	New York 1827
Campbell, Wm., McMinnville	Oregon 1855
Chitwood, Mrs. J. D.	Oregon 1825
Coakley, Jas., Portland	Ireland 1855
Coffin, Mrs. S., Portland	Oregon 1855
Coleman, Mrs. W. T., Portland	Oregon 1851
DeShields, J. K., Portland	Arkansas 1846
Douthit, Mrs. Margaret, Troutdale	Missouri 1855
Downing, Mrs. E. A., Portland	Oregon 1855
Drew, Mrs. Mary E., Portland	Washington 1839
Duback, Mrs. Dorothea, Portland	Germany 1855
Elwert, Miss Carrie M., Portland	Oregon 1855
Ewing, Mrs. Helen M., Oswego	Oregon 1855
Failing, Mrs. Jane Conner, Portland	Oregon 1855
Fanno, A. J., Portland	Ohio 1855
Fulton, David, Wasco	Oregon 1855
Fulton, Mrs. G., Wasco	Oregon 1837
Gilham, Mrs. N. L., Hillsdale	Oregon 1855
Gratton, George G., St. Johns	Oregon 1855
Graves, T. J., McCoy	Oregon 1855
Hines, Mrs. Celinda M., University P'k	Oregon 1855
Imbrie, Mrs. J. A., Hillsboro	Oregon 1855
Jolly, Mrs. Wm. B., Portland	Oregon 1836
Kelly, Dr. R., Portland	Oregon 1855
Knotts, Mrs. Mary E., Portland	Germany 1855
Kulper, H., Dayton	Oregon 1855
Leavens, Mrs. C., Portland	Texas 1853
Lewis, John M., Portland	
Linn, Mrs. B. F., Oregon City	

Name and Address	Place of Birth and Date
Michael, Mrs. A. C., Kelso, Wash.	Oregon 1855
Moores, A. N., Salem	Oregon 1855
Riggs, Mrs. Cass, Rickreall	Oregon 1855
Sears, H. A., Portland	Vermont 1847
Simmons, Mrs. Caroline, Portland	Missouri 1852
Simmons, Mrs. J. S., Vesper	Oregon 1855
Smith, Milton W., Portland	Oregon 1855
Stearns, J. O., Portland	Oregon 1855
Thompson, Mrs. A. E., Sherwood	Oregon 1855
Warner, Mrs. L. A., Portland	Oregon 1855
Waters, Mrs. J. W., Portland	Oregon 1852
Weeks, Mrs. C. W., Portland	New York 1834
Williams, Robert, Vancouver, Wash.	Wales 1834
Wing, Mrs. Mary J., Portland	Oregon 1855

1856

Burnett, Mrs. Marian, Salem	Oregon 1856
Campbell, J. F., Portland	Oregon 1856
Caufield, Mrs. Mary R., Oregon City	1856
Conrad, Mrs. S., Woodland, Wash.	Oregon 1856
Croft, Mrs. Alice, Lents	
Denny, B. K., Beaverton	Oregon 1856
Edmunds, Mrs. Mary M.	Oregon 1856
Foul, Mrs. J. F., St. Johns	Washington 1856
Gray, Mrs. D. B., Portland	Indiana 1845
Green, Mrs. Bertha, Portland	Oregon 1856
Hembree, Mrs. I. M., Portland	Oregon 1856
Henninger, Mrs. Hattie M., Oswego	Oregon 1856
Hulin, C. S., Newberg	Oregon 1856
Hutchinson, Mrs. F. M., Danville, Wash.	Oregon 1856
Hutton, O. D., Portland	Oregon 1856
Kelly, John, Oregon City	Germany 1836
Kennedy, Mrs. Mary, Woodburn	Oregon 1856
Kennedy, N., Portland	Illinois 1833
Macbeth, Mrs. Josie Imbrie, Portland	Oregon 1856
Maxwell, Mrs., Orient	Connecticut 1847
Meldrum, Mrs. Henry, Oregon City	Oregon 1856
Merrill,, Mrs. Elizabeth A., Albany	Oregon 1856
Melvin, Mrs. M. E., Portland	Pennsylvania 1836
Mock, Mrs. M. M., Portland	Oregon 1856
Moore, Mrs. E., Portland	Oregon 1856
Moore, Mrs. J., Portland	Oregon 1856

Name and Address	Place of Birth and Date	
Nesmith, J. B., Rickreall	Oregon	1856
Oleson, Mrs. Mary, Portland	Oregon	1856
Perkins, Dan H., Montavilla	Colorado	1855
Polk, George, Woodstock	Scotland	1840
Rees, T. H., Portland	Oregon	1856
Riggs, Seth, Rickreall	Oregon	1856
Roberts, Mrs. J. F., Gresham	Oregon	1856
Sellwood, J. A., Salem	Illinois	1843
Sellwood, Miss Lizzie D. H., Portland	Illinois	1846
Sellwood, T. R. A., Milwaukie	Illinois	1844
Scott, Mrs. B. O., Portland	Oregon	1856
Souther, Mrs. C. H., Boyd	Oregon	1856
Turner, Mrs. W. B., McMinnville	Oregon	1856
Wolverton, Mrs. M. A., Portland	Oregon	1856
Wooden, James, Button	Oregon	1856

1857

Babcock, Mrs. Ida M., Salem	Rhode Island	1850
Baker, Mrs. M. E., Portland	Washington	1857
Barger, Mrs. Maggie, Portland	Oregon	1857
Beard, Mrs. L. M.	Oregon	1857
Baum, Mrs. Marianna, Portland	Germany	1838
Bergman, Isaac, Astoria	Germany	1832
Bond, J. R., Portland	Kentucky	1839
Charlton, Jas. W., Vancouver, Wash.	Oregon	1857
Christensen, Mrs. C., Portland	Oregon	1857
Cornelius, Miss T. F., Portland	Oregon	1857
D'Arcy, P. H., Salem	New York	1854
DeGans, Mrs. A. L., Portland	Oregon	1857
Fulton, C. F., Portland	Oregon	1857
Gage, Mrs. Phoebe, Portland	Oregon	1857
Gillihan, Ed., Catlin, Wash.	Oregon	1857
Hanson, F. W., Portland	Oregon	1857
Hays, Mrs. Elizabeth, Portland		1847
Henkle, Mrs. M. E., Portland	Oregon	1857
Jennings, W. B., Jennings Lodge	Oregon	1857
Jensen, Mrs. Theo., Portland	Oregon	1857
Jory, Mrs. Mary, Salem	Illinois	1837
Kelty, George L., McCoy	Oregon	1857
Kenady, Mrs. Carrie, Woodburn	Oregon	1857
Lawson, Martha A., Portland	Oregon	1857

Name and Address	Place of Birth and Date	
Magness, Mrs. Amy, Portland	Oregon	1857
Maley, Mrs. Elizabeth, Condon	Scotland	1837
Meek, S. A. D., Cornelius	Oregon	1857
Needham, Mrs. Susan C., Salem	Oregon	1857
Newsome, Mrs. W. E., Portland	Oregon	1857
Nye, Mrs. Fanny, Portland		
Parrish, Mrs. A., Portland	Oregon	1857
Pattison, Mrs. Chas., Shedd	Missouri	1854
Patton, B. R., Hillsdale	Oregon	1857
Pomeroy, ———, Scappoose	Oregon	1857
Redford, Mrs. Sarah D., Portland	Oregon	1857
Roberts, Mrs. M. H., The Dalles	Maine	1835
Savage, George A., Salem	Oregon	1857
Shipley, Mrs. M. L., Portland	Oregon	1857
Simon, Sam, Portland	California	1854
Slocum, C. W., Vancouver, Wash.	Massachusetts	1834
Smith, Mrs. Letitia M., Portland	Oregon	1857
Stillwell, M. V., Tillamook	Oregon	1857
Stormer, J. M., Estacada	Oregon	1857
Strickler, Mrs. J. H., Portland	Oregon	1857
Wait, Mrs. F. B., Portland	Oregon	1857
Wintler, J. J., Vancouver, Wash.	Switzerland	1837

1858

Allen, Mrs. S. S., Portland	Tennessee	1842
Bailey, Mrs. L. A., Portland	Oregon	1858
Baird, Mrs. Belle, North Yamhill	Oregon	1858
Beard, Luther M., Portland	Iowa	1854
Bergman, Mrs. Isaac, Astoria	Germany	1842
Bozorth, W. R., Vancouver, Wash.	Washington	1858
Bybee, Mrs. James, La Camas	Indiana	1847
Craig, Mrs. T. J., Portland	Oregon	1858
Davies, A. N., Beaverton	Oregon	1858
Eastham, A. B., Vancouver, Wash.	Oregon	1858
Emken, Mrs. I. A., Portland	Oregon	1858
Fleury, Mrs. Ella, Portland	Oregon	1858
Force, Mrs. A. E., Portsmouth	Washington	1858
Giltner, B. F., Portland	Pennsylvania	1833
Gleason, James, Portland	California	1858
Harvey, Mrs. S. C., Portland	Oregon	1858
High, Mrs. M. M., McMinnville	Oregon	1858
Himes, Mrs. Anna F., Portland	Connecticut	1858
Hutton, Mrs. Clara Barker, Portland	Oregon	1858

Name and Address	Place of Birth and Date	
Irvin, Mrs. Anna F., Portland	Missouri	1849
Jennings, Mrs. S. M., Marshfield	Oregon	1858
Johnson, Mrs. Mary, Portland	Oregon	1858
Jones, Mrs. S. F., Portland	Massachusetts	1839
Kandle, Mrs. Livonia, Portland	California	1856
Kennedy, Mrs. Sarah, Woodburn	Oregon	1858
Kraemer, J., Portland	Germany	1837
LaFore, Mrs. E. M., Salem	Oregon	1858
Leonard, Mrs. Mary E., Kerby	Ohio	1846
Lord, W., The Dalles	Maine	1832
Miller, Mrs. M. B., Portland	Ohio	1847
Moore, Mrs. F. M., Montavilla	Oregon	1858
McCann, Mrs. Ella Walter, Portland	Oregon	1858
McCarver, Mrs. Della, Portland	Oregon	1858
McCully, Mrs. J. D., Hood River	Oregon	1858
McDaniel, A. J., Rickreall	Oregon	1858
Prosser, Mrs. G. W., Oswego	Oregon	1858
Remington, A. J., Portland	Massachusetts	1832
Risley, C. W., Milwaukie	Oregon	1858
Roberts, Mrs. M. E., Woodland	Oregon	1858
Schofield, Benj., Cornelius	Illinois	1840
Shively, Mrs. Anna, Portland	Germany	1852
Spooner, T. J., Jennings Lodge	Kentucky	1836
Wilkes, J. S., Hillsboro	Oregon	1858
Wilson, Peter, Oregon City	Norway	1832

1859

Barker, Mrs. O., Portland	Oregon	1859
Beach, Mrs. J. S., Portland	Oregon	1859
Boise, Mrs. Emily, Salem	Massachusetts	1828
Brown, Mrs. A. M., Portland	Oregon	1859
Burns, Mrs. C. E., Oregon City	Michigan	1856
B———, Mrs. Julia, Portland	Michigan	1849
Church, R. G., Portland	Oregon	1859
Cummings, G. W., Portland	Indiana	1842
Davidson, L. M., Oswego	Indiana	1844
Dittmer, Mrs. Laura, Portland	Oregon	1859
Drake, Mrs. E. M., Portland	Oregon	1859
Dyers, Mrs. Thurza Anne, Portland	Oregon	1859
Ennis, Lewis, Hillsboro	Oregon	1859
Ferguson, Mrs. Mary, Portland	Oregon	1859
Frazer, Mrs. Mary, Portland	Scotland	1859

Name and Address	Place of Birth and Date
Geer, Mrs. L. B., Macleay	Illinois 1852
Gerling, F. W., Montavilla	Germany 1840
Hathaway, H. Lewis, Vancouver, Wash.	Washington 1859
Hibbard, George L., Portland	Vermont 1835
Holland, Pat, Portland	Ireland 1836
Hoover, Mrs. B. S., St. Johns	Oregon 1859
Hunt, George W., Portland	New York 1842
Ikerd, Mrs. N. J., Portland	 1855
Imbrie, J. A., Hillsboro	Illinois 1855
Kandle, W. H., Spring Water	Oregon 1850
Keenan, Mrs. Clara, Portland	Oregon 1850
Kelly, H. L., Oregon City	Michigan 1840
Kerns, Mrs. W. G., Portland	Oregon 1850
Lamb, Mrs. James, Portland	Ireland 1847
Lane, Mrs. Lolo, Portland	Oregon 1850
Larison, G. W., Lents	Ohio 1834
Messegee, Mrs. Catherine, Olympia, Wn.	New York .....
Meussdorffer, C. H., Portland	Germany 1842
Milster, Mrs. B. L., Portland	Oregon 1850
McCoy, Mrs. H. M., North Yamhill	Oregon 1850
McCully, F. D., Joseph	Oregon 1850
McGinn, Henry E., Portland	Oregon 1850
Nelson, Mrs. Alice, Portland	Oregon 1850
Partlow, J. W., Oregon City	Oregon 1850
Pio, Mrs. Flora, Portland	Oregon 1850
Powell, D. C., Portland	Oregon 1850
Ralston, L. O., Portland	Oregon 1850
Rice, R. F., Portland	Missouri 1838
Richards, Mrs. Sol, Portland	Germany 1839
Roberts, Mrs. Ida E., Portland	Oregon 1859
See, Mrs. W. H., Portland	Oregon 1850
Smith, W. Hampton, Portland	Oregon 1836
Starr, Mrs. L. H.	Oregon 1859
Stewart, Mrs. J. C., Portland	Oregon 1859
Stolte, Edward H., Portland	Germany 1841
Struble, Mrs. May, Portland	Oregon 1859
Tate, Mrs. O. E., Portland	Oregon 1859
Tucker, Mrs. Sylvia, Hillsboro	Oregon 1859
Way, J. H., Portland	Iowa 1842
West, Mrs. E. J.	Oregon 1859
Wilson, Mrs. Emma, LaCenter, Wash.	Washington 1859
Wrage, Mrs. Hattie, Portland	Oregon 1859

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1900.

1838	1	1850	63
1839	4	1851	48
1840	2	1852	220
1841	1	1853	103
1842	2	1854	38
1843	13	1855	24
1844	24	1856	12
1845	38	1857	21
1846	37	1858	15
1847	85	1859	14
1848	29		
1849	29	Total	823

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1901.

1824	1	1850	76
1838	1	1851	67
1839	3	1852	243
1840	2	1853	121
1841	3	1854	42
1842	2	1855	23
1843	19	1856	12
1844	21	1857	22
1845	55	1858	14
1846	32	1859	17
1847	96		
1848	31	Total	936
1849	36		

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1902.

1838	1	1850	70
1839	2	1851	46
1840	4	1852	260
1841	3	1853	109
1842	2	1854	48
1843	15	1855	22
1844	21	1856	16
1845	54	1857	19
1846	36	1858	16
1847	72	1859	21
1848	38		
1849	33	Total	908

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1903.

1839	2	1851	54
1840	3	1852	285
1841	4	1853	116
1842	3	1854	56
1843	21	1855	24
1844	21	1856	14
1845	63	1857	21
1846	41	1858	24
1847	92	1859	19
1848	29		
1849	35	Total	1005
1850	68		

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1904.

1837	2	1850	78
1839	2	1851	54
1840	1	1852	272
1841	3	1853	135
1842	3	1854	58
1843	16	1855	32
1844	24	1856	21
1845	66	1857	29
1846	33	1858	30
1847	77	1859	14
1848	32		
1849	34	Total	1016

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1905.

1837	2	1850	91
1838	2	1851	79
1839	1	1852	346
1840	3	1853	197
1841	3	1854	62
1842	6	1855	47
1843	23	1856	49
1844	28	1857	45
1845	74	1858	40
1846	42	1859	34
1847	116		
1848	44	Total	1397
1849	53		

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1906.

1837	2	1850	82
1838	1	1851	77
1839	2	1852	308
1840	2	1853	159
1841	4	1854	71
1842	2	1855	40
1843	19	1856	36
1844	25	1857	25
1845	69	1858	40
1846	34	1859	35
1847	108		
1848	39	Total	1219
1849	39		

(No computation of attendance made in 1907.)

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1908.

1837	2	1850	86
1838	1	1851	74
1839	2	1852	340
1840	3	1853	194
1841	3	1854	76
1842	2	1855	50
1843	23	1856	41
1844	31	1857	46
1845	78	1858	44
1846	43	1859	57
1847	102		
1848	41	Total	1388
1849	49		

ANNUAL ADDRESS.

By Hon. M. C. George.

As Oregon pioneers, we are proud of our day and of our success. Oregon is the best state in the Union. We are just coming into our own. We are witnessing unequaled development on land, and the opening of a wonderful commercial trade on sea. Well may we acclaim in Oregon's behalf, the words of her motto, *"Alis volat propriis"*—now she truly flies with her own wings.

Our nation is spending untold millions for a shipway at Panama. On that Pacific Ocean which put its bounds on our pioneer progress westward our country is now cruising the most magnificent fleet of war vessels ever marshaled on ocean highways, and demonstrating protection to growing western commerce. Since our pioneer days our country has expanded and added Alaska, the golden morning star of the north, and Hawaii, the cross road of the seas, our Malta and Gibraltar combined, in our mastery of the Pacific Ocean. Since then, also, destiny has cast at our doors the pearls of the Orient—the Philippines of the southeast.

Great development has followed our old Oregon trail, that pioneer immigrant road which during this last year was retraced by Ezra Meeker, whose creditable work of re-marking is entitled to our heartiest commendation.

Little did the pioneers who drove an ox team through wind and dust for 2,500 miles across the plains of the Great American Desert dream that soon their roadway would be traveled by the iron horse, or that the dim light which enabled them to eat at night-fall their frugal repast would be lost in the glare of electric brilliancy. It required prophetic vision to enable Senator Benton to exclaim in '44: "You will yet see the Asiatic commerce traversing the North Pacific Ocean, entering the Oregon River, climbing the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, issuing from its gorges, and spreading its fertilizing streams over our wide extended Union. The steamboat and the steam car have not exhausted all their wonders. They have not yet found their amplest and most appropriate theaters—the tranquil surface of the North Pacific Ocean and the vast inclined plains which spread east and west from the bases of the Rocky Mountains."

This year witnessed the driving of the golden spike for the great North Bank Railroad. The ceremony was held where General Phil Sheridan, with regulars from Fort Vancouver and Fort Dalles, fifty-two years ago rescued from the Indians some forty pioneer men, women and children. What a vivid contrast now from then. The human mind is lost in the mazes of the changing scenes. Five years before that rescue my mother carried me in her arms from a flat-boat on to that same landing "where rolls the Oregon," while down the other side of the Columbia my father was "wending his weary way" on foot from Fort Dalles to Portland, and night-fall overtaking him, unable to proceed, and apprehensive of danger from the Indians or wild beasts, he waded out to a rock and slept as best he could, and in the morning proceeded, my elder brothers bringing our teams over the Barlow road, through the Cascade Mountains. Before proceeding up the Willamette Valley we camped here for two weeks, on the east side, between the two only houses in East Portland, the one of Uncle Billy Frush and that of Uncle Jimmy Stephens. There were about fifty houses on this side.

On the pioneer folder for this occasion are two emigrant pictures. On the elated overland starting picture it says, "No tips to porter—no calls from the dining car, and no 'hold-ups' except from the buffaloes or the Indians." The other picture is of the dilapidated arrival in the "The Land of Promise" six months later. If you look closely you might see your humble servant peering from the torn folds of the worn old cover of the emigrant wagon. In some respects we pioneers were more favored than ever was Moses. He never was permitted to enter the promised land—we were.

The people who migrated to this state, and helped save Oregon to the Stars and Stripes, were mainly western frontiersmen. But few others ever thought of moving their all overland on such a long and difficult journey.

Capital, as we use the term nowadays, was unknown. There were no wealthy among the overland Oregon pioneers. Neither were there any dependent poor, or sick, or feeble. Health, strength, energy, push, vigor, vim, and brave hope and trust inspired and sustained the pioneers of the Pacific Northwest, and only their in-

flexible will and perseverance conquered the dangers of the desert and the mountain trail. Their ranks were made up from the self-poised and self-contained, conservative, industrial force designated, by Abraham Lincoln, as the great common people of the land.

There is something in the mass of American citizenship that attracts earnest attention. From this class sprang the great purposes and forces that upbuilt this nation and successfully carried it through all its trials and difficulties. When limitations came to the ingenuity of its statesmen—whenever the end of diplomacy seemed reached—when its leaders drifted hither and thither with the tide, there was never a crucial hour in the days of the republic when there was not found safety in the final judgment of our faithful, incorruptible people—the common people of the land—and in their unshaken faith in our institutions, their fidelity to our best interests, their intuitive insight into all the great problems, their never-failing courage, physical and moral, and in their abounding loyalty. They were ever such, and they abide still.

The migrations to the West were the result largely of the restless yearnings of American yeomanry; and prompted by a worthy spirit of conquest, they came, they saw, and they conquered.

Ours was the culmination of a national movement. Successive waves of immigration rolled westward over the Alleghanies to Ohio and the sister states. And the tide spread on and over the Mississippi, and over the great American Desert, and over the Rockies, and on to the Pacific, where the long march ended. And in that progress and advancement it gradually grew more Americanized. The sons and daughters of Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana and Missouri were less foreign and more American until Oregon pioneers were mainly pure stock. Generally the Oregon pioneer was the son of a pioneer and the grandson of a pioneer; and he brought here the American family life and the American home. It was they who brought the American plow that supplanted the British trap.

For one, I am proud that I sprang from the loins of generations of pioneers. My mother's father, a soldier in the Revolution, with direct lineage from Elder Brewster, the pioneer leader on the Mayflower, emigrated to Ohio in 1817 from Massachusetts. After

a long and dangerous journey, with axe and rifle, over the mountains, reaching Pittsburg and constructing a rude raft and with my mother and grandmother floating down the Ohio, landing at Marietta, trading the raft for a Chickasaw Indian pony and a sort of a carry-all, and settling in Noble County, Ohio, building a rude cabin without door or even a pane of window glass.

My father's father, a soldier also, and a pensioner of the War of the Revolution, himself a pioneer, emigrated from Virginia to Ohio in 1813. I think I inherited some of this restless western spirit, for in 1851, when only a year and a half old, I brought my father and my mother and my elder brothers with me to Oregon. I heard and heeded Horace Greeley's advice, "Go west, young man, go west."

We didn't travel by auto—we came with an ox team. Automobiles were too rich, then, for our blood.

Seriously speaking, profoundly grateful am I that my parents possessed the western spirit of progress—that in 1851 they gathered their little belongings, boarded a river steamer, floated down Ohio waters, and steamed up the Mississippi and up the Missouri to old St. Joe, and there packed family and baggage into an emigrant wagon and headed the team for a six months' journey to the "Far West" and to Oregon.

We note that people seeking homes here now travel in Pullman cars. Such is a sign of progress. From the Atlantic to Ohio it was in wagons and on foot, afterward to Kansas in emigrant cars, and now they come in Pullmans. When our time comes to move again we trust that Oregon pioneers will be furnished wings direct for heavenly homes.

And thus, in the Oregon pioneers, we trace the march onward of pioneering around the world from the colonists of Aryan civilization of the Far East, who left their ancient home in India to settle upon the shores of Europe. Successors are they all down the long line. Most worthy successors are they, too, of the pioneers of Plymouth and of Jamestown. In them we see again that procession that made the advance of the great belt of trade, commerce and civilization, westward, almost around the globe. In them we may see once more the advance of the mighty Anglo-

Saxon, patient, yet ever alert, [illegible] mystery, but ready to [illegible]

Pioneers of Oregon [illegible] now the connecting link between the dead [illegible] active future, and while the dead of the past [illegible] the long list of departed heroes [illegible] the brightness of the future, with its coming generations.

Sons and Daughters of Oregon Pioneers, you may well be proud of your ancestry. The pioneer men and women worked for a living—than such there is no better ancestry and none nobler. Such is the ancestry for us. Naturalists tell us that the habits of one generation may be inherited by the next, reappearing instinctively. Laziness and industry are both inheritable, although from personal experience the first seems more natural. Neither money nor luck can place the lazy as a peer with the industrious. May ever the industry engendered through the veins of our pioneer fathers and mothers remain flowing in our veins. The blood of the pioneer is the best of the realm.

We often wonder what we might have been had we remained in the East. We doubtless missed many opportunities. We might have become heads of great educational centers, or promoters of wonderful enterprises, or captains of industry. As we look about perhaps we see Morgans, and Carnegies, and Rockefellers, and Harrimans, even. We Ohio people doubtless would have become presidents—Ohioans seem born to the purple. I left Ohio to escape the onerous duties of the presidency. However, Oregon has been a fostering mother to us all and we are content.

Today we have much new blood in our veins. Recently we have passed through a state election. We are now legislators. We have just been voting whether we should remove foundation work of the framers of the Oregon constitution—the work of Terry, Deady, Starkweather, Prim, Kelly, Logan, Short, Nichols, Grover,

Boise, Olney, Waymire, Applegate, Smith, Shattuck, Dryer, Williams, Chadwick, McBride and others in that galaxy of early pioneers, who were wise in their time.

Like the ancient builders of the Temple of Solomon, they took stones hewn in distant quarries and timbers hewn in distant forests and framed our constitution without jar or sound save as who could best work and best agree. The superstructure was mortised in wisdom and for years it has stood the trials and strains of practical government of the people by the people and for the people. They framed a representative constitutional government, but lately new hands are being laid on its reconstruction.

The survivors and descendants, and those who come among us from all tongues, tribes and kindreds of people, are amending our fundamental law and removing its ancient landmarks—with what wisdom time will determine.

Recently we had the pageant of the warships that belong as much to Portland, Oregon, as to any other city this side of Portland, Maine. We are glad that the nation recognizes the importance of present and coming Asiatic trade, and realizes in full the greatness of the problems how to steer clear of the yellow perils of the East and yet not lose the good will of Oriental countries. We hope and believe that the great white fleet stands not for war, but that it will make for peace among nations, and unity among men. While our nation is speaking softly, it is, however, carrying a "big stick," and our battleships, in all ordinary times missionaries of peace, in times of trouble may yet become ministers of war.

The advent of this fleet emphasizes the great contrast between the present and the pioneer past. Sixteen great war vessels leaving Hampton Roads, Virginia, in less than three months sailing around the Straits of Magellan and arriving at Magdalena Bay, ahead of time, in perfect condition and ready for action. Compare that with the speed and war equipment of the prairie-schooners of the pioneers.

We "remember" the Oregon with its 16,000-mile run, subjected to the piercing cold of the Far South and twice to the burning heat of the tropics as she raced through two oceans from west to east on record time to reach the Spanish firing line.

As our war fleet will visit Japan it is interesting to note that it was in the pioneer days of '54 that Japan came to terms on the advent of Commodore Perry, commanding an American squadron of ten vessels.

Wake nika tika sollex wawa. Okoke sun nika nanich kloshe tilakum. Nika tumtum hias kloshe kopa mica, kopa siah tilakum. Spose mika tumtum hias kloshe kopa konaway tilakum. Nesika sahala Tyee wake mesachie sollex. Wake mamook sollex kopa tilakum inati Saltchuck. Nowitka. Nika kopet wawa chinook.

(Translation.—I don't want to talk mad. This day I see my dear friends. My heart is very warm to you—to all these friends from a distance. I think your heart is good towards one another. Your God is never angry at the people of this coast. Now I quit talking Chinook.)

Just a word to our pioneer women. Your faces may not be so youthful as in the fifties of long ago, but in your fifties of today your hearts are as young and your good, sweet souls are as beautiful as ever. Many of our mothers in Israel are not here, and some are feebly sitting by lone windows watching the dim shadows of life lengthen and fade. God grant them the choicest blessings. Nothing is too good for pioneer women.

And the pioneer dead! They are not here in the body. We are enjoined to speak of the dead nothing but good, or as Cicero said, *"De Mortuis nil nisi bonum,"* but we could scarcely speak anything of them but good; and as we gather around our campfire we think of them and prize them as we knew them in life.

I hold in my hand the death roll of the past year, but time does not permit of eulogy. I have spoken of the completion of the North Bank Road; coincident with its completion was the death of one of the great pioneers of early steam navigation along that transportation line—Captain R. R. Thompson.

The story is of wonderful development of the Columbia River water-level line to the great Inland Empire, from the days of the little pioneer steamer, Col. Wright, to the recent completion through that giant passway of the second of two of the greatest railroad systems on earth. And as we recall the death of Dr. I. D. Driver,

that strong and vigorous mentality, that giant of theology, we reflect on the intellectual and moral advancement of pioneer Oregon to the present.

As our shadows of life lengthen our death roll is growing longer. One by one are dropping by the wayside. My father and my mother. Your father and your mother; my old neighbors and your old neighbors. Some day each name on that pioneer roll shall have been called, and another will have answered "Dead." Some day the last shall be called, and there will be no survivor to answer. For all pioneers within the sound of my voice or elsewhere, may it be many a day ere your windows be darkened, or the silver cord of your life be loosed, or your golden bowl be broken.

DIARY OF JAMES AKIN, JR.

THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1852.—First day crossed Fish Creek, three-fourths of a mile; roads pretty good; plenty of water and wood.

FRIDAY, APRIL 16.—Rained till noon; started and came to Salem; left Salem at 3 o'clock; traveled 6 miles; plenty of wood; not much water.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17.—Start pretty soon; rains nearly all day; roads very muddy; travel 15 miles; camp; plenty of water and wood.

SUNDAY, APRIL 18.—Start at 9 o'clock; roads very bad; pass Birmingham and Winchester; camp at Libertyville; corn, 55 cents per bushel; hay, 50 cents per cwt. Good place to camp.

MONDAY, APRIL 19.—Roads better; travel 15 miles; passed through agency; camp in a good place; plenty of wood; not much water.

TUESDAY, APRIL 20.—Roads very good; travel 16 miles; passed Ottumwa; pretty cold day; camp in good place, and plenty of wood and water. Overtook Caleb.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21.—Bad roads; travel 16 miles; cold weather; passed Eddyville about noon; bad place to camp; plenty wood and water.

THURSDAY, APRIL 22.—Travel 15 miles; fine weather; crossed the Des Moines River in the evening; good place to camp on the bank of the river.

FRIDAY, APRIL 23.—Travel 3 miles and then stopped and stayed the balance of the day; cool, cloudy weather; oats, 40 cents a bushel; corn, 50 cents. Good place to camp.

SATURDAY, APRIL 24.—Traveled 12 miles; roads hilly and rough; cloudy weather; passed Knoxville; crossed White Breast Creek and camped on the bank; bought hay.

SUNDAY, APRIL 25.—Laid by all day; cloudy weather; herded the cattle all day; good place to camp—plenty of wood and water.

MONDAY, APRIL 26.—Traveled 12 miles; cool weather; passed Pleasantville; crossed South River and camped on the bank of the river; good place to camp.

TUESDAY, APRIL 27.—Traveled 16 miles; very good prairie road; passed Palmyra and Indiolia; camp in the prairie; good place to camp; plenty of water; not much wood.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28.—Traveled 16 miles; very good roads; crossed Big Creek and camped on the bank of the same creek; good place to camp—plenty wood and water.

THURSDAY, APRIL 29.—Traveled 7 miles; warm day, and good roads; crossed Middle River and camped on the north side in two and one-half miles of Wintersette; good place to camp; stop at noon.

FRIDAY, APRIL 30.—Start at 9 o'clock and travel 3 miles and pass Wintersette; roads very good; windy, cold day; stop and camp 1 mile west of Wintersette; camp in a deep hollow; good place to camp; 47 wagons on the same ground.

SATURDAY, MAY 1.—Start early; travel 20 miles; very good roads; camp in the prairie; plenty water; carry wood three-quarters of a mile; herd the cattle till 9 o'clock.

SUNDAY, MAY 2.—Very cold, windy morning; start about noon and travel 8 miles; camp in the prairie and haul wood with us; not much grass; plenty of water; rains at night.

MONDAY, MAY 3.—Start early; travel 15 miles; cool weather; camp in the prairie; good place to camp; plenty wood and water; more grass than common; muddy branch.

TUESDAY, MAY 4.—Start early; travel 18 miles; pretty day; plenty of grass; plenty of water; camp in the prairie; drive the cattle a half of a mile to grass.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 5.—Start early; travel 15 miles; good roads; warm day; rains at night; camp in the prairie; plenty of water and grass; good place to camp; no timber.

THURSDAY, MAY 6.—Travel 16 miles; good roads, but muddy; rained part of the day; camp in a beautiful place on the bank of the creek; grass plenty.

FRIDAY, MAY 7.—Start early and travel two and a half miles to the creek and wait 4 hours to cross, and the boat sank; good roads in the prairie; camp in the prairie; plenty water and grass; no wood.

SATURDAY, MAY 8.—Travel 15 miles; good roads; camp in Kanesville; bad place to camp; plenty wood and water, but no grass; beautiful day; great many teams camped around.

SUNDAY, MAY 9.—Travel 3 miles and camp on the bank of the Missouri River; beautiful day; good place to camp; plenty wood, water and grass.

MONDAY, MAY 10.—Camped in the same place; corn 20c per bushel; new boat started; fine day; many Indians around the tents.

TUESDAY, MAY 11.—Beautiful day; ferry boat sunk, 2 or 3 drowned; herd the cattle; plenty grass; flour $16 per barrel.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 12.—Camped in the same place; rains in the evening. A man killed by the wagon running over him. Teams coming in all the time.

THURSDAY, MAY 13.—Camped in the same place; beautiful day. A great many teams on the ground. Not much grass; river raised a little.

FRIDAY, MAY 14.—Camped in the same place; boat sunk; bought flour at $16 per barrel; beautiful day; pack up the wagons.

SATURDAY, MAY 15.—Start early and travel 14 miles up the river to another ferry; warm day; camp in 2 miles of the ferry; good place to camp; plenty wood, water and grass; rains at night.

SUNDAY, MAY 16.—Camp in the same place; cold, windy day; good place to camp; plenty wood, water and grass; great many teams pass.

MONDAY, MAY 17.—Start early and go to the river, but could not get to cross; camp here and drive the cattle back about 2 miles to grass.

TUESDAY, MAY 18.—Commence crossing in the morning and cross nearly all day; very windy; cross till midnight; get all the cattle across except 10 yoke.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 19.—Ferry the other 2 teams early in the morning; start and travel 12 miles; herd the cattle twice; camp in good place.

THURSDAY, MAY 20.—Travel 15 miles; cross Elkhorn River; wagons $2 apiece; camp in a good place.

FRIDAY, MAY 21.—Start early; travel 10 miles; rains nearly all day; camp at 2 o'clock; got scared at nothing and went back a mile for company; camp on Platte River.

SATURDAY, MAY 22.—Travel 16 miles; warm weather; travel up Platte River bottom; camp and then leave the smallpox; good place to camp.

SUNDAY, MAY 23.—Travel 15 miles up Platte River bottom; bad roads; saw 30 Indians with their ponies loaded with buffalo skins; good place to camp.

MONDAY, MAY 24.—Traveled 18 miles to Loup Fork ferry; then went up the river 6 miles; camp in a very good place; plenty wood, water and grass.

TUESDAY, MAY 25.—Start early; travel 13 miles up Loup Fork to the ferry; cross Beaver River; camp near Loup Fork; bad place to camp.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 26.—Travel 10 miles; bad roads; warm day; cross Loup Fork in the evening; deep fording with quicksand bottom; good place to camp.

THURSDAY, MAY 27.—Laid by all day; pretty good grass; water and wood plenty; camp near Loup Fork; good place to camp; no Indians about; came to the Sioux Indians.

FRIDAY, MAY 28.—Start early; travel 18 miles; come to the buffalo range; sandy roads; camp in the prairie; plenty grass; no wood; water scarce.

SATURDAY, MAY 29.—Start early; travel 18 miles; prairie road; some bad places to cross; saw the first antelope; camp—no wood.

SUNDAY, MAY 30.—Travel 16 miles; very good roads; pass no timber; crossed one small creek; camp near Wood River; plenty of wood and grass—not much water.

MONDAY, MAY 31.—Travel 15 miles; very good roads; travel in half-mile of Platte River all day; camp in a good place; drive cattle to Platte River to water.

TUESDAY, JUNE 1.—Start early; travel 17 miles; very good roads; water the cattle at noon in Platte; camp in good place—plenty water and grass, no wood.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2.—Travel 20 miles; very hot, calm day; roads very dusty; cross Elm and Buffalo Creeks; camp; not much grass; drive cattle two miles to water; rainy, windy night. Grand Island.

THURSDAY, JUNE 3.—Travel 18 miles; muddy roads; cool day; came to Platte River again; saw 5 graves; camp near Platte; no wood—some buffalo chips; come to alkali.

FRIDAY, JUNE 4.—Travel 16 miles; good roads; saw 5 buffalo in the morning; passed 1 grave; camp near Platte; good place to camp.

SATURDAY, JUNE 5.—Travel 16 miles; good roads, but sandy; crossed over a low, sandy bluff, extending to the river; rain and wind in the evening; camp in a good place, near Platte.

SUNDAY, JUNE 6.—Travel 20 miles; sandy roads; crossed Skunk Creek; three died with the cholera along the road; camp on Carrion Creek; no timber.

MONDAY, JUNE 7.—Travel 14 miles; crossed Carrion Creek; passed the last timber for 200 miles; took a buffalo hunt and wounded one; camp in a good place, near the river; buffalo chips.

TUESDAY, JUNE 8.—Laid by all day; 13 of the boys went hunting and killed one antelope; good grass and buffalo chips for fuel; a good many wagons passing all the time.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9.—Travel 19 miles; road ascends the bluff; very sandy roads; cross North Bluff fork and Bluff Creek; camp in a good place; plenty of grass and chips; water scarce.

THURSDAY, JUNE 10.—Travel 25 miles; cool day and sandy roads; Platte River very high; springs along the road; camp in a good place; plenty of grass, water and chips.

FRIDAY, JUNE 11.—Travel 18 miles over very sandy bluffs; very warm day; camp in a bad place—no grass, not much water; great many campers in sight.

SATURDAY, JUNE 12.—Travel 12 miles until noon, then stop and stay the balance of the day; camp in a good place; a good spring and plenty of grass; lone tree.

TUESDAY, JULY 6.—Laid by all day; good grass; sage brush; great many Indians come and camp within two miles of us; trade some with us.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 7.—Travel 17 miles without water; Indians go with us; Joseph Mace overtook us; not much grass near; Indians camp one mile above us.

THURSDAY, JULY 8.—Travel 15 miles; drive the cattle two and one-half miles to grass in the morning; rough roads; Indians plenty; camp within two miles of the river; good grass on the river.

FRIDAY, JULY 9.—Travel 15 miles; rough, rocky roads; cross north fork of Sweet Water; passed some snow; camp on south fork of Sweet Water; good grass at camp.

SATURDAY, JULY 10.—Travel 13 miles; good roads; crossed Sweet Water the last time; passed over the summit of the Rocky Mountains; camp at Pacific Springs; pleasant day.

SUNDAY, JULY 11.—Travel 20 miles; very good roads; camp on Little Sandy; drive the cattle two miles to grass; poor place to camp; plenty wood.

MONDAY, JULY 12.—Start about noon and travel six miles to Big Sandy; camp one and one-half miles above the ford; drive the cattle six miles to grass; good place to camp.

TUESDAY, JULY 13.—Camp in the same place and let the cattle rest; no more water for 40 miles ahead.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 14.—Start at 10 o'clock. and travel till night; stop for supper; travel till midnight; stop an hour; travel till daylight; grass plenty.

THURSDAY, JULY 15.—Travel till noon and reach Green River; Green River quite low; camp one mile below the ford; take the cattle on to an island and let them stay without guarding.

FRIDAY, JULY 16.—Lay by all day; not much grass; warm weather; Green River low; plenty wood and water.

SATURDAY, JULY 17.—Ford Green River; good ford but swift current, two feet deep; travel 10 miles to Bear Creek; good place to camp; plenty grass, water and wood.

SUNDAY, JULY 18.—Lay by all day; good grass near camp; sold an ox and bought a cow and an ox; Gilham's left the company; some rain and hail up the creek.

MONDAY, JULY 19.—Travel 20 miles; very hilly roads and broken country; windy day; camp on a small creek; good grass; plenty wood and water; rains at night.

TUESDAY, JULY 20.—Travel 12 miles; very hilly, bad roads; pass some quaking asp; graves; camp on Ham's ford of Bear River; very good grass, wood and water.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 21.—Travel 18 miles; rough, hilly roads; pass over the summit of the Bear River Mountains; camp near a good spring; good grass.

THURSDAY, JULY 22.—Travel 14 miles; good roads on Bear River; very dusty; camp on Bear River; very good grass on the island; plenty wood; mosquitos very bad.

FRIDAY, JULY 23.—Travel 16 miles; very bad roads; cross Thomas' ford on the bridge; paid $1.00 per wagon; camp on Bear River; good grass; mosquitos bad; overtook Caleb Richey.

SATURDAY, JULY 24.—Travel 10 miles; very good roads, but dusty; crossed several small creeks; camp near a good spring; plenty good grass and water.

SUNDAY, JULY 25.—Travel 10 miles; stop at 10 o'clock and stay till night; very good grass; plenty wood and water; good place to camp.

MONDAY, JULY 26.—Travel 16 miles; very dusty roads, but good; passed Soda and Steamboat Springs; camp on Bear River; very bad watering cattle; grass plenty.

TUESDAY, JULY 27.—Left Bear River; travel 18 miles; very good, dusty roads; passed the forks of Oregon and California roads; plenty water; good place to camp.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 28.—Travel seven miles; stop at 11 o'clock; stay the balance of the day on account of sickness; Powekee (Ponca) Indians plenty; camp on Deep Creek; good grass.

THURSDAY, JULY 29.—Travel 18 miles; rough roads; passed plenty of springs; camp on a small creek; very good grass; plenty of wood, water and service berries.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 24.—Lay by till noon; Moses Rhoades died in the morning. Travel 11 miles; good roads; camp on Dry Creek; water scarce; grass plenty.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25.—Travel 15 miles; good roads, but hilly; plenty grass all the time; wood and water plenty; passed boiling hot springs; camp on beautiful creek.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 26.—Travel 14 miles; very rock creek; camp at Charlotte Creek camp; no water for cattle; grass and wood plenty.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 27.—Travel 15 miles; hilly roads, but good; plenty of grass all the time; camp on White Horse Creek; wood and water plenty.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28.—Travel 20 miles without water; good roads and cool day; camp on Boise river. This is a beautiful stream; wood and grass plenty.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 29.—Travel 12 miles down Salmon River; good grass all the time; camp at 2 o'clock; good grass, wood and water; hares plenty; got some fish of the Indians.

MONDAY, AUGUST 30.—Travel 18 miles down Salmon River; good roads; cool day; camp on Salmon River; excellent grass, wood and water.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 31.—Travel 15 miles down Salmon River; cross the river; good grass, wood and water plenty.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.—Travel eight miles to Fort Boise; cross Snake River in the evening; pay $2.50 per wagon; good grass on the north side of the river.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2.—Travel 15 miles to a large creek; good grass; camp at 10 o'clock in the night; very dusty roads.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3.—Travel two and one-half miles down the river to a spring; good grass and water; wood scarce.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4.—Start at 2 o'clock a. m.; travel 12 miles to Sulphur Springs by 8 o'clock a. m.; travel 12 miles further to Birch Creek; not much grass; water and wood plenty.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 5.—Travel 10 miles to Burnt River; camp at 1 o'clock; not much grass; herd the cattle on willows; wood plenty.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 6.—Travel 10 miles; stop at noon and stay the balance of the day; windy and cold nights; considerable sickness in company; willow wood and water plenty.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7.—Travel 18 miles; leave Burnt River; very rough, hilly roads; camp on a branch of Burnt River; no grass; wood and water plenty.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.—Travel 11 miles; rough roads; camp at noon on Burnt River; grass, wood and water plenty.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9.—Lay by all day on account of sickness; company all left except Uncle Stewart and Caleb; not much grass; wood and water plenty; Eliza Ann Richey died at 9 o'clock p. m.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10.—Start at noon and travel nine miles; good roads; camp at Small Creek; not much grass; wood and water plenty.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.—Travel 23 miles; very dusty roads; camp on dry branch; not much water; camp at 9 o'clock; grass pretty good.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 12.—Travel 16 miles; very good roads; fine shower in the afternoon; camp on a branch of Powder River; grass, wood and water plenty.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 13.—Travel 12 miles; good roads and cool day; noon at Powder River; camp on a small creek; good grass, wood and water.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14.—Travel 16 miles to the west side of Grand Ronde; bought some beef at 20 cents per pound; excellent grass and water; fine wood.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.—Lay by all day; great many camped here on account of sickness and to recruit their teams; plenty of Kioose (Cayuse) Indians with vegetables to sell; Abe Gilham died.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16.—Lost nine of our cattle; hunt for them all day and find them just at sunset; considerable sickness in our company.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17.—Travel 15 miles; cross the Blue Mountains and Grande Ronde River; roughest roads we have ever had; travel through pine timber all dav: camp.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18.—Travel 13 miles through thick timber and rough roads without water; camp on a creek; plenty water and wood; some grass; tie the cattle at night.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 19.—Start at 10 o'clock; travel five miles through the timber; roads better; camp in the timber; some grass, not much water.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20.—Travel 10 miles; good roads to Umatilla River; pass a Kioose (Cayuse) village; camp on the river; grass scarce.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21.—Travel 12 miles down the river; good roads; rained in the morning; camp on the river; no grass; wood and water plenty.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.—Lay by till noon; travel 11 miles; dry camp; plenty grass; no wood or water.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23.—Travel seven miles to Umatilla; camp at noon; lay by the balance of the day; plenty wood, water and grass.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.—Travel 12 miles to Butter Creek; pass agency and cross Umatilla; camp on creek; good grass, wood and water.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.—Lay by all day; plenty of Walla Walla Indians about the camp all night; plenty grass, wood and water.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 26.—Start at noon; travel 10 miles; dry camp; no wood or water; grass plenty.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27.—Travel 12 miles to Muddy Spring; water scarce and not good; travel six miles further; dry camp; not much grass.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28.—Start at 3 o'clock a. m.; travel nine miles to Willow Creek; water scarce; not much grass; wood plenty.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29.—Start at noon; travel — miles; hilly roads; very windy day; camp; no wood, water or grass.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30.—Start at daybreak; travel 18 miles; good roads; camp on John Day's River; plenty wood and water.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1.—Travel 12 miles; cross John Day's River; camp six miles from John Day's River; no water or wood; good grass, good roads.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2.—Start at midnight; travel 12 miles by sunrise; get breakfast; travel five miles further to Columbia River; camp on De Chutes River.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 3.—Cross De Shoot (Des Chute) River before breakfast; start at noon and travel six miles; camp on a creek; not much wood; plenty water and grass.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 4.—Travel 10 miles; good roads; camp on a small creek; not much wood; plenty water and grass; camp within two miles of The Dalles.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 5.—Travel 10 miles down Columbia River; pass The Dalles; flour 35 cents per pound; camp in Columbia River bottom; wood, water and grass.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6.—Travel two miles; camp and go to preparing to raft down the river; haul some pine logs to the river; grass plenty.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7.—Cut logs and caulk wagon beds all day; very windy evening and night; plenty wood, water and grass; boats and canoes running up and down the river.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8.—Very windy; cool day; haul logs all day; no boats running; cattle doing very well.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9.—Still preparing our raft to go down the river; blustery, cool weather.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 10.—James Nicholson, John T. Stewart and John Akin start with the cattle on the pack trail.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 11.—Calm day; take our raft to pieces; put it together again.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 12.—Start down the river about 10 o'clock; travel six miles; wind upstream.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13.—Travel five miles; high wind up the river; camp in a big willow thicket; plenty of wood.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14.—Travel five miles; all leave the raft and go down the river in an Indian canoe except Uncle Stewart and W. A. Colter.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15.—Reach the Cascades about 2 o'clock in the evening; everyone sick.

This is the last entry in the diary kept by James Akin.

Mrs. Nancy Hanson tells me that we paid the Indians who brought us down in the canoe $20 in money and our big tent.

Our little sister, Mary Ann Akin, died at the Cascades and was buried there. We were at the Cascades about a week waiting for the steamboat to bring us down to Portland.

Our father died two weeks after we reached Portland.

FRANCES ROWE.

(There were eleven deaths in this company. From numerous sources, reasonably reliable, information has been secured which indicates that probably not less than five thousand persons died on the plains in the year 1852, principally from cholera.—Geo. H. Himes, Secretary.)

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TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

35th Annual Reunion

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association

Portland, June 19th, 1907

CONTAINING THE

Annual Address by George H. Himes, 1853

OF PORTLAND

Secretary of the Oregon Pioneer Association since 1886

AND

Proceedings of the Twenty-Second
Grand Encampment of Indian War Veterans
of the North Pacific Coast

AND

Other Matters of Historic Interest

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MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Portland, Oregon, March 11, 1907.

The Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met in the Labbe Building, at the rooms of Hon. M. C. George, 1851, President, at 4 P. M., to arrange for the Annual Reunion of 1907—the thirty-fifth.

Present: Hon. M. C. George, 1851, Portland, President; Joseph D. Lee, 1848, Portland, Vice-President; George H. Himes, 1853, Portland, Secretary; Robert A. Miller, 1854, Portland, Corresponding Secretary; J. E. Magers, 1852, Portland, and Frederick V. Holman, 1854, Portland, Directors.

The minutes of the last annual meeting were read and approved.

An order of business was submitted and, upon motion of Mr. Himes, was adopted, as follows:

1. Selection of place of meeting.

2. Selection of speaker for the annual address.

3. Selection of Grand Chaplain.

4. Selection of Grand Marshal.

5. Appointment of Committees: (a) Committee of Arrangements; (b) Finance Committee; (c) Committee on Building and Music; (d) Committee on Invitations; (e) Committee on Transportation; (f) Reception Committee;

(g) selection of Chairman of Woman's Auxiliary Committee.

The matter of the date was discussed at some length, and upon motion of J. E. Magers, seconded by George H. Himes, it was decided that June 19 should be fixed as the date of the reunion.

On motion of Director Magers, seconded by Robert A. Miller, Portland was chosen as the place for holding the next reunion.

On motion of Frederick V. Holman, seconded by J. E. Magers, George H. Himes, Secretary of the Association since 1886, was selected to give the Annual Address.

Rev. Isaac D. Driver, 1849, Albany, was chosen as the Grand Chaplain.

Joseph Buchtel, 1852, was selected as Grand Marshal, with power to choose his own aides.

On motion of Mr. Himes, seconded by Mr. Lee, Mrs. Charlotte M. Cartwright, 1845, was selected as Chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary, with power to select her own assistants.

On motion of Mr. Magers, it was voted that Messrs. Himes, Lee and Holman should be the Committee on Finance.

On motion, it was voted that the Committee of Arrangements should be composed of Mr. Himes, Mr. Magers, Mr. Minto and Mr. Miller.

It was voted that the Reception Committee should be made up of the full Board of Directors, the Marshal and such aides as he might select.

Secretary Himes was appointed the Committee on Transportation, also the Committee on Invitations.

The matter of securing a place of meeting and suitable music, and all other matters, were referred to the Committee of Arrangements.

The Secretary was authorized to have one thousand copies of the Annual Transactions of 1907 printed, and also such envelopes, letterheads, badges, programmes, announcements, etc., as in his judgment might be necessary.

No further business appearing, the Board adjourned.

GEORGE H. HIMES, Secretary.

THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL REUNION.

Portland, Oregon, Wednesday, June 19, 1907.

The good, gray army of Oregon pioneers came down upon Portland today and the city capitulated gladly and without question of terms to the men and women whose valiant striving in the trying times made the present greatness of the commonwealth possible. It was the annual reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association, which consists partly of business sessions, but more largely of social sessions, for the purpose of exchanging reminiscences of the long ago and partaking of good cheer provided under the auspices of the Pioneer Woman's Auxiliary of Portland, assisted by the daughters of pioneers.

A little older, a little more bent, but nearly as full as ever of the zest of life, the pioneers came again to recount among themselves and to their children and their children's children the brave stories of the heroic epoch of Oregon's history. There was no lack of enthusiasm nor energy displayed, however, and the impression left with those who mingled with them that they are marvelously well preserved and energetic, and that for many years the Pioneers' Reunion will be an annual feature.

Twelve hundred and twenty-two of them sat down to the banquet spread in the Armory, and more than that number attended the sessions of the day. In point of years they ranged from a fine old patriarch who lives at Astoria and was born in 1818, to the "kids" like T. T. Geer and George H. Himes, who are still comparatively young men. One old lady who boasted of her 81 years did a very sprightly

double-shuffle for the benefit of a few friends while they were waiting for the regular proceedings.

The campfire in the evening was perhaps the most interesting affair of the kind ever held in the state, the principal features of which were the appearance on the platform of Joaquin Miller, the "Poet of the Sierras," who made an address and sang a missionary hymn in Chinook jargon, and the plea of Cyrus H. Walker, that this jargon be revived as an universal language.

According to Secretary Himes, the attendance, with one exception, was the largest in the history of the organization, which is remarkable considering the fact that the average age of the pioneers was sixty-seven years. The Indian War Veterans were there in force, and occasionally one found the bronze button of the G. A. R. It was significant of the fact that the pioneers are old beyond the average expectancy, and that these men who served in the Civil War were all decidedly of the younger element and appeared almost youthful beside most of the men who came here in the '40s and early '50s to carve a state out of the wilderness.

The mothers of the Pacific Northwest were there in force, also, most of them hale and hearty old ladies whose appearance might well shame that of the present-day leaders among their sex. All who came, whatever their story and whenever they came, were accorded the heartiest welcome by their fellows, and everybody had a good time.

Shortly after the noon hour hundreds of members of the Association began to assemble at the Armory. At 2 o'clock nearly 3,000 people were seated in the big hall.

Grand Marshal Joseph Buchtel, of the general reception committee; Secretary George H. Himes, Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary, and the women's reception committee received the pioneers and their wives as they arrived. They were assisted by members of the general reception committee, as follows: Penumbra Kelly, H. W. Prettyman, N. H. Bird, E. J. Jeffery, James W. Partlow, Eugene D. White, J. E. Magers, Judge William Galloway, ex-Governor T. T. Geer, ex-Governor Z. F. Moody, Frederick V. Holman, John McCraken, John C. Carson, George L. Story, J. D. Lee and Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary, assisted by Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway, Mrs. Daniel O'Neill, Mrs. Maria L. Myrick, Mrs. George A. Harding, Mrs. O. N. Denny, Mrs. B. H. Bowman, Mrs. R. B. Wilson, Mrs. P. Selling, Mrs. Theodore Wygant, Mrs. Matthew P. Deady, Mrs. Elizabeth Lord, Mrs. Elizabeth M. Wilson and Mrs. Josephine Devore Johnson.

Cheery greetings were tendered the visitors as they entered. The pioneers gathered in knots about the hall and exchanged greetings. Cordiality was expressed on each countenance.

Vice-President J. D. Lee called the Association to order in the absence of President M. C. George, who was ill. His gavel fell at 2:30 o'clock and the programme was opened with a prayer, for those nearing the sunset of life by Rev. John Flinn, 1850, of Portland, acting Chaplain of the Association, Rev. I. D. Driver, the duly appointed Chaplain, being unable to be present. Mr. Flinn is in his 90th year.

Mayor Lane was introduced, and in his address gave the

pioneers a hearty welcome to the city. The visitors had been sweltering in the heat of the poorly-ventilated room, and the Mayor also appeared warm.

"I am of the opinion that more pioneers will perish in the heat of this ungainly room than succumbed to the heat of the desert in the trip across the plains years ago," he said. "I regret that there is not a better building for your entertainment, and hope to see Portland erect a suitable structure soon for such a large gathering as the annual reunion of the pioneers. I consider it a sacred duty on the part of the city to provide a decent building.

"This gathering occupies a unique position. No people in the world took such a trip and terminated their travels in so grand a country. There is no end to the romantic interest in the pioneers, because they struck into the unknown and opened up the fairest and greatest section of the United States. After fifty years, the world has discovered what we have here."

The Mayor then again extended a hearty welcome to the pioneers. Vice-President Lee responded in a felicitous manner.

Before taking up the programme, Vice-President Lee announced the following Committee on Resolutions: T. T. Geer, F. H. Grubbs, J. E. Magers.

"A Matrimonial Story," a recitation, was rendered by Miss Della Bradley, as the next number on the programme. Parsons' Orchestra played a few appropriate selections. Professor Z. M. Parvin and Mrs. Julia Ramsey and choir, composed of Miss Lucy A. Latourette, Miss Newgent and

sister, Miss Vandemar, Messrs. G. T. Howard, E. A. Fairchild and Alvord, sang "Columbia's Banner."

The annual address by George H. Himes, Secretary of the Association, giving "An Account of Crossing the Plains in 1853, and the First Trip by Immigrants through the Cascade Mountains North of Mt. Rainier," by special request of the author was not read, but ordered printed in the Transactions.

After another song by Professor Parvin and choir, Miss Newgent and choir rendered a song written for the occasion by Rob Roy Parrish, of Independence, Oregon, Professor Parvin composing the music. It was "Our Good Old Pioneers," and was received with applause. After the rendering of "America," by the orchestra, Rev. John Flinn pronounced the benediction.

The programme was shortened somewhat on account of the overheated hall.

After an hour's chat in the corridors and outside the building, Marshal Joseph Buchtel and the general reception committee conducted the pioneers and their wives to the banquet hall.

In many ways it was a remarkable banquet that was served to the members of the Oregon Pioneer Association by the Woman's Auxiliary of that organization in the drill hall of the Armory. Probably nowhere else in the world than on the Pacific Coast could 1,250 persons bound together by such peculiar ties and of such extraordinary experiences, stretching over a period of half a century or more, be assembled around one board.

Many of those who sat down to the feast were over 80 years of age, and there were few under 60—grizzled old trail-blazers and their aged wives, all happy and smiling and all served with the choicest of viands by their daughters and granddaughters, and in some instances their great granddaughters. They were the empire builders of the Pacific Northwest, and for the hour the honored guests of their children and their children's children. To these men and women who half a century ago, more or less, toiled tediously "across the plains" with "prairie schooner" and ox teams, cooking their scanty fare over campfires, an elaborate feast of six courses was brought, part of it in a honking automobile, direct from the big ranges of a modern hotel, and while they ate, instead of the redskin's blood-curdling warwhoop or the dismal howl of the prairie wolf, they heard the sweet strains of a modern orchestra. Their feast was spread in a great hall that stood where many of them had seen standing the great trees of the primeval forest, long since hewn away to make room for a metropolitan community, and they had just come from a splendid building of marble and sandstone, the capitol of a city some of them helped to found when they cut away the first trees and built the first rude cabins.

These were some of the thoughts that mingled with the reminiscences of the pioneers as they sat at the flower-adorned board. But to those who viewed the scene from the Armory balcony, and saw the 1,250 guests seated, splendidly served and sent on their way rejoicing, the gallant old men, each with a rose in his coat lapel, and the smiling, snowy-haired women, each with a cluster of roses in her girdle, all within the period of less than an hour, there was much to marvel at in how it was done.

inner man of the pioneers. More than sixty gallons of potato salad went for the same purpose, and heaps of three varieties of cold meat, including thirty-five large hams, also disappeared.

Many big scoops of bonbons and sixty gallons of pink-and-white striped ice cream went like the proverbial hot-cake, attesting to the "sweet tooth" of those who had shed all others. Pies, cakes and other goodies were devoured with like alacrity, and when all was done there remained little to be cleared away save the dishes.

IN CHARGE OF BANQUET.

General Chairman—Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, with power to act.

Secretary-Treasurer—Miss Mollie Burke.

Table Committee—Mrs. Benton Killin, chairman; Mrs. D. P. Thompson, assistant.

Table No. 1—Mrs. John Gill, Mrs. J. K. Gill; assistants, Mrs. Lena Dekum Strain, Mrs. Horace S. Butterfield, Miss Frances Gill, Mrs. Nellie Waltz Gill.

Table No. 2—Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, Mrs. Henry C. Cabel; assistants, Mrs. W. L. Brewster, Mrs. G. B. Story, Miss Genevieve Parke.

Table No. 3—Mrs. James W. Cook, Mrs. A. B. Croasman; assistants, Miss Jessie Farrell, Miss Clarissa Wiley, Mrs. W. W. Harder, Miss Enla Frances McCully.

Table No. 4—Mrs. P. L. Willis, Mrs. M. A. M. Ashley; assistants, Mrs. C. W. Sherman, Mrs. Ellsworth, Miss Elva Humason, Miss Lucy Williams.

Table No. 5—Mrs. Harriet K. McArthur, Mrs. George Taylor; assistants, Miss Nesmith, Mrs. I. L. Patterson, Miss Agnes Catlin, Miss Margaret Catlin.

Table No. 6—Mrs. Irving W. Pratt, Mrs. George H. Himes; assistants, Mrs. Harold G. Rice, Miss Gertrude Pratt, Mrs. Gwyllum Jones, Miss Maude Upton Scott.

Table No. 7—Miss Clara Teal, Mrs. A. Meier; assistants, Mrs. George Russell, Miss Sarah Harker, Mrs. Leon Hirsch, Mrs. F. Steinhart.

Table No. 8—Mrs. L. A. Lewis, Miss Sallie Lewis; assistants, Miss C. Flanders, Miss Lou Flanders, Mrs. A. Minor, Miss Frances Lewis.

Table No. 9—Mrs. W. E. Robertson, Mrs. Frank M. Warren; assistants, Miss Nan Robertson, Miss Caroline Burns, Miss Frances Warren, Miss Rhoda Failing.

Table No. 10—Mrs. J. C. Moreland, Mrs. W. D. Fenton; assistants, Mrs. Willard Jones, Miss Anice Jones, Miss Millie Strowbridge, Mrs. Albert L. Lucas.

Table No. 11.—Mrs. H. H. Northup, Mrs. Tyler Woodward; assistants, Miss Mildred Cooper, Miss Annie B. Shelby, Miss Della Ross, Miss Viva Tull.

Table No. 12—Mrs. P. J. Mann, Mrs. W. R. Sewall; assistants, Miss Caroline Kamm, Miss Maida Hart, Miss Florence Williams, Miss Florence George.

Table No. 13—Mrs. Grace Watt Ross, Mrs. Milton W. Smith; assistants, Miss Agnes Watt, Miss Mary S. Barlow, Miss Josephine Smith.

Table No. 14—Mrs. S. B. Linthicum, Miss Clementine Wilson; assistants, Miss V. Wilson, Mrs. E. H. Brooke.

Table No. 15—Mrs. George W. Weidler, Mrs. John McCraken; assistants, Miss Weidler, Miss Lottie Sherlock, Mrs. Hattie Pratt, Miss H. Weidler.

Table No. 16—Mrs. George H. Lamberson, Mrs. P. W. Gillette; assistants, Mrs. S. T. Lockwood, Mrs. G. W. Bates, Miss Meussdorffer, Miss Grace Lamberson.

Table No. 17—Mrs. H. B. Nicholas, Mrs. Edward E. McClure; assistants, Miss Beulah Nicholas, Mrs. I. M. Stevens, Mrs. J. C. Stanford, Miss Jean McClure.

Table No. 18—Mrs. James P. Moffett, Mrs. June McMillen Ordway; assistants, Mrs. E. W. Spencer, Miss Fay C. Himes, Miss Charlotte Flinn, Miss Villa Humason.

Table No. 19—Mrs. H. S. Gile, Miss Kate Holman; assistants, Miss Rankin, Miss K. Gile, Miss Margaretta Wiley, Mrs. George D. Chamberlain.

Committee on Supplies: Booth No. 1 (bread and cake)—Miss Nannie E. Taylor, chairman; Miss Annie Cremen, Miss Nellie Lambert; Mrs. S. E. Harker, Mrs. D. W. Taylor; assistants, Miss Hildegarde Plummer, Miss Agnes Kelly, Miss Linley Morton, Miss Imogen Raffety.

Booth No. 2 (meats, fish, and salad)—Mrs. John W. Minto, chairman; Mrs. Herbert Holman, Mrs. A. L. Pease,

Mrs. Harry Coleman, Mrs. D. McLauchlan, Mrs. A. D. Charlton, Mrs. John H. Burgard, Mrs. George Campbell, Mrs. Samuel A. Herring, Mrs. D. W. Campbell, Mrs. T. B. Howes, Mrs. J. W. Morrow.

Booth No. 3 (ice cream, milk, cream and butter)—Mrs. C. Vantine, Mrs. Alexander Muir, Mrs. G. Frank Moffett.

Booth No. 4—Miss Mary McKay, Mrs. E. A. Breyman, Miss Etta Breyman.

Booth No. 5—Mrs. Clara Watt Morton, Miss Etta Wrenn.

Booth No. 6—Mrs. Albert Brown, Mrs. E. Brown.

Rose Booth—Mrs. James P. Moffett, chairman; Miss Grace Gearin, Miss MacEwan, Miss Mildred F. Himes.

Reserve Table No. 1—Mrs. Robert Porter, Miss Myrtle Moffett, Mrs. E. F. Humason.

Reserve Table No. 2—Mrs. Charles Holman, Mrs. T. T. Struble, Miss Caroline Holman, Miss Leola Struble.

Decorating Committee—Mrs. James P. Moffett, chairman.

Aides—George Freeman, Lewis Freeman, Robert Marsh, Simeon R. Winch, M. McClure, Preston W. Gillette, Miss Margaret Malarkey.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The business session of the annual meeting commenced at 7:30 o'clock in the upper hall of the Armory, Vice-Pres-

ident Lee presiding. The annual election resulted as follows:

President, J. D. Lee, 1848, Portland; Vice-President, J. E. Magers, 1852, Portland; Secretary, for his twenty-third consecutive year, George H. Himes, 1853, of Portland; Corresponding Secretary, Robert A. Miller, 1854, Portland; Treasurer, Charles E. Ladd, 1857, Portland.

Directors—Cyrus H. Walker, 1838, Albany; P. H. D'Arcy, 1858, Salem; Jacob Gulliford, 1852, Dufur, Wasco County.

The resolution offered at the last annual meeting by Joseph Buchtel, giving notice of an amendment to the constitution of the Association, "To the effect that the annual addresses prescribed by the constitution should not hereafter be delivered as public addresses, but published in the Annual Transactions," was called up.

The reason for offering this amendment, Mr. Buchtel stated, was that in a large number of cases advancing years had made it impossible for the Pioneers to hear the addresses, and on that account they were not especially interested, and naturally would prefer to spend the time allotted for addresses in social intercourse and renewing old acquaintanceship.

Mr. Frederick V. Holman opposed Mr. Buchtel's view, and argued that it was exceedingly important, in view of the historical significance of the Pioneer movement, that addresses relating to it should be prepared annually.

To this Mr. Buchtel agreed, but urged that to print the addresses in the Annual Transactions served every purpose.

Upon being put to vote the resolution was adopted by 141 to 31.

Association then adjourned.

CAMP FIRE.

The pioneers held a campfire in the dance hall of the Armory at 8:30 o'clock P. M., which closed their annual reunion. Over 1,500 people attended. The evening was spent in a most enjoyable manner.

Joaquin Miller was a visitor and the pioneers insisted that he take a place on the platform, where he was in great demand to participate in the programme. Robert A. Miller, 1854, presided. After a selection by Parsons' Orchestra, "Vive La America" was sung by G. T. Howard and chorus, the music being by Professor Z. M. Parvin.

Joaquin Miller was called upon, and was introduced by President Lee in "Chinook wawa." He made a short address, then sang "Kah-o-kah Mitlite Moses," in the jargon that was used by the Hudson's Bay Company's traders in dealing with the Indians. All the pioneers understood the language, and prolonged applause greeted the poet's rendering of the selection, which, in English, is called "Where Now Is Good Old Moses," etc.

Miss Minnie M. Bode then gave a recitation of her own composition called "A Pioneer Tale." It dealt with the social side of early Western life, and was a pronounced success with the audience.

Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway told the audience of Joaquin Miller's poems and recited a verse of his "Mothers of

Men" in Chinook jargon. In reference to the poem she made a short talk, saying that the woman who did not like men was no good and missed her destiny, and the same about the man who did not like women.

Solos, "Bird Notes," and "When This Old Town Was New," were rendered by Mrs. Fred L. Olson. Accompanist, Mrs. Howard Waddell. Words by Mrs. June McMillen Ordway.

'Twas "Westward Ho!" in days gone by,
Then ev'ry one was kind;
They longed for friends so far away,
Dear ones they'd left behind.
Willamette was a purling rill,
Old Hood was then a little hill;
On Sundays all wore working clothes
And never trod their neighbor's toes,
When this old town was new.

With cheerful hearts they toiled along,
Each man a brother seemed;
Along their rough and thorny path
The gold dust often gleamed.
Some would go without a hat,
But always wore a big cravat;
They wore their hair a tangled frowse,
And lovers then drove up the cows,
When this old town was new.

They cut the trail thro' fir and pine
For you who're here today;
They knew the way thro' hardships then,
And all knew how to pray.
They came across in schooners wide,
All dressed in deer and beaver hide;
They had no Exposition then,
But chased the frisky prairie hen,
When this old town was new.

Cyrus H. Walker, the oldest living native son of American parentage, who was born at the Whitman Mission, six miles west of Walla Walla, now in the State of Washington, December 7, 1838, was a lively speaker. He made a plea for a revival of the Chinook jargon as an every-day language, and the programme was closed by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by the audience.

Most of the pioneers and those accompanying them to the reunion remained over in the city for the Rose Festival.

The Committee on Resolutions submitted the following report, which was unanimously adopted:

At this joyous season we wish to remember with affection those who in former years joined with us in these festivities, and in pioneer reminiscences and good-fellowship, who since our last reunion have passed to the realms of shade, but who remain with us as a fragrant memory that pervades all our hearts.

Resolved, That the thanks of the Pioneers are due and are hereby expressed to Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, Chairman of the Pioneer Woman's Auxiliary of Portland, and her able corps of assistants, for the preparation each year of the magnificent spread in the dining hall, realizing, as we do, the immense amount of labor it involves, without charge or compensation aside from a desire to honor the state builders, to whom so much is due for the development of the great commonwealth in which we live.

Resolved, That the Pioneers present hereby send greetings to the Pioneers of the state who are not in the habit of attending these annual reunions, and extend to them an urgent request to attend the annual reunions hereafter, so that their old friends may meet and greet them, and a more intimate fellowship among all the Pioneers of the state be established.

Resolved, That we sincerely regret the illness of our distinguished president, Hon. M. C. George, which made his presence with us today impossible, and he has our united hope for his speedy restoration to good health.

T. T. GEER,
F. H. GRUBBS,
J. E. MAGERS,
Committee.

MEETING OF SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF OREGON PIONEERS.

More than 150 members of the Sons and Daughters of Oregon Pioneers were present at the various meetings of this organization. The old officers were re-elected for another year, as follows: President, Judge M. C. George; Vice-President, John W. Minto; Secretary, Mrs. I. W. Pratt; Treasurer and Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton. Mr. Minto and Mrs. A. B. Croasman were elected for five years to fill two vacancies in the Board of Directors.

NOTES.

There is no record of the charter members of the Pioneer Association, which was organized in 1873. So far as the records of the Association show, only three of the men who attended the first annual meeting of the Association are living. They are: Hon. F. X. Matthieu, of Butteville, who was the first president of the Association and a member of the convention that established Oregon's territorial government; Hon. L. F. Grover, of this city, a former Governor of the state, and at one time United States Senator, and Hon. John Minto, of Salem. Surviving members who took part in the reunion of the Association in 1875 are: George P. Holman, of Salt Lake; C. A. Reed, John W. Minto, and Mrs. Clara Watt-Morton, of Portland; Mrs. J. F. Miller and Mrs. Werner Breyman, of Salem, and Mrs. B. H. Bowman, of Troutdale. George A. Barnes, who came to Oregon from Indiana in 1848, is now residing at Olympia, Washington. He was a member of the first City Council in Portland, being elected to that office April 7, 1851.

One of the oldest pioneers in point of residence in this state, who attended the reunion is Mrs. Harriett Matt, of Gervais, Marion County. Mrs. Matt was born at Fort Vancouver in 1839, and has resided all of her life in the state, her father having for many years been employed by Dr. John McLoughlin.

Another of the early settlers who participated in the exercises is William Abernethy, of Coos County, son of George Abernethy, the first provisional Governor of the state. For the last three years Mr. Abernethy has been residing temporarily at Forest Grove, where his children are attending Pacific University. Mr. Abernethy left New York State for the Pacific Coast in 1839. At that time there were no trails across the plains and he and his parents were members of a party that was sent by the Methodist Mission as recruits to the forces in Oregon. They came via Cape Horn on a full-rigged ship, the *Lausanne,* and brought with them all necessary supplies, including clothing and farm implements, for these articles could not be procured here. The Abernethy family located near Oregon City.

One of the most vigorous specimens of the pioneer family that has gathered in Portland is J. A. Paulsell, of Mt. Tabor, who is 91 years of age. He has lived in Oregon since 1851. Mr. Paulsell was a native of the State of Indiana and served for twenty-five continuous years in the Fourth United States Infantry, enlisting at Indianapolis when 18 years of age. During his military career he saw service under General Zachary Taylor with the first troops to cross the Rio Grande. These troops also operated in Mexico and in California during the gold excitement in 1849, and afterwards took part in engagements in this state,

where Mr. Paulsell located after leaving the army service. He still owns the flint and steel he made in 1834 and will show his friends today how they were used in the days gone by.

"While serving under General William S. Harney some one robbed me of my overcoat," said Paulsell at the Historical Society rooms. "I reported the theft to the commanding officer, who told me he could not supply me with another garment. I asked him what I should do and he told me to steal the first man's overcoat I had a chance to. Well, it happened a few days later that I found the General's overcoat at the tent, and, unseen by any of the other soldiers, I took the garment. Later in the day the owner, who had been informed of the disappearance of his coat, saw me wearing it and told me he would have something to say to me at dress parade the next day.

"Sure enough, when we had assembled in line, the General, mounted on his horse, came riding up in front of my company and said:

" 'Paulsell, advance ten steps.'

"I did as I had been commanded.

" 'Where did you get that coat,' inquired the General.

" 'I stole it, sir,' was my reply.

" 'Why did you steal it?' thundered the officer.

" 'Because, as a soldier, I was merely striving to obey the orders of my superior officer,' I retorted.

" 'Members of the company,' shouted the General, 'hereafter this man will be known only as Jack Shepard.'

"And it is a fact that for the remaining five years I served with the Regular Army that name stuck to me."

TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL MEETING OF INDIAN WAR VETERANS.

Portland, Oregon, Tuesday, June 18, 1907.

The twenty-second annual meeting of the Grand Encampment of the Indian War Veterans of the North Pacific Coast was held today in the Woodmen of the World Hall. Despite the fact that each reunion sees a gradual thinning of the ranks of this organization, the enthusiasm attendant upon the gathering of these venerable warriors continues undiminished. Many of these survivors take this occasion to renew old friendships and live over again the stirring times that are gone.

At the executive session the following officers were elected for the coming year: Grand Commander, A. G. Lloyd; Senior Vice-Commander, A. B. Stuart; Junior Vice-Commander, Edward Ross; Grand Adjutant, Otto Kleeman; Grand Paymaster, Charles Chambreau; Grand Chaplain, W. D. Ewing; Grand Marshal, John Storan.

The afternoon session was called to order at 2 P. M. Mayor Harry Lane was asked to address the assemblage, and his appearance was the signal for applause. He welcomed the veterans to the city and spoke of their efforts in defending the early settlements from Indian raids.

He told several humorous incidents concerning members of his family who were Indian fighters, and the mention of his grandfather, the pioneer Joseph Lane, was the occasion for cheers.

At the conclusion of his address Mayor Lane was ten-

dered an informal reception, many of the old Indian fighters pressing forward to shake his hand.

The Veterans' Quartet, made up of aged pioneers, sang an old-time song, "The Jolliest Boys Alive," which was applauded, after which Miss Hazel Hoopengarner entertained the audience with a humorous recitation, "The Irish Mother." A vocal solo by Miss Stella Watson, "Silver Threads Among the Gold," was warmly received. She responded to an encore with "The Girl That Is Born on an April Day." A second selection, "The Old Days of the War," was sung by the Veteran Quartet.

A communication from Mr. James McDonald, relative to the state's action with regard to Indian War Veterans' claims, was not read on account of lack of time, but Grand Commander Mount stated the nature of the contents of the paper and explained that claims not presented within two years would not be allowed by the state.

The work of electing officers for the coming term was then proceeded with. A. G. Lloyd, who was elected Grand Commander, vice H. D. Mount, is a resident of Waitsburg, Wash. He is a veteran of several Indian wars and has always been prominent in the affairs of the Indian War Veterans, having held the office of Senior Vice-Commander during the past two years. His election as Grand Commander is approved by the entire organization, and by resolution was made unanimous.

H. D. Mount, who resigns the office of Grand Commander, after serving a period of two years, is an old pioneer. He came to Oregon in 1851. Soon after he went to Yreka, Cal., and engaged in mining. He fought the In-

dians in that region under Ben Wright. He is the father of a family of fourteen. One of his sons is Judge Wallace Mount, Justice of the Supreme Court of Washington.

Much of the morning session was devoted to visiting by the veterans. The death of George W. Olds, a veteran of the Indian wars of 1855-56, who died suddenly on the train while en route to Portland, marred the pleasure of the occasion somewhat, and lent additional pathos to the reading of the roll of departed members. Since the last encampment twenty-seven veterans have passed away. Their names are:

George W. Olds, Hiram Woods, Murphy Brown, William Walter, Samuel Delgrave, Richard R. Richardson, Eli Stout, Marlin Barker, Henry Woods, Samuel Wilson, J. N. Knight, Henry Molls, Mrs. Mary Hathaway, John M. Lauderbach, Samuel Palmateer, Tobias Deardorff, Henry Yokum, Edward Lee, Thomas Riggs, William Riley, David Long, A. F. Johnson, Lieutenant James McAuliff, Mitchell Ingram, John Hutton, Jonathan Gerow and William S. King.

The Grand Encampment was called to order at 11 o'clock. Grand Commander Mount presided. It was announced that a lot had been purchased in Riverview Cemetery, and hereafter members of the organization will be buried there. It is also proposed to erect a monument on this lot to perpetuate the memory of these veterans of Indian Wars, and a vote of thanks was extended to Grand Adjutant Kleeman for his efforts in procuring this lot.

Judge J. N. Skidmore made a short speech, in which he stated he is confident that Indian War Veterans' pensions

would be increased to $12 per month if properly brought to the attention of Congress. At the afternoon session this question was again taken up and a petition to Oregon's representatives in Congress prepared and unanimously acted upon.

Thomas Maloney, in an eloquent address, advocated that a monument be placed over the grave of Thomas A. Wood, as an acknowledgment of his efforts in behalf of the veterans while Grand Commander. Mr. Maloney's suggestion was favorably received and a committee was appointed to take charge of the matter.

John Minto, of Salem, presented a resolution protesting against the present policy governing the disposition of public lands in Oregon. He declared this land should be held exclusively for the settlement and use of homesteaders and should not be allowed to pass into the control of corporations and syndicates; that Congress be memorialized to provide that the Indian War Veterans be allowed the use of certain tracts which had been wrested from the Indians in the early wars. The memorial was unanimously adopted.

At the conclusion of the morning session the Encampment adjourned to attend the banquet provided by the Sons and Daughters of Indian War Veterans. Two hundred veterans enjoyed the hospitality of this organization.

ANNUAL ADDRESS.

An Account of Crossing the Plains in 1853, and of the First Trip by Immigrants Through the Cascade Mountains, via Natchess Pass.

By GEO. H. HIMES, One of the Company.

Fellow Pioneers, Ladies and Gentlemen: For the thirty-fifth time we have assembled for the purpose of holding our annual reunion, and at no period of our past history as pioneers have the conditions of our Nation, our state and this beautiful city been more auspicious than at the present moment. But time must not be taken to review these conditions now. For the twentieth time we find ourselves in this city in response to the most cordial standing invitation of its citizens, large numbers of whom think that there is "nothing too good for pioneers." And I am sure that I voice the sentiments of all present when I say that "there is nothing too good for the people of Portland," particularly the pioneer ladies and their numerous friends.

Before proceeding with my address I hope you will pardon me for indulging in a little reminiscence. There is a gentleman in this city, and I expect he is in this audience, who was in Oregon City just sixty years ago. He was at church there one Sunday, and after the service the minister said to him: "Chauncey, there is a little village or hamlet down the river fourteen or fifteen miles, called Portland, and I wish you would take my horse and ride down there tomorrow morning, look over the place, get acquainted with the people, and, if you think it advisable, make an appointment for me to preach there two weeks from today."

Accordingly, "Chauncey," who is Rev. C. O. Hosford, of this city, a pioneer of 1845, now in his 88th year, rode to a point on the east side of the river opposite this settlement, was conveyed across the stream by "Uncle" Jimmy Stephens in an Indian canoe, and landed at what is now the foot of Stark street. Ascending the bank, he entered what he thought was the finest body of timber he ever saw, and says he has never seen anything finer since. Looking southward he saw an opening in the woods, and he went to it, crawling under and climbing over logs. There he found scattered

about fourteen log cabins, and a number of families, among them the families of Pettygrove, Terwilliger and McNamee, names familiar to us all.

Representatives of the two last-named families are at this reunion today, and one of them is Mrs. Charlotte Terwilliger Cartwright, who has been chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary for a number of years, and who is recognized as one of the most devoted among pioneer women.

Mr. Hosford called upon every person, asked permission to read the Scriptures and offer prayer, and, finding that a religious service would be appreciated, made an appointment for Rev. William Roberts, superintendent of the Methodist Mission on the Pacific Coast, to preach on the second Sunday following, and that was the first religious service in Portland.

In the earlier days of the life of this Association it was the rule that the speaker should confine himself to giving an account of the immigration of some one year; hence, since I crossed the plains in 1853, what I have to say will relate mainly to events of that year in connection with the company of which my father's family was a part, particular reference being made to the latter part of the journey.

In these latter days the experiences that were encountered by those who "crossed the plains" can hardly be understood. Even to many of those who made the arduous journey the events of the trip, when reviewed from the distance of fifty years, seem like a series of dreams.

Especially is this true when the wonderful development in transportation facilities during the intervening years is taken into account. Then, indeed, the pioneer says to himself, "Did I really cross the plains? Can it be true that it took six months for me to come from the Mississippi River to Oregon?" But when it is remembered that to "cross the plains," even as late as 1859, and for some time afterwards, meant this in the larger number of cases—

To leave home, friends, society, and all the surroundings and

influences the human heart holds most dear, with the strong probability that the separation would be final;—to provide teams, and provisions for a continuous journey of five to eight months' duration, with one's objective point more than two thousand miles distant from the base of supplies, through an uninhabited region, occupied by wild beasts and by wilder Indians;—to be without protection other than that afforded by the immigrants traveling together, in order to render mutual assistance in any emergency which might arise;—to cross unfordable rivers in wagon boxes caulked and tarred for the purpose;—to scale mountains, frequently almost impassable;—to depend upon the country traversed for subsistence for teams, it being impossible to carry feed so long a distance;—to be subject to the extremes of storm and sunshine, without the necessary protection;—to be subject to all the diseases human flesh is heir to, without the prospect of relief, as a rule, from the skilled physician or the trained nurse;—to loss of teams by stampeding, poisonous waters, poisonous food, and theft by Indians;—to the endangering of lives of women and children by starvation;—to endure unspeakable sufferings from thirst entailed by many weary miles of travel through a brazen atmosphere over burning sands;—to endure all these trials, and many more;—the whole combining to tax the powers of human endurance to the utmost—then a faint idea may be formed of the experiences that the greater proportion of those who came to make homes in Oregon in the Pioneer days had to undergo. It was by the overcoming of such conditions on the part of the pioneers, thus faintly outlined, which saved the Pacific Northwest to the Union, and laid the foundation for its future greatness in preparing it to become the abiding place for numberless millions of our race.

It has been my privilege, as well as my duty, to interview thousands of pioneers since I was first elected Secretary of this Association twenty-three years ago, and one question invariably asked is this: "What induced you to come to Oregon?" In general the reply can be summed up in a sentence, "We came to better our condition!" And in so doing the pioneers saved the "Oregon country" to the Nation.

In order to show how my father first became interested in Oregon, I may state that in 1838-9 he heard Rev. Samuel Parker,

of Ithaca, N. Y., lecture on Oregon in Troy, Bradford County, Pa. In this he became deeply interested. A little later these lectures were printed in book form and quite widely circulated. One of these books was secured by him and read with great care. As a result, he determined to go to Oregon as soon as he could. Not until 1846, however, was he ready to begin the Westward march. He then had a wife and one child—myself. He went to Illinois that year, expecting to resume the onward journey in 1847, but sickness intervened and prevented him from doing so. After recovery he temporarily gave up the idea of going to Oregon, and made a home in Stark County, Illinois, and established himself in the shoemaking business. As early as 1849, however, he decided that he never would be satisfied to remain permanently in Illinois, and accordingly began planning to start across the plains not later than 1850. In connection with these plans he counseled with a number of persons from the vicinity of Monmouth, Warren County, among them Rev. John E. Murphy, William Murphy, his cousin, Albert W. and Thomas Lucas, Ira F. M. Butler, Squire Whitman, Elijah Davidson and a Mr. Roundtree—all members of the Christian Church—and the feasibility of establishing a college in Oregon in the interest of that denomination was suggested and often discussed.

The first personal recollection I have of Oregon was in connection with hearing that embryo college talked of by these men. A large Mitchell's atlas lay open on the table in our house, and the route to Oregon was pointed out. Frequent reference was made to Dr. Parker's book in order to clear up some point relating to the feasibility of the Western trip and the desirability of the country in respect to home building. The plan for establishing the college, in brief, was this: That all who joined this party should, upon arrival in Oregon, take donation land claims as nearly together as possible, and then set aside a certain number of acres to be reserved as the nucleus of an endowment fund. The entire party taking part in these discussions, with the exception of our family—my father being unable to close up his business matters in time to join the company—came to Oregon in 1850 and 1852 and settled at or near what is now Monmouth, Polk County, the name "Monmouth" being given to the settlement in honor

of Monmouth Illinois. The arrangement to set aside a certain portion of land for college purposes, as above alluded to, was substantially carried out in 1855, and a school begun at Monmouth a year or two later, which, in process of time, has become the present State Normal School at that place.

Since Rev. Samuel Parker has been referred to, it is proper that a brief statement should be made concerning him. In company with Dr. Marcus Whitman, he started west in 1835, under the direction of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (the foreign missionary society of the Congregational churches of the United States, and the first society of the kind organized in this country), for the purpose of investigating the question of establishing missions among the Oregon Indians. Upon reaching Green River, Parker and Whitman were met by a company of Flathead and Nez Perces Indians, and were so deeply impressed by their friendliness and willingness to learn about the white man's God, that it was agreed that Whitman should return to his home in New York, spend the winter in arousing interest in the projected work, and prepare to start westward early in the spring of the following year, with the needed reinforcements to carry on the missionary work successfully. In the meantime, Dr. Parker came on to Vancouver, arriving there on October 16, was received by Dr. John McLoughlin with many expressions of kindness, and invited to stay for the winter. Accordingly Dr. Parker made his headquarters at Fort Vancouver, and was very busily engaged in exploring the country and making notes about the conditions he found, until June 18, 1836, when he left for Sandwich Islands, being conveyed thither without cost by the kindness of Dr. McLoughlin. After remaining long enough to gain a comprehensive idea of affairs in the islands, he again took ship and arrived at New London, Conn., on May 17, and at Ithaca, N. Y., on May 23, 1837, after an absence of over two years and two months. Dr. Whitman and wife and Rev. H. H. Spalding and wife, accompanied by Mr. William H. Gray, assistant missionary, came out in 1836, as planned on Green River, arriving at Fort Vancouver on September 12.

While my father was greatly disappointed in not being able to

start in 1852 with his old acquaintances, he was ready the following year and left Lafayette, Stark County, Ill., on March 21, 4:00 o'clock P. M., with his wife and four children, three hired men, and one boy, the son of one of the men; also John Dodge, wife and five children, three of them adults.

It may seem curious that my father should begin such a journey as "crossing the plains" at such an hour. The reason was this: Several weeks prior he had set Monday, March 21, 1853, as the day he proposed to start to Oregon; and start he would, even though it might be at "early candle lighting."

We traveled six miles and camped on the edge of a small village. Soon two men came around the camp, apparently impelled by curiosity. Father spoke to them kindly, saying (pointing to our dog), "You are welcome to look around the camp as much as you like, but if you touch anything without my permission that dog will bite you." The men jeered at him, and one said: "We'll touch things if we want to, dog or no dog. If you know what's good for the brute, you'll tie him up." Father saw that the men were slightly intoxicated, and straightway called the attention of a constable, requesting him to take care of them. The request was not heeded, however, and inside of an hour, as they became more intoxicated, they began meddling while my father was absent for a little while, and both were badly bitten. An attempt was made to kill the dog, but father resolutely stood guard over the faithful animal with rifle in hand until the drunken men and their friends were disposed of.

Nothing occurred outside of the ordinary routine of the emigrant's daily experience until we reached Council Bluffs. There we had to wait several days before crossing the Missouri, the ferryboat having been washed away. At length a steamboat hove in sight, bound up stream, and was hailed, and the captain appealed to to take us across the river. This he refused to do, but said that he would return within two days, and that if there were five hundred wagons ready to cross he would stop and ferry them over.

The two days passed, and on the morning of the third day a dim column of smoke was observed by the lookout, indicating that

a steamboat was coming down. Everybody was on the tiptoe of expectancy. A courier was dispatched to the landing and all arrangements for crossing perfected. The price was $2.50 for each wagon and $1 for each span of horses or yoke of cattle. We had two wagons, five yoke of oxen and two span of horses, hence our bill for ferriage was $12. The day passed and the night was far spent before the last of the emigrants were transferred from Iowa soil to the then eastern edge of the Indian country. It was the good fortune of our own little company to have had our turn on the ferry about the middle of the afternoon, hence we drove out two miles or more from the river to a small stream for the first night's camp. As we ascended the bluff from the river, near what is now the present site of Omaha, Mr. Dodge and father were riding on horseback, I was walking alongside the road in the tangled grass, and the teams were a little way ahead. Among other things, Mr. Dodge said, "Himes, do you think this country will ever be settled up?" Father replied at once by saying, "Yes, I think it will be. I should not be surprised to see a fine city here inside of twenty-five years." Dodge, in reply, said, "Well, if I thought that I'd not travel West another mile." Father then said, "Well, if I knew it beyond a doubt, I would not stay here. I started to Oregon in 1846, but was taken sick in Illinois, and had to stay there nearly six years; but now I have got started again and I am going through to that country if I live."

We narrowly escaped having trouble during our first night in camp after crossing the Missouri. A number of Pawnee Indians came about, to see what was going on, and one of their number, bent on pilfering, was badly bitten by our dog "Frank"—a thoroughly trained watchdog—one that would not molest any one, not even an Indian, unless he tried to steal. The other Indians threatened to shoot the dog, being armed with bows and arrows, but father stood guard and saved the dog's life.

A similar experience occurred when we were about two hundred miles out on the Platte one day at the noon camp. At this time twenty or more Sioux Indians, with a lot of squaws and pappooses, rode up and offered to trade buffalo robes for tobacco and beads. While the barter was going on a stalwart young In-

dian stealthily slipped around to the rear end of our freight wagon and removed a cup from the top of a can of milk which was standing there. Instantly the dog jumped upon the Indian and bore him to the ground. As he went down he yelled fearfully, and his companions drew their bows and were about to let their arrows fly at the dog, whereupon father grabbed his rifle from the wagon bows, and, with finger on the trigger, aimed at the foremost Indian, not more than thirty feet distant, who had his bow drawn taut, and with his eye gleaming along the barrel gave the savage to understand that if he let his arrow fly at the dog he would be shot instantly. The result was that the Indians, upon a signal from their leader, unstrung their bows. Then father called the dog off, and the tin cup rolled out from under the Indian's blanket, indicating that the dog knew what he was about. The Indians then sullenly mounted their horses and rode away.

After this incident nothing occurred out of the ordinary course until the latter part of June, perhaps four or five days before Fort Laramie was reached. Then one night we were overtaken by a terrific thunder storm, followed by a cloudburst, which came near wiping our little company of sixteen persons—nine adults and seven children—out of existence. The condition of our company on the morning after this disaster cannot be adequately described. The night before we had camped in a broad, most beautiful valley, where wood and water were abundant, with luxuriant grass for the animals. About 10 o'clock it began raining with increased violence, as the night advanced, and by midnight was accompanied by lightning until it seemed as if the heavens were on fire, and the rapid peals of ear-splitting thunder made the earth fairly tremble. About 3 o'clock in the morning Joel Risdon, one of our men, who was near the door of the family tent, said: "Something has broken loose in the direction of the hills—I hear an awful roaring." A few minutes later he again said: "This is an awful night. That roaring is surely more distinct! Surely something must have broken loose!" And then looking toward the hills from the tent, he said, "I see something white coming this way! Get up!" And we all sprang to our feet, and a wave of water more than two feet deep, filled with hailstones as large

as good-sized cherries, swept through our camp. Guided by the lightning we sought refuge in the wagons. My sister, six years old, was missed, and father sprang out into the flood to find her if possible, and she was recovered through the aid of the faithful dog.

Thus we awaited the approach of daylight, and then a scene beggaring description appeared. Not a blade of grass, not an animal in sight. Every person was chilled to the marrow, and not a splinter of wood of any kind to be had to build a fire; and father had a severe attack of pleurisy, caused by exposure during the night. The men decided that probably the animals had taken to the foothills, apparently three or four miles distant, and accordingly went in that direction, and luckily found them in a few hours. By 4 o'clock the teams were ready to move, and we traveled about four miles and camped near a large company of people, who, seeing our distressed condition, vied with each other in affording relief, and it was not long before we were enjoying the luxury of a warm meal as a result of the neighborliness of a number of Kentucky, Indiana and Missouri families, some of the children of whom are represented in this thirty-fifth annual reunion; among them Mrs. Laura B. Bartlett, Mrs. F. A. Knapp, Professor L. H. Baker, principal of the Woodstock school of this city, and Mr. John W. Baker, Cottage Grove, present State Game Warden. It is needless to say that the acquaintance formed under such circumstances ripened into lasting friendship on the part of those who were heads of families at that time. Upon examination it was found that several sacks of flour, and a considerable quantity of sugar and salt had been damaged by the flood of the night before.

From the place where these families were joined under the circumstances above described, and on westward to the Umatilla River, they traveled together for the most part, in the main under the leadership of James Biles, although C. B. Baker, William R. Downey, William M. Kincaid and my father were often counseled with whenever especially difficult conditions were encountered, and these were of frequent occurrence.

In due time the Grand Ronde Valley was reached. This was

early in August. Here we were met by E. N. Sarjent, who came from the Puget Sound region to meet his father's family, who were in our train. He urged all to go to Northern Oregon (Puget Sound), the conditions there being better for settlement than in the Willamette Valley, according to his judgment; and he said, as an additional inducement to go thither, that a wagon road was being made by the settlers from Puget Sound to the Columbia River by way of the Natchess Pass. While it had been the intention of the greater number of this company to settle in the Willamette Valley, the conditions portrayed by Mr. Sarjent were so alluring that most of the company decided to go thither. In the case of our family there was urgent need that we should go with some one or more persons upon whom we could depend for supplies in case of an emergency, as loss of stock and other untoward circumstances had caused delays which had not been contemplated; hence there was a prospect that our supplies might give out. Mr. James Biles, learning of the condition of our family, said to my father: "I have decided to go to Puget Sound; if you will go along I will see you safely through, and you can pay me when you get ready." Such an offer, under existing conditions, could not be passed by lightly; hence, after due consideration, it was accepted. The company pressed on over the Blue Mountains and reached the Umatilla River about August 15. Two days later one hundred and fifty-five persons, with thirty-six wagons, left the Umatilla a little ways below the site of the present City of Pendleton—the place was called "Swift's Crossing," if I am not mistaken—and drove direct to old Fort Walla Walla (Wallula of today) on the Columbia River. We expected to find a Hudson's Bay Company flatboat at this place, but did not, and therefore had to stop to whipsaw plank out of the driftwood to build a boat. I do not remember how long a time this required, but I think it was four days. After crossing the Columbia River, we made for the Yakima River, followed up that stream for some distance and crossed it eight times. Then we struck out for the point where the Natchess River emerges from the mountains, and after a number of toilsome days' marching through sagebrush as high as the top of a covered wagon—it frequently had to be cut out of the way—we arrived at the edge of the timber bordering the mountains about September 17 or 18.

While going through the Yakima country, one of our number, Mr. McCullough, died, leaving a widow with two little girls, the eldest perhaps eight years old, and the youngest only a babe, having been born on the westward journey. The former afterwards became the wife of N. S. Porter, a well-known lawyer of Olympia, and the latter for many years has been connected with Providence Academy, Vancouver, Washington. Among those who came over the mountains from Thurston County to assist the immigrants in getting in was a bachelor named Benjamin Gordon. He thus became acquainted with Mrs. McCullough, and was able to assist her a good deal, and in due time married her. The death and birth above referred to were all that occurred in this immigrant company, and considering the number, it was considered a most remarkable record.

MET NOTED INDIAN CHIEF.

At the last camp on the Blue Mountains before reaching the Umatilla River, an incident happened which I will mention. While preparations for the evening meal were under way a number of Indians rode up, all well mounted on a number of the most beautiful ponies that I ever saw up to that time, all dressed in gay costume with feathers and fringes abounding. One of the Indians, the leader of the rest, whom we afterwards found out was the noted Walla Walla chief, Peu-Peu-Mox-Mox, came near our camp, and seemed especially interested in my baby sister, then ten months old, who had beautiful golden hair. I was taking care of the little girl at the time and noticed that the Indian eagerly watched every movement I made in trying to amuse the child. Nothing was thought of the Indian's visit that night, but the next morning, in some unaccountable way, hundreds of Indian ponies were found grazing near the camp. What this meant no one knew at first, but the mystery was soon solved. E. N. Sarjent, who was out early that morning, looking after his father's teams, discovered that Indians were driving the ponies towards the camp under orders from Chief Peu-Peu-Mox-Mox, who proposed to trade them for the little red-haired girl. This information was conveyed to my mother by Mr. Sarjent, and the offer of the great chief was respectfully declined, much to his apparent sorrow, as he rode away followed by his body guard, meanwhile striking his breast and

saying, "Ni-ka tum-tum wake skoo-kum!" Meaning that his heart was very sick.

It is possible that if some of the old pioneers present upon this occasion were to recall some of the heartaches experienced during the first twenty years of their lives, they would have a grain of sympathy for this untutored son of early Oregon.

After the first night's camp in the pine timber at the edge of the Cascade Range, we began to realize that all previous experiences in crossing mountain ranges were insignificant as compared with those which we were about to encounter. The "road" which we expected to find was scarcely more than an Indian trail; but there we were, and the idea of retracing our steps could not be thought of for a moment. We must go forward; there was no other course to follow. Sarjent himself was disappointed. He knew the settlers had started to make a road across the mountains and was at a loss to understand why it was not finished; and since his relatives were in our company it was clear that he did not intend to deceive us. But now was the time for action. Hence we pushed on as best we could, following the bed of the stream part of the time, first on one bank and then the other. Frequently we came to impassable places, and then recourse was had to high ground, where we cut our way through the dense timber, frequently not advancing more than three miles a day. Altogether the Natchess River was crossed sixty-eight times. On this journey there was a stretch of fifty miles without a blade of grass, the sole subsistence of the horses and cattle being browse from alder and maple trees, not very nutritious, to say the least. Every person, from ten years old and upwards, women included, assisted in making the excuse for a road more passable. There is where the speaker had his first lessons in trail-making, barefooted, at that, but in no worse condition than others. It certainly was a trying time for the women of the company, and much speculation was indulged in as to the probability of reaching the settlements. One woman with two children—Mrs. Abraham Woolery, "Aunt Pop" she was called—would break down and shed tears every little while; but frequently, in the midst of her weeping, she would rally, and with some quaint remark or funny story, cause everybody to laugh and forget their troubles, in spite of their misery.

At length Summit Prairie was reached. We were in sight of Mount Rainier, that mighty peak looming up only twenty-five miles south of us. Here we spent the night, and it was bitter cold, the time being about October 1st, and snow abounding in all directions, although there was none in our immediate vicinity. The next morning, an early start was made, and in less than an hour the company halted. My mother, the younger children and I were somewhat in the rear at this time, and as we came close enough to discover the cause of the delay, she exclaimed: "Well, I guess we have come to the jumping-off place at last!" And no wonder, for there we were confronted by a bluff fully thirty feet high, almost perpendicular, and for a thousand feet farther it was so steep that an animal could scarcely stand up, and there was no other way to go, as careful examination demonstrated. It was soon decided that the wagons should be lowered with ropes, and the teams driven single file by a circuitous trail to the foot of the mountain. Accordingly a long rope was stretched down the hill, but it was not long enough to lower a wagon to a place where it would stand up. Then James Biles said: "Kill one of the poorest of my steers, make a rope of his hide and see if that will be long enough; if not, kill another." Three animals were killed before the length of rope required was secured.

After each wagon was lowered to the end of the rope a yoke of oxen was hitched to the wagon, and by rough-locking, and attaching small logs with projecting limbs to the rear, it was taken down about a quarter of a mile and across Greenwater River, where we camped that night. It required almost two days to make this descent. Two of the thirty-six wagons were hopelessly wrecked on the hill, and a small quantity of provisions lost. The loss of the wagons did not matter, but not so the provisions, as the company suffered for want of food before supplies could be secured at Connell's Prairie, probably forty or fifty miles southwest of the present city of Tacoma.

After leaving camp at Greenwater River, evidences of road work were a little more apparent, and hence better progress was made. Complaints were rarely heard, for the main reason that "growling" over our forlorn condition was unprofitable and made

bad matters worse. The teams suffered dreadfully, however, for want of food, and not a day passed but that some of the animals dropped in their tracks and were left to die alongside the rugged trail. Pathetic, indeed, were these experiences, in being compelled to leave faithful beasts in the wilderness to starve. But there was no help for it, grievous as it might seem, and the animals were shot to end their misery.

There was one exception to this rule which I cannot pass. The C. B. Baker family had a blooded Kentucky mare, which became so exhausted as to be unable to get up one morning, and it was decided that she would have to be left behind. To this Mrs. Baker objected, the animal being one that she thought a great deal of; and she told her husband to go on, that she would work with the mare a while, and would catch up with the teams in due time. So she gathered leaves, fed the beast, gave her water, talked to her encouragingly, finally got her on her feet, started after the wagons and caught up with them at the noon camp. A little later this animal got down the second time, and was about to be abandoned to her fate; but the love, patience and determination of Mrs. Baker—"Aunt Fanny," as she was known by all—triumphed, and the mare was saved to become the dam of some of the best running horses known in the early days of Oregon and Washington.

The last day's journey before reaching Connell's prairie cannot be forgotten. It came near having a tragic ending. Several days before, the teams being so jaded, it was decided that it would be good policy to drive to the prairie and let them recruit on the luxuriant bunchgrass. This was done and the women and children and wagons were left in camp. In a week most of the teams returned, greatly strengthened. The next day all started on foot to the prairie, and, notwithstanding the fact that but few if any of the party had any breakfast, all were jubilant over the prospect of "getting out of the wilderness" to a place where food could be obtained for man as well as beast. All the food our family had that day consisted of a scanty supply of salal-berries, picked as we trudged along. The party generally were short of provisions. At this time our teams had dwindled down to two horses and two

yoke of oxen. We had one wagon, the other having been abandoned. Joel Risdon was our teamster, and his entire load was the bedding, cooking utensils, and a scanty supply of clothing much the worse for wear. Father, having the horses in charge, did not return to camp because the animals were in such a wretched condition. My duty that day was to assist my mother as best I could in taking care of three younger children—a sister nearly seven years old, a brother three and a half, and the baby, already alluded to, ten months old. I carried the little brother on my back part of the time, and when not so engaged, did what I could to lighten my mother's burden by carrying the baby.

Along in the middle of the afternoon one of the crossings of White River was reached. At that point it was not fordable, and the teams had to make a detour of a mile down stream in order to find a safe crossing; then the route lay upstream to within a short distance of the place where the river was first seen. Here all on foot passed over on a huge tree which had fallen across the stream, reaching from bank to bank, a distance of over 100 feet, and on the farther side it was partially submerged, the current causing it to sway slightly. It so happened that all were ahead of us, and as we came to the big footlog, mother said she must rest a little before undertaking to cross. So I took my sister, brother and baby to the farther shore, one after the other, and then was ready to aid mother. At length she was ready to start, and after considerable effort to get up on the log she clutched my hand and we began moving. When we were approaching the further shore, the movement of the log by the water caused her to exclaim, "I can't go, it makes me so dizzy." "Cling to me," said I. When almost across she suddenly exclaimed, "O, I am gone!" and fell into the water. Luckily I was in reaching distance of overhanging bushes, which were instinctively grabbed with my left hand, still clutching her left hand with my right. The cold water brought her to consciousness at once, and when she was safe on the land, after wringing out her skirts, we went on perhaps for about two miles, and then, after ascending a steep hill and emerging from the timber, we saw lights a little way off. By this time mother was utterly exhausted and said I must find father, as she could go no further. I found him in a few min-

utes, and we bore her to the fire, and after some nourishment—only baked potatoes, without salt, however—for that night—she began to be herself, and was ready to move on the next day. After that we had a limited supply of provisions, and got on fairly well for a time.

And now a word about the wagon road. That had been cut through to Greenwater River. There, it seems, an Indian from east of the mountains, going to the Sound, met the road workers, who inquired whether any "Boston" men were coming. The Indian said no. Believing the Indian to be truthful, the road workers returned home, only to be greatly astonished by the appearance two weeks later, of a weary, bedraggled, forlorn and footsore company of people, all rejoicing that, after unspeakable trials, they had at last reached the "Promised Land."

When the immigrant party came within six miles of Steilacoom it camped. Vegetables were given by two settlers named Lackey and Mahon. Dr. William Fraser Tolmie, of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, a branch of the Hudson's Bay Company, gave some beeves. When the meat was sent to camp Dr. Tolmie placed it in charge of Mrs. Mary Ann Woolery, "Aunt Pop," already alluded to, who instructed her to keep it until the two oldest men in the company came in, upon whom should devolve the duty of dividing it evenly. Soon a man came with a knife and wanted some meat. Mrs. Woolery said, "No, sir, you can't have any now." He replied, "I am hungry, and I am going to have some of it—I can't wait." Mrs. Woolery replied, "You will have to wait; I am as hungry as you are, and I expect to wait. So are all the rest hungry; but that man said I was not to allow any one touch it until the two oldest men came into camp, and they would divide it evenly." The man again said, "I can't wait for that, and will not, either!" "You will have to," she replied. "By what authority?" he questioned. "There is my authority," she said in a defiant tone, shaking her clenched fist (she weighed 100 pounds then, but her fighting weight was double that), "and if you touch that meat I'll take that oxbow to you," and, suiting the action to the word, she grabbed one and stood between the man and the fresh meat. The man, seeing she meant business, then

subsided. Soon the two oldest men came to camp, the meat was divided according to Dr. Tolmie's instructions, and, with the vegetables that had been given by the settlers, the entire party had a good, old-fashioned "boiled dinner"—the first for many a day—and it was a most agreeable and welcome change from salmon skins.

This was the last time that all the company camped together. From this point they went hither and thither, and soon found winter quarters, all the men having families taking donation claims in Pierce and Thurston Counties. And so ends the first attempt to make a permanent record of the first direct American immigration into "Northern Oregon," now Western Washington, by way of Natchess Pass.

In closing it is worthy of note that three branches of business were introduced for the first time in the Puget Sound basin, by members of this company, viz.:

The manufacture of leather by James Biles, who established a tannery at Tumwater; the manufacture of boots, shoes and harness, by Tyrus Himes, who established a shop at Olympia in conjunction with J. B. Roberts, in September, 1854; and millinery and dressmaking by Mrs. Elizabeth Frazier, whose place of business was Olympia. Orders for "doing up" bonnets and dresses that had been brought across the plains were sent to Mrs. Frazier from all parts of the Pacific Northwest, and her good taste and skillful needlework were eagerly sought by the belles of those primitive days.

NAMES OF THE IMMIGRANTS.

*Aiken, A. G.
Aiken, James.
Aiken, John.
Baker, Bartholomew C.
Baker, Mrs. Fanny.
Baker, James E.
*Baker, John Wesley.
*Baker, Leander H.
Baker, Elijah.
Baker, Mrs. Olive.
*Baker, Joseph N.
*Baker, William LeRoy.
Barr, James.
Bell, James.
†Bell, Mrs. Eliza (Wright).
Biles, James.
Biles, Mrs. Nancy M.
*Biles, George W.
Biles, James B.
Biles, Clark.
*Biles, Mrs. Kate (Sarjent).
*Biles, Mrs. Susan Belle (Drew).
*Biles, Mrs Euphemia (Brazee) (Knapp).

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*[illegible]
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[illegible]
[illegible]

Risdon, Henry.
Sarjent, Asher.
Sarjent, Mrs. Asher.
*Sarjent, E. N.
Sarjent, Francis Marion.
Sarjent, Wilson.
Sarjent, Mrs. Matilda (Saylor).
*Sarjent, Mrs. †Rebecca (Kellett).
Watts, Evan.
West, Newton.
Woolery, Isaac.
Woolery, Mrs. Isaac.
Woolery, Robert Lemuel.
Woolery, James Henderson.
Woolery, Mrs. Sarah Jane (Ward).
Woolery, Abraham.
*Woolery, Mrs. Abraham (Aunt Pop).
Woolery, Jacob Francis.
Woolery, Daniel Henry.
Woolery, Mrs. Agnes (Lamon).
Whitesel, William.
Whitesel, Mrs. William.
Whitesel, William Henry.
Whitesel, Mrs. Nancy (Leach).
Whitesel, Margaret.
Whitesel, Alexander.
Whitesel, Cal.
Wright, Isaac H.
Wright, Mrs. Isaac H.
Wright, Benjamin F.
Wright, Mrs. Benjamin F.
Wright, James.
Wright, Mrs. Eliza (Bell).
Wright, Mrs. Rebecca (Moore).
Wright, William.
Wright, Byrd.
Wright (Grandfather).
Wright (Grandmother).
Wright, Mrs. Annis (Downey).
West, Newton.
Woodward, John W.
*Young, Austin E.

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* All thus marked were living June 19, 1907.

‡ Rev. Charles Byles and James Biles were brothers, but disagreed as to the proper spelling of their surname.

† The names enclosed in parentheses indicate those to whom the ladies were married.

DIARY OF MRS. ELIZABETH DIXON SMITH GEER.

(The following Diary was kept by Mrs. Geer, then Mrs. Smith, at the close of each day, as the westward journey was made, after all her eight children were asleep. Soon after her arrival in Oregon it was copied in letter form and sent back to her friends in La Porte, Indiana, and some fifteen years later that letter was returned to Mrs. P. S. Knight, Salem, Oregon, a daughter, from whom I secured it for permanent preservation by printing.—George H. Himes, Secretary.)

Lafayette, Yamhill County, Oregon, May 25, 1848.

Mrs. Paulina Foster and Mrs. Cynthia Ames, La Porte, La Porte County, Indiana:

Dear Friends—By your request I have endeavored to keep a record of our journey from "the States" to Oregon, though it is poorly done, owing to my having a young babe and besides a large family to do for; and, worst of all, my education is very limited.

APRIL 21, 1847.—Commenced our journey from LaPorte, Indiana, to Oregon; made fourteen miles.

APRIL 22.—Made twelve miles; rain all day.

APRIL 23.—Made 19 miles; traveled until dark. Ate a cold bite and went to bed chilly and cold, which is very disagreeable with a parcel of little children.

APRIL 24.—Made 12 miles.

APRIL 25.—Last night our cattle ran off, consequently we only made 11 miles.

APRIL 26.—Made 16 miles. Had a view of Mount Juliett. It is one of the great works of nature. We see a great many admirable works of nature and art as we pass through Illinois.

APRIL 27.—Made 18 miles through a beautiful country in Ill.

APRIL 28.—Made 18 miles. Encamped on the bank of the Ill. River. A beautiful place.

APRIL 29.—Made 16 miles through a delightful country. Encamped on the Ill. Cold and rainy.

APRIL 30.—Made 14 miles. Passed through Peru. Traveled through a beautiful and fertile country. Cold and rainy.

MAY 1.—Made 19 miles. Passed through Princeton, Bureau County, Ill. Rich soil. Hundreds of acres not owned or cultivated by any one.

MAY 2.—Made 20 miles. Exceedingly cold for the season.

MAY 3.—Made 20 miles. Cold and dry. All in good spirits.

MAY 4.—Made 20 miles. Pleasant weather.

MAY 5.—Made 16 miles. Passed through Hendersonville and Galesburg, Knox County, Ill. Good roads. Fine weather.

MAY 6.—Made 18 miles. Passed through Monmouth, Ill. Good weather.

MAY 7.—Made 12 miles. Rainy weather.

MAY 8.—Crossed the Mississippi on ferry. Delayed in Burlington. Made 7 miles. In Burlington I saw Perley Mitchell's first wife.

MAY 9.—Passed Augusta, a small village. Ferried Skunk River, Ill.

MAY 10.—Fine weather. Layed by to wash.

MAY 11.—Laid by for rain.

MAY 12.—Made 20 miles. Passed West Point, Ill.

MAY 13.—Made 18 miles. Encamped on Des Moines River.

MAY 14.—Forded the Des Moines. Made 18 miles.

MAY 15.—Fell in with seven Oregon wagons. Made 20 miles.

MAY 16.—Made 15 miles. Rained all day.

MAY 17.—Laid by for rain.

MAY 18.—Made 20 miles. Good weather.

MAY 19.—Last night one of our cows went back one day's journey to see her calf that we had given away that morning.

MAY 20.—Made 18 miles. Rainy weather, bad roads.

MAY 21.—Made 7 miles. Water bound by a branch of Grand River. Hilly and bad roads.

MAY 22.—Made 7 miles. Water bound by a creek called the Muddy.

MAY 23.—Made 7 miles. Crossed Weldon River, Missouri state.

MAY 24.—Made 12 miles. Rain all day. Encamped in a marsh. Shoe-mouth deep in water. The men peeled bark, made a floor, built a fire on it to dry themselves and get supper by.

MAY 25.—Made two miles. Water bound.

MAY 26.—Made 22 miles.

MAY 27.—Made 14 miles. Crossed Big Creek. It has on it one saw mill and one grist mill.

MAY 28.—Made 20 miles. Crossed Samson Creek. One flour mill and one saw mill on Grand River. Crossed Grand River. Encamped without wood or water on a large prairie. Ate a cold bite and went to bed.
was raining and we went to bed without supper.

MAY 30.—Rained this morning until late. Made 8 miles. Crossed a river called the Hundred an Two, on a dangerous bridge, and encamped.

MAY 31.—Laid by to wash.

JUNE 1.—Lying by.

JUNE 2.—Made 7 miles.

JUNE 3.—Passed through St. Joseph on the bank of the Missouri. Laid in our flour, cheese and crackers and medicine, for no one should travel this road without medicine, for they are almost sure to have the summer complaint. Each family should have a box of physicking pills, a quart of castor oil, a quart of the best rum, and a large vial of peppermint essence. We traveled 4 miles by the river and encamped. Here we found nine wagons bound for Oregon.

JUNE 4.—Crossed the Missouri. Doubled teams with difficulty; ascended a hill or mountain. Traveled 3 miles and encamped. We are now in Indian territory.

JUNE 5.—Made 9 miles. At present 22 wagons.

JUNE 6.—Made 18 miles. Passed 70 Oregon wagons as they were encamped.

JUNE 7.—Good roads. Made 20 miles.

JUNE 8.—Made 20 miles. Crossed one creek. Very high and steep banks. Where I know the names of streams I give them.

JUNE 9.—Made 19 miles. Crossed one creek.

JUNE 10.—Made 13 miles.

JUNE 11.—Made 18 miles. Crossed the Blue Earth River. One wagon turned over just at the edge of the water. Happily nothing got wet.

JUNE 12.—Laid by to wash. Had 2 horses stolen by the Indians last night out of the company.

JUNE 13.—Made 18 miles.

JUNE 14.—Made 18 miles. We are continually finding elk horns, buffaloes' skulls and carcasses.

JUNE 15.—Made 18 miles.

JUNE 16.—Made 17 miles. Saw one grave day before yesterday and one today by the lonely wayside. Made this spring.

JUNE 17.—Made 12 miles. Fell in with 18 wagons. Broke an axle tree. Layed by and made a new one. Stood guard all night in the rain.

JUNE 18.—Finished the broken axle. Made 5 miles. Encamped in a circle as it is our custom. Put out guards and retired to rest.

JUNE 19.—Made 20 miles. Every night we encamp we locate quite a village, but take it up next day. We have plenty of music, with the flute and violin, and some dancing.

JUNE 20.—Made 20 miles. Encamped on the Platte. The ground here is covered with a white surface. Something between salt and salts. The cattle are fond of it.

JUNE 21.—Made 18 miles. Last night had two more horses stolen; one belonging to the same man that lost one of the first ones. It was a fine horse and his last one. Our road along the Platte is beautiful and level. The river is wide, a mile or more, and very rily and shallow.

JUNE 22.—Made 15 miles. See antelope every day.

JUNE 23.—Made 18 miles. At present there is one hundred and forty persons in our company. We see thousands of buffalo and have to use their dung for fuel. A man will gather a bushel in a minute; three bushels makes a good fire. We call the stuff "buffalo chips."

JUNE 24.—Made 10 miles. Stopped to kill a buffalo, but did not succeed. Saw hundreds of prairie dogs barking about. They are about as large as a gray gopher. Saw another grave.

JUNE 25.—Made 18 miles. Our road is like a floor for miles and miles together. We found the sensitive plant growing here.

JUNE 26.—Made 10 miles. Killed three buffaloes. Their flesh is generally coarser and dryer than beef, but a fat buffalo heifer is as good meat as I would wish to taste of.

JUNE 27.—Made 15 miles. Killed four buffaloes. At the least calculations we saw 3,000 buffaloes today. A buffalo gallops and rolls like a horse.

JUNE 28.—Made 18 miles. Saw thousands of buffaloes. Caught two of their calves. One ran away the other day. The other they drove along with the loose cattle several miles. It finally left them. Nine more wagons overtook us.

JUNE 29.—This morning eight of our largest and best work oxen were missing, besides two yoke of Welch's, three yoke of Adam Polk's, and about thirty head belonging to the company—all work oxen right out of our wagons. Here we were thousands of miles from any inhabitants and thus deprived of teams—an appalling situation. We had only one yoke left. We hunted every direction without success.

JUNE 30.—Hunted all day. Our cattle hunters, my husband among them, were so far away from camp, some thirty miles, that they stayed away all night.

JULY 1.—Today when our hunters came in they brought one dead man; he had shot himself last night accidentally. He left a wife and six small children. The distress of his wife I cannot describe. He was an excellent man and very much missed. His name was Smith Dunlap, from Chicago, Ill. The hunters found no cattle.

JULY 2.—A trying time. So many of us having to get teams, had to hire, borrow, buy, just as we could. Had to take raw cattle, cows, or anything we could get. Some had to apply to other companies for help; at last we moved off. Made 15 miles.

JULY 3.—Made 13 miles.

JULY 4.—Last night had some rain, which is very uncommon in this region. We forded the Platte yesterday. Today passed over from south to north branch of the Platte. It is the roughest country here that the mind can conceive of. Indicative of volcanic action. I think of the shape of the earth—no level land—all ridges, mounds and deep hollows, without any herbage whatever, but you will see now and then in some deep hollow a scrubby cedar growing. Made 16 miles. Encamped on North Platte bottom. Middling feed. Found old trunks of cedars to burn.

JULY 5.—Made 17 miles. Hot weather. Sandy roads. The road continues along the river.

JULY 6.—Made 18 miles. Many of our cattle are lame. It is plain to my mind what makes their feet wear out. It is the alkaline nature of the ground.

JULY 7.—Made 18 miles. This country is full of curiosities. Hundreds of acres seem to have been bursted and thrown up by volcanic eruptions. The earth along here is strong with lye. After a shower if the little ponds were not rily one could wash linen without soap.

JULY 8.—Made 12 miles. Saw Chimney Rock. It is a curiosity, indeed. A rock or rather a hard clay standing alone. Towering in the air perhaps 300 feet. All of the lofty rocks along here are composed of the same material. Some of them resemble old demolished villages, half sunk in the ground, with stovepipes sticking out at the top. Today we had the most dreadful hail storm that I ever witnessed, in which a young woman and I came near being caught, as we went out to visit the famous Chimney Rock. Fortunately we reached one of the foremost wagons just as the hail began to pelt us. It tore some of their wagon covers off; broke some bows, and made horses and oxen run away, making bad work. They say about here it is subject to tornadoes.

JULY 9.—Today we saw by the wayside about two acres of fine white stone all cut up, comparatively, into pieces about ten feet square and two feet thick. I ran barefooted to get on them, but got my feet full of stickers and was glad to get back to my wagon. All the herbs in this region are prickly and briery. The sage is dreadful on one's clothes. It grows from one to six feet high, has a stalk like our tame sage or sedge. The leaves are smaller and very narrow. It has a sage taste, though it is very bitter, besides. We travel through a shrub called greasewood—generally not so large as the sage. It is very thorny. We have to use it sometimes to burn. Then there is the prickly pear. Step on it any and everywhere. Look out for bare feet. Made 20 miles. Encamped at Scott's Bluff. Here is starvation. No feed and little water here after traveling 20 miles. We chained up our oxen to our wagon wheels and started next morning by sunrise.

JULY 10.—Made 12 miles through a barren, destitute region. Encamped on a creek. Found feed and willows.

JULY 11.—Made 18 miles on dry and barren land.

JULY 12.—Made 10 miles. Encamped at a French and Indian residence. As soon as we had corralled, the Indians flocked in, spread their blankets and begged for presents. We gave them meat, flour and beans, for which we afterwards suffered.

JULY 13.—This morning five of our work cattle were missing. The men hunted and hired Indians to hunt, but found no cattle. Emptied one wagon and left it and moved on. Passed Fort Laramie. Made 5 miles. Encamped. The Indians came as before and set down in a circle and spread a blanket in their midst and begged presents. We gave them provisions and they dispersed.

JULY 14.—Laid by. Found the lost cattle. Paid the Indians fifteen dollars for hunting, although our men found them.

JULY 15.—Made 20 miles through a barren desert. Found wood and water, but no feed. Rain tonight. I intend to state all the rain we have.

JULY 16.—Made 6 miles. Found feed. Laid by to pasture our cattle.

JULY 17.—Made 15 miles. Dysentery prevails in our company. We are traveling through destitute land. No vegetation except at our camping places, but the sage and a little stunted pitch pine.

JULY 18.—Made 15 miles through what are called the Black Hills. They are entirely barren except now and then a stunted cedar. There are a great many old pine logs lying about on them. Some of these hills are clear stone; others coarse sand.

JULY 19.—Passed through a basin of 30 or 40 acres of level land. Within this basin is a surface of stone about 15 feet in diameter, white as marble, but porous like burnt bone, and brittle. The earth resembles Spanish brown. Made 6 miles. Laid by to bait our cattle. Nature has provided occasionally for poor, hungry cattle.

JULY 20.—Made 15 miles. Black Hills.

JULY 21.—Made 20 miles. Encamped on the Platte.

JULY 22.—Made 15 miles.

JULY 23.—Made 16 miles.

JULY 24.—Made 15 miles. Encamped near the Red Buttes. It is nothing more than a red sidehill. The earth is red.

JULY 25.—Made 12 miles. Encamped at the Willow Springs, a handsome little place of grass and willows. Today we crossed a little muddy branch; along the sides of it we could have gathered pails full of clean saltpetre. Many of our cattle are sick and dying.

JULY 26.—Passed the noted saleratus bed. Made 20 miles. Encamped on Sweet Water. This saleratus is far from being equal to artificial saleratus, although looks as good. We got a great deal of it. Some kept and used it; others threw it away. It will not foam buttermilk one bit. I knew a person to fetch some through and sell it to a merchant for 50 cents per pound, not telling him what kind it was.

JULY 27.—We, on rising this morning, baked a lot of light bread and moved on. Passed Independence Rock. Made 7 miles.

JULY 28.—Made 20 miles.

JULY 29.—Made 18 miles. I could have written a great deal more if I had had the opportunity. Sometimes I would not get

the chance to write for two or three days, and then would have to rise in the night when my babe and all hands were asleep, light a candle and write.

JULY 30.—Made 10 miles. Sage still to cook with.

JULY 31.—Passed over one mountain. Encamped at the foot of the South Pass. Here we found some gooseberries, and they were as smooth as currants and tasted much like fox grapes. All the gooseberries this side of the Missouri are smooth. Still we have sage to cook with. I do not know which is best, it or "buffalo chips." Just step out and pull a lot of sage out of your garden and build a fire in the wind and bake, boil and fry by it, and then you will guess how we have to do.

AUG. 1.—Passed over the Rocky Mountains, the backbone of America. It is all rocks on top and they are split into pieces and turned up edgeways. Oh, that I had time and talent to describe this curious country. We wound over the mountains along a very crooked road. Made 18 miles. Had rain and hail today, which made it disagreeably cold.

AUG. 2.—Made 15 miles.

AUG. 3.—Saw the ground covered in many places with epsom salts, but so shallow and thin on the ground that we could not collect it, and, indeed, having no expectation of ever needing it any more, we left it there. Made 25 miles. Encamped on the Little Sandy River. Are two days' journey into the Territory of Oregon and have found no timber except on streams, since we left the Missouri.

AUG. 4.—Made 8 miles. Encamped on Big Sandy. Laid by to let our cattle feed and rest.

AUG. 5.—Made 19 miles. One of our cows got drowned.

AUG. 6.—Crossed Green River, a large and beautiful stream, bordered with considerable timber—quaking asp. Made 12 miles. Encamped on Green River.

AUG. 7.—Made 15 miles. Encamped on Black's Fork, a small river bordered with willows. This large waste of country in my opinion has once been a sea. My husband found on the top of a mountain sea shells petrified to stone. The crevices in the rocks show the different stages of the water.

AUG. 8.—Made 20 miles. Encamped on Black's Fork.

AUG. 9.—Made 16 miles. Encamped at Fort Bridger. This is a pretty place to see in such a barren country. Perhaps there is a thousand acres of level land covered with grass, interspersed with beautiful stony brooks and plenty of timber, such as it is—quaking asp. One of the superintendents of this place traveled with us from Fort Laramie to this place. He is a good and intelligent man. His name is Vascus. He has a white wife. Long will he remember the captain of our company, Cornelius Smith. They were great friends.

AUG. 10.—Laid by to purchase teams that we might have teams of our own.

AUG. 11.—Fort Bridger.

AUG. 12.—Still at Bridger. Here we have a good time for washing, which we women deem a great privilege.

AUG. 13.—Left Fort Bridger. Made 19 miles. Encamped on Muddy Creek.

AUG. 14.—Made 12 miles. Encamped on Muddy Creek.

AUG. 15.—Passed over one high mountain. Made 20 miles. Encamped without feed, water or supper.

AUG. 16.—Started without breakfast. Made 9 miles. Encamped on Bear River. Plenty of feed and willows.

AUG. 17.—Made 18 miles. Camped on Bear River. Found some currants. Better than tame currants. They were yellow.

AUG. 18.—Made 12 miles. Camped on a creek.

AUG. 19.—Traveled over a high, rocky mountain. Made 12 miles.

AUG. 20.—Passed over another mountain. Camped on Bear River.

AUG. 21.—Made 10 miles.

AUG. 22.—Saw some of nature's curious works. Here are mounds of perhaps 40 feet in diameter and 10 feet high, composed of a shelly stone. In the middle of the mound stands a—I know not what to call it—it looks like a stump about three feet high. It has a hole in the top full of water boiling and running over all the time. It's this water that makes the mounds. The

water is blood warm and has a little of the soda taste. A mile or so from here are the famous Soda Springs. They are not so good as has been represented. Only one or two of our company liked it. It tastes like weak vinegar with a little saleratus in it. They are generally ten or twelve feet across and resemble hog wallows more than springs; though I saw one that was clear. About two hundred yards below the Soda Springs is a boiling spring. It boils and foams and runs over 30 barrels in a day. It boils up out of a stone. The hole is about as large as a large dinner pot. Every few minutes the water will bounce up three or four feet high. The water is slightly warm.

AUG. 23.—Left Soda Springs. About three miles further is a rock perhaps 30 feet long, 8 feet high, 8 feet wide. At the base it was shattered so that we could look into it and it was hollow. A mile or so further on, the earth was cracked for a great many feet in length. The boys rolled down stones and they would rumble a long time. Made 16 miles. Encamped with nothing but green sage to cook with. Good feed. This sage is larger than the tame sage, but very much like it in appearance. Has a little of the taste. It grows sometimes six feet high.

AUG. 24.—Made 16 miles. Camped on a creek called Portneuf.

AUG. 25.—Made 12 miles. Have cold nights and warm days.

AUG. 26.—Dusty roads. Made 14 miles. Camped on Snake River. It is soft water. Plenty of quaking asp. No feed.

AUG. 27—Made 20 miles. Camped on Snake River. Plenty of feed.

AUG. 28.—Passed Fort Hall. Captain Grant (of the Hudson's Bay Company) is not that charitable gentleman that we expected to see, but a boasting, burlesquing, unfeeling man. Made 15 miles.

AUG. 29.—Made 16 miles. Camped on Snake River. Plenty of grass and willows. Very dusty roads. You in "The States" know nothing about dust. It will fly so that you can hardly see the horns of your tongue yoke of oxen. It often seems that the cattle must die for the want of breath, and then in our wagons, such a spectacle—beds, clothes, victuals and children, all completely covered.

AUG. 30.—Passed some large cold springs, 20 or 30 feet in diameter, boiling up all over the bottom. Passed Snake River Falls. Bad roads; hilly and rocky. Camped without feed.

AUG. 31.—Made 16 miles. Bad roads and very dusty. Camped on Raft River. Green grass and willows.

SEPT. 1.—Rough roads, very rocky. To all appearance this land was burnt up once. At some places there will be a surface of black stone, and it looks like thick black molasses for some rods square, just as if it had boiled and bubbled for months. Made 18 miles. Camped at Swamp Springs. Plenty of grass and sage.

SEPT. 2.—Laid by to rest our cattle. Had rain last night. Enough rain to lay the dust.

SEPT. 3.—Made 18 miles. Camped on Goose Creek.

SEPT. 4.—Made 14 miles. Camped without feed. Had cedar to burn.

SEPT. 5.—Made 16 miles. Camped on the Rocks. Willows to burn.

SEPT. 6.—Made 12 miles over rocks and dust. Camped on the Rocks.

SEPT. 7.—Nooned at Snake River. Watered our cattle. Moved on two miles and camped. Two men were left behind, which was always the case with them, they had such heavy loads. They came up afterwards, and while watering, some of their cattle swam over the river. One of the men swam after them, and before he got across he sunk to rise no more. He left a wife and three children. The other came running to camp to let us know. Some men went back and stayed with them. By this time another company had overtaken them. Next morning my husband took a horse and went back to swim the horse over after their cattle. The man that owned the cattle took the horse and swam after the cattle, and while coming back by some means got off of the horse and sunk and was seen no more. He left a wife and six helpless children. My husband stood watching him. It is supposed that there was a whirlpool in the bottom of the river.

SEPT. 8.—We moved on, for we had neither feed or water. Made 10 miles. Camped on Snake River. At 10 o'clock my husband came up and told the shocking news.

SEPT. 9.—Made 4 miles. Camped on Clark's River. Clark's River is a small creek.

SEPT. 10.—Laid by to wait for those two widowed women.

SEPT. 11.—While moving along today we saw on the opposite side of Snake River. The bank was about 80 feet high and about half way to the top was a large river emptying into the Snake River. It was a half a mile wide. It came out on the same height all along and was one continued sheet clear down. Made 12 miles. Camped. Little feed; no water.

SEPT. 12.—Made 11 miles. One of our oxen died. The Indians along Snake River go naked except an old rag tied about their hips. They have few horses; no blankets. The immigrants trade them old cloths for fish, which were dead no doubt when they were caught.

SEPT. 13.—Laid by to rest our cattle.

SEPT. 14.—Blocked up our wagon beds. Forded Snake River, which was wide, deep and swift. Made 9 miles. Camped on good grass at a spring. Here we overtook two companies.

SEPT. 15.—Laid by. This morning one company moved on except one family. The woman got mad and would not budge, nor let the children go. He had his cattle hitched on for three hours and coaxing her to go, but she would not stir. I told my husband the circumstance, and he and Adam Polk and Mr. Kimball went and took each one a young one and crammed them in the wagon and her husband drove off and left her sitting. She got up, took the back track and traveled out of sight. Cut across, overtook her husband. Meantime he sent his boy back to camp after a horse that he had left and when she came up her husband says, "Did you meet John?" "Yes," was the reply, "and I picked up a stone and knocked out his brains." Her husband went back to ascertain the truth, and while he was gone she set one of his wagons on fire, which was loaded with store goods. The cover burnt off and some valuable articles. He saw the flames and came running and put it out, and then mustered spunk enough to

give her a good lodging. Her name is Marcum. She is cousin to Adam Poke's wife.

Sept. 16.—Saw a boiling hot spring. Clear and good tasted water. Made 18 miles. Camped at Barrel Camp. Good grass by irrigating in the stream a mile or so where two cattle were shot with arrows by Indians, but not mortally wounded.

Sept. 17.—Made 15 miles over mountainous roads. Camped on good grass. Scant water.

Sept. 18.—Made 9 miles. Camped on Big Wood River. It is nothing more than a brook.

Sept. 19.—Made 23 miles over mountains and dust. Camped on Boise River, a small, handsome river, good feed.

Sept. 20.—Made 23 miles. Camped on Boise River. Good grass.

Sept. 21.—Made 13 miles. Camped on Boise River. Good feed.

Sept. 22.—Made 13 miles. Camped on Boise River. Good feed and wood. All the wood here is Balm of Gilead. It grows in low places and along the river banks.

Sept. 23.—Made 25 miles. Forded Snake River, just before dark. It was waist deep and very cold. It is a large and swift running river. Found good feed and willows. Rained last night—enough to lay the dust.

Sept. 24.—Laid by to dry our things which got wet crossing the river. Mr. Kimball's oldest son died of typhus fever.

Sept. 25.—Buried the corpse. Proceeded on our journey. Made 14 miles. Camped on Burnt River. Some feed and willows.

Sept. 26.—Made 12 miles. Camped at a small spring. Some feed and sage.

Sept. 27.—Made 12 miles. Camped on Snake River.

Sept. 28.—Made 12 miles. Crossed Burnt River six times. We are all the time on a hill or in a hollow. Camped on Burnt River with mountains on every side.

Sept. 29.—Made 11 miles. Winding in and between and over mountains. Camped on Burnt River.

Sept. 30.—Made 14 miles. Camped on Burnt River. Dry grass and willows.

OCT. 1.—A woman of our company died as we were traveling along. She had been sick some time. Made 9 miles. Camped on Burnt River.

OCT. 2.—Buried the corpse. Made 16 miles. Camped on south branch of Powder River.

OCT. 3.—Laid by to rest our failing cattle.

OCT. 4.—Made 15 miles. Camped on north branch of Powder River. Middling feed.

OCT. 5.—Made 12 miles. Camped on head waters of Grand Ronde. Plenty of feed and pine to burn.

OCT. 6.—Made 18 miles. Passed over one difficult, stony mountain. Came down into Grand Ronde. If Grand Ronde was west of the Cascade Mountains how soon it would be taken up. It is level and covered with grass and watered with brooks and springs. It has a river flowing through it. No timber except on the river, but the mountains which surround it are promiscuously covered with pine and fir. We camped on Grand Ronde.

OCT. 7.—Ascended a mountain a mile and a half long, covered with pine and grass. When we came to the top we found a pretty open place, level and a good soil covered with grass. Rolled five miles over level land. Descended the mountain, which was steep and difficult, the men having to steady the wagons down, while we women carried and led our children. Camped on a branch of the Grand Ronde River. Here the men made tar out of pine. Here we are surrounded with mountains covered with tall pines.

OCT. 8.—Ascended a steep mountain. Traveled through thick pine woods. Came to another mountain. Had to double teams. To some wagons they put nine yoke of oxen. All of these mountains have a good soil covered with grass. Camped without water. Rained last night.

OCT. 9.—Doubled teams up another mountain. Made 15 miles. Camped at Pine Camp. Good feed and water. My husband and I are both sick with the summer complaint.

OCT. 10.—Laid by to hunt some lost cattle.

OCT. 11.—Made 12 miles. Camped near the branch of the Utilla (Umatilla) River.

Oct. 12.—Went 3 miles. Here our company separated. Some went to Whitman's Mission to winter and they were massacred in the general massacre of which I suppose you have already heard. The massacre is attributed to the Catholics and circumstances proves it true. Here my husband bought a beef of the Indians. It was 18 months old. It weighed 430 pounds. He paid them with a cow and a calf and a new shirt.

Oct. 13.—Made 20 miles. Camped without feed.

Oct. 14.—Made 10 miles. Camped on Utilla River. Dusty roads. Scarce feed. Very hard and cold winds.

Oct. 15.—Made 15 miles on sandy roads. Camped on a branch. Good feed. Disagreeable cold.

Oct. 16.—Hilly and dusty roads. Traveled until after dark. Made 18 miles. Camped without wood or water. Went to bed cold.

Oct. 17.—Cold and windy. We made a fire of a little wood that we carried all day yesterday. Made a bite to eat. Our cattle ran off in search of water which hindered us till late. Made 4 miles. Camped without wood, except a small shrub called grease-wood. It burns like greased weeds. I used to wonder why it was said that men must be dressed in buckskin to come to this country, but now I know. Everything we travel through is thorny and rough. There is no chance of saving your clothes. Here we found a great hole of water 12 or 15 feet across. Had to water a hundred and fifty head of cattle with pails. Had to stand out all night in the rain to keep the cattle from drowning each other —after water in this hole.

Oct. 18.—Made 15 miles. Found wood, water and good feed.

Oct. 19.—Laid by to rest our cattle.

Oct. 20.—Made 18 miles. Camped at a spring. Had cedar to burn. Middling feed.

Oct. 21.—Made 12 miles. Camped on John Day's River. Scarce feed. Willows to burn. Here we put out a guard for fear of Indians, which we have not done for three months before.

Oct. 22.—Traveled up a long, steep ascent between two mountains. The road was so narrow that a wagon could scarcely squeeze along and very rough at that. Made 12 miles. Camped without wood or water. Dry grass. It was told to us before we left "The

States" that the dry grass was better than the green. Be it so or not, always when we have had a dry feed, the first green grass we come to, we stop to let the cattle feed.

OCT. 23.—Made 12 miles. Camped on the Columbia River. Scarce feed. No wood nor shrubs. We had to burn little green weeds.

OCT. 24.—Crossed Falls or Shutes (The Deschutes) River. It was high, rapid and dangerous. The water came clear to the top of the wagon beds. My children and I, with as many more women and children as could stow themselves into a canoe, were taken over by two Indians, which cost a good many shirts. The Indians are thick as hops here, and not very friendly. Anybody in preparing to come to this country should make up some calico shirts to trade to the Indians in cases of necessity. You will have to hire them to pilot you across rivers. Against we got here, my folks were about stripped of shirts, trousers, jackets and "wammuses."

OCT. 25.—Ascended a mountain. Made 10 miles. Camped on a creek. Plenty of feed and willows. Bought a beef of the Indians and killed it.

OCT. 26.—Made 10 miles over mountains all the way. Saw oak trees for the first time in Oregon. Camped on the Columbia.

OCT. 27.—Passed what is called The Dalles Mission, where two white families live among the Indians. It looks like starvation. Made 10 miles. Camped on the Columbia River, where we expect to take water.

OCT. 28.—Here are a great many immigrants encamped; some making rafts, others going down in boats which have been sent up by speculators.

OCT. 29.—Rained most all day. Cold weather.

OCT. 30.—Rainy day. Men making rafts. Women cooking and washing. Children crying. Indians bartering potatoes for shirts. They must have a good shirt for a half a peck of potatoes.

OCT. 31.—Cold and rainy. Snow close by on the mountains. We should have went over the mountains with our wagons, but they are covered with snow, consequently we must go down by water and drive our cattle over the mountains.

Nov. 1.—We are lying by waiting for the wind to blow down stream in order that we may embark on our raft.

Nov. 2.—We took off our wagon wheels, laid them on the raft, placed the wagon beds on them and started. There are three families of us, Adam Polk, Russell Welch and ourselves, on 12 logs 18 inches through and 40 feet long. The water runs three inches over our raft.

Nov. 3.—We are floating down the Columbia. Cold and disagreeable weather.

Nov. 4.—Rain all day. Laid by for the water to become calm. We clambered up a side hill among the rocks and built a fire and tried to cook and warm ourselves and children, while the wind blew and the waves rolled beneath.

Nov. 5.—Still lying by waiting for calm weather. Mr. Polk is very sick.

Nov. 6.—Laid by until noon waiting for the waves to quit rolling, but finally put out in rough water. Made 6 miles and landed safe.

Nov. 7.—Put out in rough water. Moved a few miles. The water became so rough that we were forced to land. No one to man the raft but my husband and oldest son of 16 years. Russell Welch and our youngest boys were driving our cattle over the mountains. Here we lay smoking our eyes, burning our clothes and trying to keep warm. We have plenty of wood, but the wind takes away the warmth.

Nov. 8.—Finds us still lying at anchor waiting for the wind to fall. We have but one day's provisions ahead of us here. We can see snow on the top of the mountains, whose rocky heights reach to the clouds by times. A few Indians call on us and steal something from us, but we are not afraid of them. Cold weather —my hands are so numb that I can scarcely write.

Nov. 9.—Finds us still in trouble. Waves dashing over our raft and we already stinting ourselves in provisions. My husband started this morning to hunt provisions. Left no man with us except our oldest boy. It is very cold. The icicles are hanging from our wagon beds to the water. Tonight about dusk Adam

Polk expired. No one with him but his wife and myself. We sat up all night with him while the waves was dashing below.

Nov. 10.—Finds us still waiting for calm weather. My husband returned at 2 o'clock. Brought 50 pounds of beef on his back 12 miles, which he had bought from another company. By this time the water became calm and we started once more, but the wind soon began to blow and we were forced to land. My husband and boy were an hour and a half after dark getting the raft landed and made fast while the water ran knee deep over our raft, the wind blew, and was freezing cold. We women and children did not attempt to get out of our wagons tonight.

Nov. 11.—Laid by most all day. Started this evening. Ran about three miles and landed after dark. Here we found Welch and our boys with our cattle, for they could be driven no farther on this side for mountains. Here was a ferry for the purpose of ferrying immigrants' cattle.

Nov. 12.—Ferried our cattle over the river and buried Mr. Polk. Rain all day. We are living entirely on beef.

Nov. 13.—We got the ferry men to shift our load onto their boat and take us down to the falls, where we found quite a town of people waiting for their cattle to pull them around the falls. Rain all day.

Nov. 14.—Unloaded the boat. Put our wagons together. Drizzly weather.

Nov. 15.—Rainy day.

Nov. 16.—Rain all day.

Nov. 17.—Rainy weather.

Nov. 18.—My husband is sick. It rains and snows. We start this morning around the falls with our wagons. We have 5 miles to go. I carry my babe and lead, or rather carry, another through snow, mud and water, almost to my knees. It is the worst road that a team could possibly travel. I went ahead with my children and I was afraid to look behind me for fear of seeing the wagons turn over into the mud and water with everything in them. My children gave out with cold and fatigue and could not travel, and the boys had to unhitch the oxen and bring them and carry the children on to camp. I was so cold and numb that I

could not tell by the feeling that I had any feet at all. We started this morning at sunrise and did not get to camp until after dark, and there was not one dry thread on one of us—not even my babe. I had carried my babe and I was so fatigued that I could scarcely speak or step. When I got here I found my husband lying in Welch's wagon, very sick. He had brought Mrs. Polk down the day before and was taken sick here. We had to stay up all night tonight for our wagons are left half-way back. I have not told half we suffered. I am not adequate to the task. Here was some hundreds camped, waiting for boats to come and take them down the Columbia to Vancouver or Portland or Oregon City.

Nov. 19.—My husband is sick and can have but little care. Rain all day.

Nov. 20.—Rain all day. It is almost an impossibility to cook, and quite so to keep warm or dry. I froze or chilled my feet so that I cannot wear a shoe, so I have to go around in the cold water barefooted.

Nov. 21.—Rain all day. The whole care of everything falls upon my shoulders. I cannot write any more at present.

Nov. 27.—Embarked once more on the Columbia on a flatboat. Ran all day, though the waves threatened hard to sink us. Passed Fort Vancouver in the night. Landed a mile below. My husband never has left his bed since he was taken sick.

Nov. 28.—Still moving on the water.

Nov. 29.—Landed at Portland on the Willamette, 12 miles above the mouth, at 11 o'clock at night.

Nov. 30.—Raining. This morning I ran about trying to get a house to get into with my sick husband. At last I found a small, leaky concern, with two families already in it. Mrs. Polk had got down before us. She and another widow was in this house. My family and Welch's went in with them, and you could have stirred us with a stick. Welch and my oldest boy was driving the cattle around. My children and I carried up a bed. The distance was nearly a quarter of a mile. Made it down on the floor in the mud. I got some men to carry my husband up through the rain and lay him on it, and he never was out of that shed until he was carried out in his coffin. Here lay five of us bedfast

at one time, and we had no money, and what few things we had left that would bring money, I had to sell. I had to give 10 cents a pound for fresh pork, 75 cents per bushel for potatoes, 4 cents a pound for fish. There are so many of us sick that I cannot write any more at present. I have not time to write much, but I thought it would be interesting to know what kind of weather we have in the winter.

1848.—JAN. 14.—Rain this morning. Warm weather. We suppose it has rained half of the time that I have neglected writing.

JAN. 15.—My husband is still alive, but very sick. There is no medicine here except at Fort Vancouver, and the people there will not sell one bit—not even a bottle of wine.

JAN. 16.—Warm and dry. We are still living in the old, leaky shed in Portland. It is six miles below Vancouver, down the Columbia and 12 miles up the Willamette. Portland has two white houses and one brick and three wood-colored frame houses and a few cabins.

JAN. 17.—Warm and dry.

JAN. 18.—Warm and dry.

JAN. 19.—Warm and dry.

JAN. 20.—Cool and dry. Soldiers are collecting here from every part of Oregon to go and fight the Indians in middle Oregon in consequence of the massacre at Whitman's mission. I think there were§ 17 men killed at the massacre, but no women or children, except Whitman's wife. They killed every white man there except one, and he was an Englishman. They took all the young women for wives. Robbed them of their clothing and everything. The Oregon government bought the prisoners at a dear rate, and then gave the Indians fight; but one white man, I believe, was killed in the war, and not many Indians. The murderers escaped.

JAN. 21.—Warm and dry.

JAN. 22.—Cool and cloudy. A little rain at night.

JAN. 23.—Warm and dry.

JAN. 24.—Dry in daytime, but rain at night.

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§ Fourteen were killed instead of 17. Fifty-three women and children were taken prisoners. The massacre was on November 29-30, 1847.

JAN. 25.—Misty.

JAN. 26.—Misty. Rain at night.

JAN. 27.—Misty.

JAN. 28.—Rain all day.

JAN. 29.—Snow an inch deep, but when the sun arose the snow so that I cannot wear a shoe, so I have to go 'round in the cold disappeared and it was clear all day.

JAN. 30.—Rainy.

JAN. 31.—Rain all day. If I could tell you how we suffer you would not believe it. Our house, or rather a shed joined to a house, leaks all over. The roof descends in such a manner as to make the rain run right down into the fire. I have dipped as much as six pails of water off of our dirt hearth in one night. Here I sit up, night after night, with my poor sick husband, all alone, and expecting him every day to die. I neglected to tell you that Welch's and all the rest moved off and left us. Mr. Smith has not been moved off his bed for six weeks only by lifting him by each corner of the sheet, and I had hard work to get help enough for that, let alone getting watchers. I have not undressed to lie down for six weeks. Besides all our sickness, I had a cross little babe to take care of. Indeed, I cannot tell you half.

FEB. 1.—Rain all day. This day my dear husband, my last remaining friend, died.

FEB. 2.—Today we buried my earthly companion. Now I know what none but widows know; that is, how comfortless is that of a widow's life, especially when left in a strange land, without money or friends, and the care of seven children. Cloudy.

FEB. 3.—Clear and warm.

FEB. 4.—Clear and warm.

FEB. 5.—Clear and warm.

FEB. 6.—Clear and cool.

FEB. 7.—Clear and warm.

FEB. 8.—Cloudy. Some rain.

FEB. 9.—Clear and cool. Perhaps you will want to know how cool. I will tell you. We have lived all winter in a shed constructed by setting up studs 5 feet high on the lowest side. The other side joins a cabin. It is boarded up with clapboards and several of them are torn off in places, and there is no shutter to our door, and if it was not for the rain putting out our fire and leaking down all over the house. we would be comfortable.

FEB. 10.—Clear and warm.

FEB. 11.—Clear and warm.

FEB. 12.—Cool and cloudy.

FEB. 13.—Rainy.

FEB. 14.—Cloudy. Rain in the afternoon.

FEB. 15.—Cool. Rain all day.

FEB. 16.—Rain and snow all day.

FEB. 17.—Rain all day.

FEB. 18.—Rain all day.

FEB. 19.—Rain all day.

FEB. 20.—Rain and hail all day.

FEB. 21.—Clear and cool. You will think it strange that we do not leave this starved place. The reason is this—the road from here to the country is impassable in the winter, the distance being 12 miles, and because our cattle are yet very weak.

FEB. 22.—Clear and cool.

FEB. 23.—Clear and cool.

FEB. 24.—Clear and warm. Today we left Portland at sunrise. Having no one to assist us, we had to leave one wagon and part of our things for the want of teams. We traveled 4 or 5 miles, all the way up hill and through the thickest woods I ever saw—all fir from 2 to 6 feet through, with now and then a scattering cedar, and an intolerably bad road. We all had to walk. Sometimes I had to place my babe on the ground and help to keep the wagon from turning over. When we got to the top of the mountain we descended through mud up to the wagon hubs and over logs two feet through, and log bridges torn to pieces in the mud. Sometimes I would be behind out of sight of the wagons, carrying and tugging my little ones along. Sometimes the

boys would stop the teams and come back after us. Made 9 miles. Encamped in thick woods. Found some grass. Unhitched the oxen; let them feed two hours, then chained them to trees. These woods are infested with wild cats, panthers, bears and wolves. A man told me that he had killed 7 tigers; but they are a species of wolves. We made us a fire and made a bed down on the wet ground, and laid down as happy as circumstances would admit. Glad to think we had escaped from Portland—such a game place.

Butteville, Oregon Ty., Yamhill County, Sept. 2, 1850.

Dear and Estimable Friends, Mrs. Paulina Foster and Mrs. Cynthia Ames:

I promised when I saw you last to write to you when I got to Oregon, and I done it faithfully, but as I never have received an answer, I do not know whether you got my letter and diary or not, consequently I do not know what to write now. I wrote four sheets full and sent it to you, but now I have not time to write. I write now to know whether you got my letter; and I will try to state a few things again. My husband was taken sick before we got to any settlement, and never was able to walk afterwards. He died at Portland, on the Willamette River, after an illness of two months. I will not attempt to describe my troubles since I saw you. Suffice it to say that I was left a widow with the care of seven children in a foreign land, without one solitary friend, as one might say, in the land of the living; but this time I will only endeavor to hold up the bright side of the picture. I lived a widow one year and four months. My three boys started for the gold mines, and it was doubtful to me whether I ever saw them again. Perhaps you will think it strange that I let such young boys go; but I was willing and helped them off in as good style as I could. They packed through by land. Russell Welch went by water. The boys never saw Russell in the mines. Well, after the boys were gone, it is true I had plenty of cows and hogs and plenty of wheat to feed them on and to make my bread. Indeed, I was well off if I had only known it; but I lived in a remote place where my strength was of little use to me. I could get nothing to do, and you know I could not live without work. I employed myself in teaching my children: yet that did not fully

occupy my mind. I became as poor as a snake, yet I was in good health, and never was so nimble since I was a child. I could run a half a mile without stopping to breathe. Well, I thought perhaps I had better try my fortune again; so on the 24th of June, 1849, I was married to a Mr. Joseph Geer, a man 14 years older than myself, though young enough for me. He is the father of ten children. They are all married, but two boys and two girls. He is a Yankee from Connecticut and he is a Yankee in every sense of the word, as I. told you he would be if it ever proved my lot to marry again. I did not marry rich, but my husband is very industrious, and is as kind to me as I can ask. Indeed, he sometimes provokes me for trying to humor me so much. He is a stout, healthy man for one of his age.

The boys made out poorly at the mines. They started in April and returned in September, I think. They were sick part of the time and happened to be in poor diggings all the while. They only got home with two hundred dollars apiece. They suffered very much while they were gone. When they came home they had less than when they started. Perley did not get there. He started with a man in partnership. The man was to provide for and bring him back, and he was to give the man half he dug; but when they got as far as the Umpqua River, they heard it was so very sickly there that the man turned back; but Perley would not come back. There were two white men keeping ferry on the Umpqua, so Perley stayed with them all summer and in the fall he rigged out on his own hook and started again; but on his way he met his brothers coming home, and they advised him for his life not to go, and so he came back with them.

At this time we are all well but Perley. I cannot answer for him; he has gone to the Umpqua for some money due him. The other two are working for four dollars a day. The two oldest boys have got three town lots in quite a stirring place called Lafayette in Yamhill County. Perley has four horses. A good Indian horse is worth one hundred dollars. A good American cow is worth sixty dollars. My boys live about 25 miles from me, so that I cannot act in the capacity of a mother to them; so you will guess it is not all sunshine with me, for you know my boys are not old enough to do without a mother. Russell Welch done

very well in the mines. He made about twenty hundred dollars. He lives 30 miles below me in a little town called Portland on the Willamette River. Sarah has got her third son. It has been one year since I saw her. Adam Polk's two youngest boys live about wherever they see fit. The oldest, if he is alive, is in California. There is some ague in this country this season, but neither I nor my children, except those that went to California, have had a day's sickness since we came to Oregon.

I believe I will say no more until I hear from you. Write as soon as possible and tell me everything. My husband will close this epistle.

ELIZABETH GEER.

Butteville, Sept. 9, 1850.

Dear Ladies:

As Mrs. Geer has introduced me to you, as her old Yankee husband, I will say a few words, in the hope of becoming more acquainted hereafter. She so often speaks of you, that you seem like old neighbors. She has neglected to tell you that she was once the wife of Cornelius Smith. She has told you how poor she became while a widow, but has not said one word about how fat she has become since she has been living with her Yankee husband. This is probably reserved for the next epistle, so I will say nothing about it.

Of her I will only say she makes me a first-rate wife, industrious, and kind almost to a fault to me, a fault, however, that I can cheerfully overlook, you know.

We are not rich, but independent, and live agreeably together, which is enough. We are located on the west bank of the Willamette River, about 20 miles above Oregon City, about 40 yards from the water—a very pleasant situation. Intend putting out a large orchard as soon as I can prepare the ground; have about ten thousand apple trees, and about 200 pear trees on hand. Trees for sale of the best kinds of fruit. Apple trees worth one dollar, and pears $1.50 apiece. I have not room to give you a description of this, the best country in the world, so I will not attempt it; but if you will answer this I will give you a more particular account next time. I will give a brief account of myself. I left

my native home, Windham, Conn., Sept. 10, 1818, for Ohio; lived in Ohio till Sept. 9, 1840, when I left for Illinois. Left Illinois April 4, 1847, for Oregon; arrived here Oct. 18, 1847. Buried my first wife Dec. 6, 1847.

Now I wish you or some of your folks to write to us and let us know all about the neighbors, as Mrs. Geer is very anxious to hear from you all.

Direct to Joseph C. Geer, Sen., Butteville, Marion County, Oregon Territory.

My best respects to Mr. Ames, and if there is a good Universalist preacher there, tell him he would meet with a cordial welcome here, as there is not one in this Territory.

I must close for want of room.

Yours respectfully,

JOSEPH C. GEER, SEN.

Mrs. P. Foster, and Mrs. C. Ames.

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE IN OREGON IN 1853.

By Hon. John Hailey, Librarian of the State Historical Society of Idaho, Boise, Idaho.

I came across the plains from Dade County, Missouri. to Oregon in 1853 in James Tatom's company. He and his father had four ox teams and about one hundred head of loose cattle. We arrived and stopped at Salem, Oregon, on the evening of October 18, 1853. Salem was a nice little village at that time, consisting of perhaps three hundred people. The country looked nice, but there did not seem to be much doing, and the show for poor emigrant boys to get work was slim. There were seven of us youngsters who had worked our passage across the plains, helping Mr. Tatom, some driving loose cattle, others driving the ox teams. As I had had some experience driving ox teams in Missouri, it fell to my lot to drive what was called the big team of five yoke of oxen to a large wagon. The other teams consisted of only two yoke each.

We all remained at Salem the next day after our arrival, looking around for work, but failed to find any. When we passed Oregon City a few days before, we heard that some company was working quite a number of men there on a kind of breakwater or dam across the Willamette River, so three of us, John S. McBride, James Wilson and myself, concluded to go back to Oregon City and try and get work there. But before we started, Mr. Tatom said that he wanted me to stay with him a few days and help him get his stock located on good range. So it was agreed that McBride and Wilson should go on to Oregon City and try and get work, and as soon as Mr. Tatom's stock was properly located on the range, I would come. Those two boys left for Oregon City and the other four struck for different parts. Tatom and I went out to what was called the Waldo Hills, about eight miles from Salem. Here we found splendid range for stock. The grass was fine and no stock there. We returned to camp and next day, with the assistance of Mr. Tatom's younger brother Isaac, we moved the cattle and the big wagon out there, with a supply of provisions. They returned to Salem to get the family located in a house, and left me alone to look after the cattle. The cattle were well contented and I had an easy, lone-

some time for ten days before he returned to relieve me. I went to Salem that evening, struck out for Oregon City next morning, went to the breakwater works, found McBride and Wilson wheeling rock over a narrow trestle, over very deep water. Occasionally a man would fall in; have to swim out or drown. (I had never run a wheelbarrow, nor had I ever learned to swim.) There was what seemed to me to be a cruel boss on the ground. I spoke to him about work. He said, "Yes; take a wheelbarrow; go wheeling stone with those men." I said, "Over those narrow plank?" He said, "Yes." "No, I will not if I can possibly get anything else to do where I can work on land." On my way down I had been told that a man whose name was William Holmes, residing one and a half miles from Oregon City, wanted to let a contract to have ten acres of land cleared, grubbed, and the scattering timber which stood on it cut into cordwood. I made up my mind at once I would see this man Holmes and try and get this contract, for I knew how to do that kind of work. I left, telling my two friends where I was going. They both said that if I got the contract, they would quit their job and go in with me.

In about four hours I was back and had taken the contract at Mr. Holmes' offer. In the agreement, he was to furnish all necessary tools. I requested him to get the tools for me that day, which he did. We were to board ourselves. I had relied mainly on my two friends' drawing the pay for the work they had done for the breakwater company for means to purchase provisions and camp outfit. When they notified their boss that they were going to quit and wanted their pay (which was about fifteen dollars each) he notified them that they could have no money nor certificate of time until next pay day, which was two weeks off. There was no use kicking. Telling him that they did not have a cent only seemed to please him. I said to them, "Come on, boys; I have money enough for us all to live on until we can earn more." After we started, they inquired how much money I had. I took out my purse and showed them that I had just three dollars and five cents. They seemed to think that a very small amount to purchase what we needed. "Yes." I said, "it's all we have, and we will make it do until we can get an advance on the work we are going to do." I had with me a

tin canteen I had brought from Missouri. We went into a grocery store, got this canteen filled with molasses, costing 25c: bought one small strip of thin bacon for $1.05; seven loaves of baker's bread at 25c each, $1.75; total, $3.05. We had our own blankets. We went up the hill to Mr. Holmes' ranch. He had gotten the necessary tools for us to work with, and told us we could sleep in his barn. We ate of that bread, syrup and raw bacon, went to grubbing at daybreak the next morning, and worked hard. The third day at noon we ate up the last vestige of our supplies. The other men insisted that I should go and see Mr. Holmes and get him to advance us some money. I said to them that I would work a few hours first and maybe Mr. Holmes might come out to see how we were getting along. We had worked quite a while when McBride spoke up and said: "John, it is time you were off to see Mr. Holmes and get some money to buy us some grub." "Yes, pretty soon," says I. The very thought of going and asking for money the third day, when Mr. Holmes had not yet been out to see what we had done, was very disagreeable to me. Besides, I had not told him when I took the contract that we would want money so soon, for I had expected that my two partners would get pay for the work done at Oregon City and that money would keep us in supplies for some time. I was square up against a hard proposition—no grub, no money, and no agreement for an advance of money so early. I kept grubbing, wondering how I could approach Mr. Holmes for money. To say that I felt embarrassed would not express my feelings. I felt that I would rather continue to grub as long as I could stand up, rather than go and ask for money so soon. Just when all of these painful thoughts were almost racking my head, I heard a loud voice speak up near by and say, "You are the best men to work I ever saw." I stopped my grubbing and looked up, and there was Mr. Holmes within a few feet of me. The next words he spoke were: "How are you boys fixed for grub and money?" I said to him, with a trembling voice, "Mr. Holmes, I am sorry to have to tell you that we ate the last bite of grub we had for lunch today and neither of us has a cent of money." Before I had any chance to explain to him how we had been disappointed in not getting the money the boys had earned at Oregon City, he thrust his hand into his pocket and brought out two

ten-dollar gold pieces and handed them to me, giving me at the same time a mild reprimand for not letting him know our condition before. Oh, his presence with those two ten-dollar pieces at that time was like the presence of a ministering angel to us. Mr. Holmes expressed himself as greatly pleased with our work and with the amount we had done.

I passed the money over to McBride and Wilson for them to go to Oregon City and get us some groceries and a few cooking utensils. Mr. Holmes told us that he had plenty of vegetables in his garden and he would let us have them at a less price than we would have to pay for them in town. I went with him to his garden and got all the vegetables we wanted. The old gentleman treated me well. I told him how we had been living and working for three days. He complimented us on our nerve and pride, but told me never to live that way again while around him. The reason he had not been out to see our work sooner, he was at that time sheriff of the county and had been away from his home attending to his official duties. The boys got back about dark. I had a good fire. Well, if you think we did not cook and eat that night, you are badly mistaken.

Sunday came. Mr. Holmes had a lot of long, straight rails and a lot of shakes not in use, which he loaned to us to build a cabin. This we built up against a large fir log, six and a half feet in diameter, having the roof slope one way over this big log. Then Mr. Holmes loaned us an old cook stove; so in a short time we were fairly well fixed for living.

Our work was only a few hundred yards from our cabin, but we always carried our lunch with us, and got to our work as soon as it was light enough to see to work. Notwithstanding it rained almost every day, we never stopped for the rain.

The next time Mr. Holmes came out to where we were working, a few weeks later, he looked around at our work, expressed himself as well pleased with our work, and handed each one of us a fifty-dollar gold coin piece, commonly called "fifty-dollar slugs."

We finished up the contract about Christmas. We then did a few days' work gathering Mr. Holmes' garden vegetables, put-

ting up a few barrels of sauer kraut for him. We then settled up. He paid us every dollar according to agreement. We had done fairly well for emigrants. We had cleared about fifty dollars per month each, over cost of living, while many other immigrants were working for fifteen to twenty dollars per month.

Mr. Holmes had looked out for a place for all of us for the balance of the winter, at one dollar per day; one to work for him, the other two to work for two farmers living about fifteen miles away. One was a Mr. Waterbury, whom he recommended as a very nice man; the other, a near neighbor to Mr. Waterbury, named Mr. Norton, said to have once been a sea captain. I wanted to stay with Mr. Holmes—each of the others did, also. Mr. Waterbury had been over to see us, and we liked his appearance, but we all had a dread of the old sea captain, Norton. I could not prevail on my two companions to agree for me to work for Mr. Holmes, nor for Mr. Waterbury. Notwithstanding that I was the youngest, only past 18 years old, and they 24 and 26 years old, they insisted that I had had as much experience as they, and they thought I could get along with the old sea captain better than either of them could; besides, we had been told that the work the captain wanted done was mostly chopping and splitting rails, which was work that I rather liked and they disliked. So they talked me into agreeing for Wilson to work for Mr. Holmes, McBride for Mr. Waterbury, and I to work for Captain Norton. So Wilson went to work for Mr. Holmes and McBride and I went to Mr. Waterbury's. He went with us over to Captain Norton's and introduced me as the man that had come to work for him. He seemed pleased, said he had heard we were fine workers, and his work was getting behind; was glad I had come. I asked him if he could give me an outline of the kind of work he expected me to do. He said, with all the importance of a sea captain giving orders to deck hands: "Yes; I want you to get us at 4 o'clock every morning, make a fire in the kitchen, one in the parlor; go to the stable, feed and dress off three horses; feed and milk one keow; chop up wood to do through the day for both fires; put the wood in the wood-boxes; by that time breakfast will be ready; then it will be light enough so you can see to go to the timber a half mile away to make rails." I said:

"Captain, about how many rails would you expect me to chop and split each day?" "Well," he said, "some have chopped and split two hundred and fifty per day, but if you chop and split two hundred and get in in time to do up the chores in the evening the same as in the morning, I will be satisfied." I straightened up a little and said, "Captain, I am fairly good at feeding and taking care of horses, feeding cows, chopping wood, and have never found a man that could chop and split more rails than I can; but I never milked a cow, nor will I ever milk one for you, or start in to do the amount of work you expect me to do each day for one dollar per day for you or for any other man. Good day, Captain."

I left him, stayed that night with McBride at Mr. Waterbury's, left the next morning, alone, with my blankets and grip, and brought up in January, 1854, at Empire City, on Coos Bay, in Oregon.

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

Thirty-Fourth Annual Reunion

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association

June 14, 1906

CONTAINING THE

Annual Address by Hon. Allen Weir
of Olympia, Washington
Ex-President of the Washington Pioneer Association

AND

Other Matters of Historic Interest

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MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Portland, Oregon, April 9, 1906.

The Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met at the rooms of the Oregon Historical Society, at 3 P. M., to arrange for the Annual Reunion of 1906—the thirty-fourth.

Present: John W. Minto, Portland, 1848, President; George H. Himes, 1853, Portland, Secretary; J. E. Magers, 1852, Portland, Corresponding Secretary; Robert A. Miller, 1854, Portland, and William Galloway, 1852, McMinnville, by George H. Himes, proxy, Directors.

The minutes of the last annual meeting were read and approved.

An order of business was submitted and, upon motion of Mr. Himes, was adopted, as follows:

1. Selection of place of meeting.

2. Selection of speakers: (a) for the annual address; (b) for the occasional address.

3. Selection of Grand Chaplain.

4. Selection of Grand Marshal.

5. Appointment of Committees: (a) Committee of Arrangements; (b) Finance Committee; (c) Committee on Building and Music; (d) Committee on Invitations; (e)

Committee on Transportation; (f) Reception Committee; (g) selection of Chairman of Woman's Auxiliary Committee.

The matter of the date was discussed at some length, and upon motion of J. E. Magers, seconded by George H. Himes, it was decided that June 14 should be fixed as the date.

On motion of Director Magers, seconded by Robert A. Miller, Portland was chosen as the place for holding the next reunion.

On motion of George H. Himes, seconded by J. E. Magers, Hon. Allen Weir, of Olympia, Washington, ex-President of the Washington Pioneer Association, was selected to give the Annual Address.

Rev. Andrew J. Hunsaker, 1847, McMinnville, was chosen as the Grand Chaplain.

Joseph Buchtel, 1852, was selected as Grand Marshal, with power to choose his own aides.

Mrs. Charlotte M. Cartwright, 1845, on motion of Mr. Himes, was selected as Chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary, with power to select her own assistants.

On motion of Mr. Magers it was voted that Messrs. Cook, Ladd and Himes should be the Committee on Finance.

All other matters, on motion, were referred to the Committee of Arrangements.

On motion, it was voted that the Committee of Arrangements should be composed of Mr. Himes, Mr. Magers, Mr. Minto and Mr. Miller.

It was voted that the Reception Committee should be made up of the full Board of Directors, the Marshal and such aides as he might select.

Secretary Himes was appointed the Committee on Transportation, also the Committee on Invitations.

The matter of securing a place of meeting and suitable music was referred to the Committee of Arrangements.

All other matters were referred to the Committee of Arrangements.

The Secretary was authorized to have one thousand copies of the Annual Transactions of 1906 printed, and also such envelopes, letters, badges, programmes, announcements, etc., as in his judgment might be necessary.

No further business appearing, the Board adjourned.

GEORGE H. HIMES, Secretary.

THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REUNION.

Portland, Oregon, Thursday, June 15, 1906.

(From The Oregonian.)

The white-haired host of state-builders gathered in Portland yesterday for the thirty-fourth time since the organization of the Oregon Pioneer Association, and for the thirty-fourth time together lived over the days when the beckoning hand of Fate called them from their Eastern homes to the then primeval forests of the "Oregon Country." Twelve hundred aged men and women grasped each others' hands—twelve hundred of the most honored citizens of this glorious state gathered at the banquet board, "broke bread" with hospitable Portland, and exchanged "experiences" of those long gone but never-to-be-forgotten days on the plains. Eyes which had become dulled with the flight of years brightened, and limbs grown weary with the long march of life again took on the vigor of youth as the friends of the score of years from 1839 to 1859 met and recalled the hardships of those early days, and the happiness which followed in meeting even under the most primitive conditions.

For Oregon's early settlers had that sturdy quality which made it possible for happiness and hardship to go hand-in-hand, and to this is due in great measure the wonderful progress which civilization has made in this still new country. Those of this later generation looked on with love and veneration and wondered at the great courage and strength of character which enabled these heroes and heroines—for that is what they are—to raise and dedicate this structure of civilization in the heart of the trackless wilderness to which they came—and which they subdued.

But the pathetic note of the harmonious day could not be overlooked. It was sounded in the great number of vacant chairs. Nearly fifty of the dear souls who mingled with the great gray army last year have gone to the front, for the serried hosts pass rapidly. But to those who are left, to those who will pass on before another June rolls 'round, there is the consolation that the passing is to yet another new land, the possession of which means all comfort, all happiness, all rest and love. There will be no endless forest, no savages, no striving of years for the goal. All that is past for the pioneers of Oregon, and the white hairs which crown their weather-beaten heads are to us who are enjoying the fruit of their lifelong toil, earthly halos.

GATHER AT THE ARMORY.

Time was when the pioneers gathered down town and marched in line to the Armory, where their celebration is held, but that is over now. Each year Father Time lays his hand more heavily upon their shoulders, and the way now seems too long. Instead of proudly bearing the banners proclaiming the year of arrival in Oregon, in the march, they now have only the badge to tell this story, and all gathered at the Armory yesterday at 1 o'clock to hear the annual address, to retell the old, old stories, and to partake of the generous hospitality which always awaits them and which it is Portland's greatest pleasure to extend.

It was an inspiring sight which greeted all comers to the Armory. It was an occasion for pioneers alone and no others. The committees which served the sumptuous banquet were the only outsiders admitted. Curious citizens, children and even relatives of the Association members were

barred, for it was Pioneer Day and the pioneers needed every foot of space in the great Armory. They were there to meet and greet each other—to renew old acquaintances, to live over the cabin days of half a century ago, to refight the Indian battles, so the day and the hall were theirs alone.

GREETING THE GUESTS.

Portland's Mayor, Dr. Harry Lane, himself a grandson of a pioneer Governor who has passed into that same new country, welcomed them to the city and spoke tender words which touched every heart. A veteran pioneer made the annual address and a pioneer minister offered the prayer. At the door of the banquet hall they were greeted by one of Oregon's most beloved pioneer women, and the daughters and grand-daughters of pioneer citizens served them with loving hands. The magnificent floral decorations brought smiles to withered faces and joy to loyal hearts. When the ox-carts of fifty years ago stopped on the banks of the Willamette there was only the wild growth of the wilderness, but that has given way to the relentless hand of civilization, and the beautiful flowers which adorned the table yesterday represented some of that toil—some of the results. And it was mentioned many times, "We didn't have such flowers then!"

Upon assembling at the Armory, the Pioneers were received by Grand Marshal Joseph Buchtel and his aides—E. J. Jeffery, James F. Failing, C. S. Silver, N. H. Bird, E. D. White, J. D. Lee, H. W. Prettyman, R. A. Miller, J. C. Carson, G. L. Story, A. B. Stuart, J. W. Partlow and L. B. Geer. There was an hour of greetings and renewal of old acquaintances before President John W. Minto called the

meeting to order at two o'clock, and the following programme was followed:

Music, Brown's Orchestra.

Prayer by the Chaplain, Rev. A. J. Hunsaker, 1847, McMinnville.

Address of welcome by Hon. Harry Lane, Mayor of Portland.

Response by the President.

Appointment of Committee on Resolutions by the President.

Music, Brown's Orchestra.

Annual address, Hon. Allen Weir, Olympia, ex-President Washington Pioneer Association.

Solo, (a) "Old Folks at Home"; (b) "Dear Little One" (words of latter by Mrs. June McMillen Ordway), Miss Elizabeth Hoben. Accompanist, Mrs. Rose Weinberger.

Music, "America," Brown's Orchestra, audience joining.

Announcement by the Grand Marshal.

Benediction, Chaplain.

The big auditorium of the Armory was packed to the doors with men and women who came to Portland when there were only a few log cabins standing on the river banks—some of them arriving here before there were any buildings at all. The roomy quarters of the big Armory seem to mark a sharp contrast between the log cabin days and the present, and they all seemed to notice and remark it. The hall was tastefully decorated in honor of Portland's distinguished visitors, and the stirring music of Brown's

Orchestra added to the animation of the scene. It seemed especially fitting that the Mayor of Oregon's largest city should be a grandson of one of the state's most honored pioneers, its first Governor, and that he should extend a welcome to the friends and associates of that grandparent. His address was in most appropriate vein, and the response of President Minto was most appreciative.

The thoughtfulness of Secretary George H. Himes was evident in the short programme which was given, he having been convinced on former occasions that the older members of the Association become tired out by the time several addresses are given, no matter how interesting they might be. For this reason, there was only one address besides the Mayor's welcome, the speaker of the afternoon being Hon. Allen Weir, of Olympia, Washington, ex-president of the Washington Pioneer Association. Mr. Weir, who is an eloquent speaker and one of Washington's most honored citizens, has lived on the shores of Puget Sound for forty-six years, and is thoroughly acquainted with early conditions in the Pacific Northwest. In his intensely interesting address he reviewed the plans of the Hudson's Bay Company to keep settlers out of this section, and recounted the formation of the provisional government.

BANQUET AT 5 P. M.

At the conclusion of the programme a social hour was greatly enjoyed by the pioneers, and at 5 o'clock a procession was formed by Grand Marshal Buchtel and his aides, with the earliest pioneers in the van, and the pathfinders journeyed to the banquet-room, where they were received by Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, Chairman of the Woman's Aux-

iliary, assisted by the Pioneer Woman's Reception Committee, as follows:

Mrs. W. S. Ladd, Chairman; Mrs. Raleigh Stott, Mrs. R. B. Wilson, Mrs. Maria L. Myrick, Mrs. A. Meier, Mrs. A. C. Gibbs, Mrs. Matthew P. Deady, Mrs. C. Vantine, Mrs. B. H. Bowman, Mrs. P. Selling, Mrs. Theodore Wygant, Mrs. B. P. Cardwell, Mrs. Frankie Helms, Mrs. H. W. Corbett, Mrs. Elijah Corbett, Mrs. F. Moreland Harvey, Mrs. Seneca Smith, Portland; Mrs. George A. Harding, Mrs. H. L. Kelly, Oregon City; Mrs. Elizabeth Lord, Mrs. Elizabeth M. Wilson, The Dalles; Mrs. Elizabeth Kenney, Jacksonville; Mrs. Sarah S. Munson, Skipanon; Mrs. C. O. Boynton, Woodburn; Mrs. Elizabeth Chambers, Mrs. A. C. McClelland, Baker City; Mrs. James W. Kelley, Cathlamet; Mrs. Elizabeth Perry, Houlton.

The names of the members of the Woman's Auxiliary having charge of the banquet, with their assistants, are as follows:

General Chairman, Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, with power to act; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Mollie Burke.

Committee on Supplies—Booth No. 1, bread and cake—Miss Nannie E. Taylor, Chairman; Mrs. L. M. Parrish, Miss Annie Cremen, Miss Martha Hoyt, Mrs. S. E. Harker, Miss Hildegarde Plummer, Miss Linda Morton, Miss Agnes Kelly, Miss Imogene Raffety.

Booth No. 2—Meats, fish and salads—Mrs. John W. Minto, Chairman; Mrs. Herbert Holman, Mrs. D. McLauchlan, Mrs. H. E. Coleman, Mrs. George Campbell,

Mrs. Archie L. Pease, Mrs. John H. Burgard, Mrs. A. D. Charlton.

Ice cream, milk, cream and butter:

Booth No. 1—Mrs. C. Vantine, Miss Myrtle B. Moffett.

Booth No. 2—Miss Mary McKay, Mrs. G. Breyman.

Booth No. 3—Mrs. Albert Brown, Mrs. E. Brown.

Booth No. 4—Mrs. Clara Watt Morton, Miss Linley Morton, Miss Etta Wrenn.

Decorating Committee—Miss Clara Teal, Chairman; Miss Hazel Weidler, Miss Rachel Josephi, Miss Grace Warren, Miss Margaret Catlin, Miss Katherine Sitton, Miss Madeline Smith.

Rose Booth—Miss Millie Strowbridge, Chairman; Miss Helen MacEwen, Miss Grace Gearin, Miss Weidler, Miss Hoyt, Miss Grace Warren.

Aides—George Freeman, Lewis Freeman, Robert Marsh, Simeon Reed Winch, M. McClure.

Table Committee—Mrs. Clara Humason Waldo, Chairman.

Table No. 1—Mrs. George W. Bates, Mrs. Alexander Muir. Assistants, Miss Clara Teal, Miss Sarah Harker.

Table No. 2—Miss Clementine Wilson, Mrs. S. B. Linthicum. Assistants, Miss Wilson, Miss Glisan, Miss Leslie Weidler, Miss Evelyn Wilson.

Table No. 3—Mrs. J. Wesley Ladd, Miss Sallie Lewis. Assistants, Miss Susie Stott, Mrs. John Kollock.

Table No. 4—Mrs. James W. Cook, Miss Elva Humason. Assistants, Miss Clarissa Wiley, Miss Jessie Farrell, Miss Lavilla Humason.

Table No. 5—Mrs. J. C. Moreland, Mrs. William D. Fenton. Assistants, Miss Anna Farrell, Miss Carlotta Parker, Mrs. M. W. Gill, Mrs. Willard Jones.

Table No. 6—Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, Miss Failing. Assistants, Miss May Failing, Miss Rota Failing, Mrs. William Jones, Mrs. W. L. Brewster.

Table No. 7—Mrs. Harriet K. McArthur, Mrs. George Taylor. Assistants, Mrs. I. L. Patterson, Miss Pauline Nesmith, Miss Margaret Catlin, Mrs. J. A. Cook.

Table No. 8—Mrs. A. B. Croasman, Mrs. J. M. Freeman. Assistants, Mrs. Frank Freeman, Miss Daisy Belle Freeman, Mrs. W. W. Harder, Miss Eula Frances McCully.

Table No. 9—Mrs. M. A. M. Ashley, Mrs. P. W. Gillette. Assistants, Mrs. C. W. Sherman, Mrs. G. H. Nottage.

Table No. 10—Mrs. William S. Sibson, Mrs. W. E. Robertson. Assistants, Miss Nan Robertson, Miss Madeline Smith, Miss Ruth Smith, Miss Caroline Burns.

Table No. 11—Mrs. George W. Weidler, Mrs. John McCraken. Assistants, Miss Charlotte Sherlock, Mrs. Robert Lewis, Miss Hazel Weidler, Mrs. Hattie Pratt.

Table No. 12—Mrs. A. Meier, Mrs. E. E. McClure. Assistants, Mrs. Harold G. Rice, Mrs. Alice McLoughlin, Mrs. Leon Hirsch, Miss Zerlina Loewenberg.

Table No. 13—Mrs. John Gill, Mrs. J. K. Gill. Assistants, Mrs. J. L. Hartman, Mrs. T. T. Strain, Miss Louise Bickel, Miss Dorothy Gill.

Table No. 14—Mrs. Charles T. Kamm, Mrs. W. R. Sewall. Assistants, Miss Agnes Catlin, Miss Estelle Killin, Miss Bessie Sewall, Miss Kate Holman.

Table No. 15—Mrs. P. J. Mann, Mrs. Carrie Wellman. Assistants, Miss Frances Warren, Miss Meredith James.

Table No. 16—Mrs. M. C. George, Mrs. I. W. Pratt. Assistants, Miss Gertrude Pratt, Miss Florence George, Miss Edna George, Mrs. Maud U. Scott.

Table No. 17—Mrs. Grace Watt Ross, Mrs. James P. Moffett. Assistants, Miss Agnes Watt, Miss Helen MacEwan, Miss Blanch Wrenn.

Table No. 18—Mrs. June McMillen Ordway, Mrs. H. B. Nicholas. Assistants, Mrs. M. Price, Mrs. E. W. Spencer, Miss Fay C. Himes, Miss Beulah Nicholas.

Reserve tables as follows: Table No. 1—Mrs. Robert Porter, Mrs. T. T. Struble. Assistants, Miss Helena Humason, Miss Marguerite Wiley, Miss Leola Struble, Mrs. S. B. Westacott.

Table No. 2—Mrs. Charles Holman, Mrs. Charles Holman, Jr. Assistants, Miss Myrtle B. Moffett, Mrs. William C. Holman.

FACTORS IN THE REUNION.

The addresses, the music and the greeting of old friends are important factors in the annual reunion of Oregon's pioneers, but after all is said; one can safely conclude that the banquet is the most enjoyable and important feature of the annual celebration, and there are many members who anticipate the beautiful sight which the banquet hall always presents, the heavily laden board, and the inimitable, heartfelt greeting of Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, far in advance of the day. Each year it is said that the banquet excels that of th previous year, and this can be truthfully repeated for 1906, for never did the tables look more gorgeous in their wealth of floral decorations, and never did the members of the Woman's Auxiliary serve a more elaborate repast than that of yesterday. Eighteen long tables stretched the width of the great drill-room, and at them more than twelve hundred aged men and women took their seats, the average age of whom was sixty-seven years.

Nowhere but in Portland could such elaborate floral decorations be possible, and the various committees which attended the individual tables were amply repaid by the genuine wonder and admiration of their guests, and the eager manner in which the flowers were taken after the meal was over. There were tables in the rich red Jacqueminots, in vari-colored sweet peas, in brilliant yellow California poppies and brown-eyed Susans; there were wagonloads of fragrant La France and Caroline Testout roses, their delicate pink being offset by ferns and other greens, and there were several Crimson Rambler tables which made brilliant splashes of coloring in the scene. The table reserved for the oldest members of the Association was dressed entirely in white roses and was most effective. Tables standing

under the edge of the balcony had handsome hanging baskets of roses, and opposite the main entrance was a huge ox-yoke of pink roses. This design attracted the attention of practically every visitor who entered the hall.

The Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Mollie Burke, was indispensable to the occasion and did much to make it a success.

In connection with the success of the reunion, the name of Secretary George H. Himes stands out in bolder prominence than any other, for, as a prominent member remarked yesterday, "Himes is the backbone and running-gear of this Association."

"And when you tell about the Portlanders who donated this banquet," added President Minto, "don't forget to add that H. W. Bowers, of the Portland Hotel, had all the fish cooked for us this year. There were twenty of those large salmon—all done to a turn, too."

While many of the pioneers went to the homes of Portland friends after the banquet, the majority of them remained, chatting with friends of former years and relating stories of the trail. There were not so many badges of the '30s this year, but those of the various '40s seemed as numerous as last year. Those of '44, '49 and '52 seemed to be in the majority. The presence of F. X. Matthieu, 1842, was remarked upon with great pride, he being one of the oldest and most prominent members present. Mrs. Stephen Coffin, despite her eighty-seven years, was more active than some many years her junior. C. S. Silver is over the ninety mark, but rendered splendid service as aid to Grand Marshal Buchtel.

Joshua McDaniel, '44, was a prominent figure at the campfire, and recounted many thrilling experiences of days gone by. Mr. McDaniel was one of the party which rescued the survivors of the Whitman massacre, two of those survivors, Mrs. Gertrude Hall Denny and Mrs. Elizabeth Sager Helm, being present. Mrs. Elizabeth M. Wilson, '51, whose husband was one of Oregon's prominent early Congressmen, was present from The Dalles, accompanied by Mrs. L. F. Mosher, '53, daughter of Governor Lane. Mrs. W. H. Rees, '45, chatted with friends about early days, and G. M. Allen, '47, of Yamhill County, seemed hale and hearty, despite his advanced years. There were '39ers, '49ers and '59ers, and hundreds to represent every year in between those dates; and all were happy and content, and before the day was well over were planning to attend the next year's celebration.

EVENING SESSION.

At 7:30 a large number of Pioneers assembled in the upper drill hall of the Armory, and were called to order by President John W. Minto for the purpose of holding the annual business meeting.

The first business being that of the election of officers, resulted as follows:

President, M. C. George, 1851, Portland.

Vice-President, J. D. Lee, 1848, Portland.

Secretary, George H. Himes, 1853, Portland, re-elected for the twenty-second time.

Corresponding Secretary, Robert A. Miller, 1854, Portland.

Treasurer, Charles E. Ladd, 1857, Portland.

Directors, Frederick V. Holman, 1852, Portland; J. E. Magers, 1852, Portland; T. T. Geer, 1851, Salem.

The following resolutions, prepared by Secretary Himes, were then read and unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The Oregon Historical Society, duly incorporated under the laws of the State of Oregon, on December 17, 1898, for the specific purpose of gathering and permanently saving all kinds of historical material relating to the life of Oregon, beginning with its Pioneers and Indian War Veterans; and,

Whereas, Said society, being perpetual in its duration, and holding all its accumulations in trust for the State of Oregon, by the express terms of its charter, and having in the seven years of its existence gathered such a quantity of valuable material—so valuable that it cannot be estimated in terms of money—that it is now seriously handicapped in its work for the want of necessary space in which to carry on its legitimate work; and,

Whereas, It is only a question of a short time, comparatively, before the City of Portland will need the nine rooms in the City Hall which the Oregon Historical Society has been kindly permitted to occupy since the organization of said society, and hence will be compelled to seek new quarters; therefore, be it

Resolved, At this thirty-fourth annual meeting of the Oregon Pioneer Association, assembled in the City of Portland—the creation of the Pioneers of Oregon—that we respectfully call on and urge the next legislative assembly of Oregon to appropriate the necessary funds to erect a suitable building in said City of Portland, to be occupied by the Oregon Historical Society as a permanent home, said structure to be a memorial building in honor of the Pioneers and Indian War Veterans of Oregon; and be it further

Resolved, That we, as individual pioneers, in the respective counties from whence we come to this annual reunion, will use

every legitimate effort to induce our representatives in both houses of the legislative assembly of 1907 to support the measure suggested in the preceding resolution; and be it further

Resolved, That we request Hon. George E. Chamberlain, Governor of Oregon, to recommend the necessary appropriation of funds for the purposes herein specified, in his next biennial message; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the Governor of Oregon, and to every member of the next legislative assembly, attested by the signature of the president and secretary of this association; and, further, that petitions in support of the object herein set forth be generally circulated throughout this state, for the purpose of securing signatures not only of pioneers, but of the people generally, said petitions to be presented to the legislature at the beginning of the session in 1907.

Resolutions were also adopted endorsing the demand of the Indian War Veterans to be placed upon the same footing as the veterans of other wars with regard to pensions; deprecating the proposed destruction of Castle Rock by the opening of a stone quarry at its base, and thanking the members of the Woman's Auxiliary, under the leadership of Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, for their work in aiding to make the Thirty-Fourth Annual Reunion one of the most successful in the history of the Association.

The following resolutions, offered by George H. Himes, Secretary, were adopted:

Resolved, on behalf of the Woman's Auxiliary, that we extend our heartiest thanks to the Tallant-Grant Packing Company, Sanborn-Cutting Packing Company, Columbia River Packers' Association, Astoria; P. J. McGowan & Sons, McGowan, Wash.; Warren Packing Company, Portland, Or.; J. G. Megler & Co., Brookfield, Wash.; Pillar Rock Packing Company, Pillar

Rock, Wash., for an ample supply of excellent salmon for the banquet.

Resolved, That the thanks of the Oregon Pioneer Association are due and hereby extended to, Mr. H. C. Bowers, manager of the Portland Hotel, for baking salmon for the Woman's Auxiliary.

Resolved, That, as Pioneers, we extend our sincere thanks to Mrs. Warren E. Thomas and the "Lakme Quartet" for so kindly favoring us with most excellent and enjoyable music during the evening's programme.

Joseph Buchtel, 1852, for many years the Grand Marshal of the Oregon Pioneer Association, gave notice that he would offer an amendment to the Constitution to the effect that the annual addresses prescribed by the Constitution should not hereafter be delivered as public addresses, but published in the Annual Transactions. The reason for offering this amendment, he stated, was that in a large number of cases advancing years had made it impossible for the Pioneers to hear them, and on that account they were not especially interested, and naturally would prefer to spend the time allotted for addresses in social intercourse and renewing old acquaintanceship.

Then President Minto expressed in a few well-chosen and heartfelt words his gratitude for having been called upon to act as President of the Association for the past year, and called upon Robert A. Miller, 1854, to preside over the assembly for the remainder of the evening, whereupon it was voted to adjourn.

Upon assuming the chair, Mr. Miller called for brief addresses in the nature of "Pioneer Experiences," and responses were made by Joseph D. Lee, 1848; Mrs. Abigail

Scott Duniway, 1852; Rev. John Flinn, 1850; J. E. Magers, 1852; Mrs. Clara Humason Waldo, and others.

Musical selections were given by Brown's Orchestra and by the Lakme Quartette—Mrs. Mary Dearborn Schwab, Miss Ethel Lytle, Miss Nettie Greer, Mrs. W. A. T. Bushong. Mrs. Warren E. Thomas, accompanist.

Closing song, "Auld Lang Syne," led by Brown's Orchestra, audience joining.

"The Pioneer Mother's Lullaby," written by Mrs. Sarah Fisher Henderson, 1845, with music by Professor Edward J. Finck, was sung by Miss Lucy Alfrida Latourette, a grand-daughter of Rev. Ezra Fisher, a pioneer of 1845. The words are as follows:

Baby, thy cradle is fashioned with care,
The arms of thy mother encompass thee there;
Baby, my baby! oh sleep, baby, sleep,
Sleep or thy mother in sorrow will weep.
Lullaby, lullaby, cloud upon cloud,
The dust of the desert envelopes like shroud.
Lullaby, baby; God hasten our quest!
Lullaby, dear one, an angel's our guest.

Baby, oh baby! mine own darling one;
Bright are the rays of the mid-summer sun.
Baby, my baby, thy father and I
Journey to seek thee a home by and by.
Father above, let no arrow take flight,
Speeding its death-wing out of the night.
Temper the breezes, O Father of Light,
Lullaby, baby; let no strange dream affright.

Babe, O my babe! by this wilderness trail,
A land of fair promise we some time shall hail;

There, O my baby, thy father and I
Will build thee a home beneath its fair sky.
Lullaby, fear not, thine eyes close to rest:
Dream of the angels and all that is best;
Angels keep virgil, my darling, o'er thee,
Smile in thy slumber, they guard thee and me.

At the conclusion of the programme the entire audience, Pioneers, their descendants and friends, enjoyed a social hour, during which old-time reminiscences were recounted old friendships cemented and new ones formed.

Thus closed the Reunion of 1906.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Sent to those who rendered special favors to the Oregon Pioneer Association in connection with the Thirty-fourth Annual Reunion:

Portland, June 22, 1906.

Sanborn-Cutting Packing Company, Astoria, Oregon.

Gentlemen: Tenas ahncutty mika potlatch hyou "Tyee Salmon" kopa hyass ahncutty Boston tillikums. Yah-ka hiyou muck-a-muck June 14. Yah-ka Boston tillikums kloch nanich okoke salmon, hyass kloshe muck-a-muck. Yah-ka Boston tillikums—Pioneers—hiyou wa-wa kopa mika; hiyou hee-hee.

Mika tum-tum kopa Pioneers hyass kloshe—mika tum-tum hyass t'kop. Mercie! mercie!

Since you may not have an interpreter handy, I give you a free translation of the above:

"A little while ago you gave a good lot of fine King salmon to the old Pioneers for their banquet on June 14. Those Pioneers took a good look at those salmon, and remembered how good they were when nothing but salmon could be had for food. Those Boston men (all Americans were called "Boston" men, and Englishmen, or employes of the Hudson's Bay Company were called "King George Men") talked much about you, and felt very thankful to you for your kindness, and had a good time and much laughter as they recalled their old-time experiences. Your heart towards the Pioneers is very good, and your heart is very white. Thank you! thank you."

Very truly yours,

GEORGE H. HIMES,

Secretary Oregon Pioneer Association.

Portland, June 22, 1906.

Tahum Moon, Mox Tat-te-lum, Mox Sun.

Tallant-Grant Packing Company, Astoria, Oregon.

Tillikums: Mika tum-tum kopa Pioneers hyass kloshe; mika tum-tum hyass t'kope; mika potlatch hiyou kloshe salmon kopa ahncutty "Boston men"; yah-ka skookum muck-a-muck, hiyou hee-hee, wake quass. Mercie! mercie! Spose mesika memaloose, nesika tickeh mesika klatawa kopah hyass Sah-hale Illihee. Klaham.

Freely translated:

"Friends: Your heart towards the Pioneers is very good; your heart is very white; you gave a generous quantity of good salmon to the Pioneers, and they had a big feed, without being afraid of exhausting the supply. Thank you! thank you! When you come to die we wish you safe entrance into heaven. Good-bye."

I'll add no more.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE H. HIMES,

Secretary Oregon Pioneer Association.

Portland, June 22, 1906.

P. J. McGowan & Sons, McGowan, Wash.

Gentlemen: Your kindness in providing a liberal supply of fine salmon for the Pioneer banquet on June 14 is greatly appreciated, and it is with great pleasure that I extend to you the sincere thanks of the Oregon Pioneer Association and the Pioneer Woman's Auxiliary for the generous and timely gift, which formed a conspicuous feature of the annual feast, which has become so important and interesting a part of the annual reunions. As one old pioneer of 1843 expressed it, "Hiyou Hyass kloshe Salmon! Kah mika iskum? Yah-ka McGowan tillikums kloshe potlatch? Nowitka. Yah-ka tillikums hyass kloshe. Tyee salmon hyass kloshe muck-a-muck. Mika Kumtux?"

Very truly yours,

GEORGE H. HIMES,

Secretary Oregon Pioneer Association.

Portland, June 22, 1906.

Warren Packing Company, Portland, Oregon.

Gentlemen: It is with great pleasure that I convey to you the assurance that the "hyass kloshe potlatch" of a number of "Royal Chinook salmon" by you to the Pioneer Woman's Auxiliary, having in charge the annual Pioneer banquet, was highly appreciated. For this latest generous act, and for numerous favors in the past, accept the hearty thanks of the Oregon Pioneer Association.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE H. HIMES,
Secretary Oregon Pioneer Association.

Portland, June 22, 1906.

J. G. Megler & Co.,, Brookfield, Wash.

Gentlemen: For your generous "potlatch" of excellent salmon to the Pioneer Woman's Auxiliary of Portland, in connection with the banquet for the Thirty-fourth Annual Reunion, held on June 14, please accept my sincere thanks. I wish I could convey to you the great pleasure that the Pioneers enjoyed in partaking of the kingly fish, which has made the "Columbia River salmon" a household word throughout the earth, thanks to the skill and care shown by those who put them upon the market.

With best wishes for great success in all your enterprise, I remain, sincerely yours, with renewed thanks for present and past favors,

GEORGE H. HIMES,
Secretary Oregon Pioneer Association.

Portland, June 22, 1906.

Pillar Rock Packing Co., Pillar Rock, Washington.

Gentlemen: I take great pleasure in expressing to you the since thanks of the Pioneers of Oregon for the generous "potlatch" of the kingly salmon to assist the Pioneer Woman's Auxiliary, Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, chairman, in the preparation of the banquet for the Thirty-fourth Annual Pioneer Reunion,

FRIDAY, JUNE 15, 1906.

Memorial services in connection with the reinterment of the remains of Rev. Jason Lee (born 1803; died 1845), missionary colonizer, founder of Willamette University, at the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Salem, Oregon.

Morning service, 10 o'clock—Rev. D. L. Rader, D. D., presiding; Scripture; prayer; hymn; address, Hon. W. D. Fenton; vocal solo; address, Rev. Dr. J. R. Wilson, of Portland Academy; hymn; benediction. Under auspices of church.

Afternoon service, 1 o'clock; under auspices of the Pioneer Association—Hon. J. C. Moreland, presiding; Scripture; prayer; hymn; address, Hon. Harvey W. Scott; vocal solo; address, Hon. Reuben P. Boise; hymn; benediction.

Interment, 3:30 P. M., Lee Mission Cemetery—Honorary pallbearers: Rev. I. D. Driver, D. D., Rev. Robert Booth, Rev. T. F. Royal, Rev. J. H. B. Royal, Rev. Nelson Clark, Rev. John Flynn, Rev. A. J. Joslyn, Rev. John Atwood, Rev. M. S. Anderson, Rev. W. J. White, Rev. W. S. Turner, Rev. W. W. Van Dusen, D. D., Rev. J. D. Gillilan, Rev. Abraham Eades.

Evening service, 8:00 o'clock, under auspices of the states formed out of the original Oregon Territory—Hon. Asahel Bush, presiding; Scripture; prayer; hymn, address, "Oregon," His Excellency Governor George E. Chamberlain; music; address, "Washington," Hon. Allen Weir, representing His Excellency the Governor; music; address, "Idaho," Lieutenant-Governor B. L. Steeves, representing His Excellency the Governor; song, "America"; benediction.

Committee of Arrangements—John H. Coleman, chairman; Francis H. Grubbs, secretary; Robert A. Booth, Mrs. Smith French, Walton Skipworth.

Note.—All the addresses above noted were printed in full in The Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society for September, 1906, and can be had upon application to George H. Himes, secretary of the Oregon Pioneer Association, and assistant secretary of the Oregon Historical Society, City Hall, Portland, Oregon.

PIONEERS IN ATTENDANCE.

Those who registered at the office of the Secretary, George H. Himes, were as follows:

1837.

Benj. Beers, Independence.
Mrs. Mary Aplin, Woodburn.

1838.

R. C. Baldra, Hillsboro.

1839.

Mrs. M. A. Bird, Hillsboro.
Robt. G. Pierce, Carlton.

1840.

Mrs. Wiley Edwards, Newberg.
Wm. Abernethy, Forest Grove.

1841.

Capt. Thos. Mountain, Portland.
Mrs. S. H. Elliott, Holbrook.
Mrs. Eleanor Waller Stratton, St. Johns.
Mrs. Mary Elliott, Holbrook.

1842.

F. X. Matthieu, Butteville.
D. A. Carter, Hillsboro.

1843.

Mrs. Daniel O'Neill, Oregon City.
Mrs. E. J. Perkins, Portland.
Rebecca Griffiths, Portland.
W. L. Higgins, Portland.
S. S. Lenox, Gaston.
J. T. Hembree, LaFayette.
Mrs. F. S. Abernethy, Forest Grove.
Mrs. M. C. Hembree, LaFayette.
W. C. Hembree, McMinnville.
Mrs. L. A. Dixon, Portland.
Rev. M. Eells, Union, Wash.

Mrs. Mary Garrison, Sellwood.
Mrs. Isabella Bertrand, Portland.
Mrs. Diantha Jenkins, Albany.
Mrs. John G. Baker, Portland.
Dr. B. A. Owen Adair, Warrenton.
Mrs. L. E. Wright, Nashville.
Almoran Hill, Gaston.
Mrs. S. J. Hill, Gaston.

1844.

Mrs. Mary P. Sax, McMinnville.
John Cline, McMinnville.
B. F. Shaw, Vancouver, Wash.
J. C. Nelson, Newberg.
Mrs. M. J. Klinger, Dufur.
Mrs. Elzina Stewart, McMinnville.
A. H. Caples, Caples, Wash.
Joshue McDaniel, Rickreall.
Mrs. J. H. Adams, Portland.
W. D. Stillwell, Tillamook.
F. L. Lewis, Portland.
Mrs. Maria Baker, Portland.
Mrs. Elizabeth S. Helm, Portland.
Mrs. E. A. Bellion, Portland.
Hezekiah Caples, St. Helens.
S. E. Reynolds, Portland.
Mrs. Francis Moreland Harvey, Portland.
Mrs. Lizzie Bedwell, North Yamhill.
Thomas M. Ramsdell, Portland.
Mrs. Elvira Russell, North Yamhill.
G. L. Rowland, North Yamhill.
John Minto, Salem.
T. V. B. Embree, Dallas.
W. S. Gilliam, Walla Walla, Wash.
Mrs. Mary Cline, Portland.
Mrs. Rachel Cornelius, Portland.

1845.

W. Carey Johnson, Fulda, Wash.
C. O. Hosford, Portland.
James M. Griffith, Portland.
Charles Bolds, Milwaukie.
W. F. Helm, Portland.
Mrs. L. J. Bennett, Portland.
Mrs. Julia Wilcox, Portland.
Mrs. Fannie Archibold, Hillsboro.
Mrs. Emily Patison, Wamic.
Mrs. A. E. Latourette, Portland.
Mrs. C. E. Forsyth, Castle Rock, Wash.
Mrs. Mary Moore, Portland.
J. P. Crabtree, Crabtree.
H. Terwilliger, Portland.
C. C. Bozorth, Portland.
J. L. Williams, Portland.
Mrs. Lydia Williams, Portland.
B. F. Bonney, Kelso, Wash.
T. B. Killin, Hubbard.
Mrs. John La Chappell, Portland.
John Cogswell, Eugene.
Mrs. M. A. Frush, Portland.
A. G. Lloyd, Waitsburg, Wash.
Mrs. E. H. Denney, McCoy, Ore.

Mrs. Jane Crandall, Portland.
Mrs. A. F. Catching, Portland.
Mrs. E. C. Thyng, Portland.
Mrs. M. A. Hurley, Portland.
F. C. Perry, Molalla.
Mrs. Elizabeth Perry, Houlton.
Mrs. M. J. Hendricks, North Yamhill.
F. M. Cook, Turner.
Mrs. T. J. Cottel, Portland.
Mrs. Mary E. Jacobs, Mosier.
Mrs. S. J. Henderson, Portland.
Mrs. C. M Cartwright, Portland.
Mrs. D. P. Thompson, Portland.
Mrs. Margaret O. M. Moore, Portland.
Mrs. Elizabeth Chambers, Baker City.
Mrs. Elizabeth Kenney, Jacksonville.
Mrs. C. O. Boynton, Woodburn.
Mrs. W. H. Rees, Portland.
H. C. Lamberson, Scappoose.
S. Durbin, Salem.
Mrs. M. Bowles, Portland.
T. W. Foster, Oregon City.
Mrs. Delila E. Renter, Portland.
Mrs. Sarah I. Hawk, Fossil.
J. L. Lamberson, Houlton.
Mrs. Mary E. Ellis, Portland.
A. McNamee, Portland.
Fred A. Crawford, Dayton.
Mrs. Phoebe Nelson, LaFayette.
Mrs. M. E. Foster, Portland.
Mrs. M. A. Powell, Hillsboro.
Mrs. Elizabeth Manning, Hillsboro.
Mrs. E. C. Leonard Davis, Airlie.
Mrs. Frances Killin, Hubbard.
G. L. Parker, Mt. Tabor.
E. Morgan, Lookinglass.
Geo. Knox, Portland.
Mrs. M. E. Wilcox, Heppner.
Mrs. E. R. Capps, Clackamas.
T. L. Bonney, Hubbard.
Mrs. Ellen Bidwell, Cottage Grove.
A. Condit, Portland.
H. J. Noble, Newberg.

1846.

Miss Frances A. Holman, Portland.
Mrs. Lucy H. Deady, Portland.
Mrs. R. L. Jenkins, 284 Main, Portland.
Mrs. O. H. Failing, Portland.
Mrs. Hunsaker D'Arcy, Portland.
Mrs. M. L. Myrick, Portland.
G. W. Richardson, Portland.
Mrs. J. Stewart, Portland.
N. H. Bird, Portland.
Mrs. H. Croisan, Salem.
Mrs. Mary Clymer, Portland.
Mrs. N. E. Dolman, Portland.
Mrs. E. Poppleton, Portland.
Mrs. Martha Burnett, Corvallis.
Mrs. Mary E. Davidson, Parkers, Ore.
Mrs. I. Hackett, Oregon City.
Mrs. Susan E. Johnson, McMinnville.
Mrs. P. Halston, Portland.
Mrs. S. P. Laughlin, Carlton.
A. S. Cone, Aurora.
Mrs. S A. Smith, St. Johns.
Mrs. Eva Bartenstein, Selwood.

M. Brown, Silverton.
Mrs. Clarissa Thankful Wood, Walla Walla, Wash.
Ben Simpson, Portland.
Mrs. Jessie M. Blakesley, Portland.
Mrs. O. G. Marks, Portland.
A. C. Brown, Forest Grove.
Mrs. A. Brown, Hillsboro.
F. M. Hill, Gaston.
Mrs. Kate Lewis, Portland.
Mrs. John Catlin, Portland.
R. S. McEwan, Warrenton.
Mrs. C. Mansfield, Portland.

1847.

Mrs. Eliza Roland, Fulton.
Mrs. S. S. Munson, Warrenton.
Mrs. S. A. Hill, Portland.
J. M. Gibson, Woodburn.
Barton Koontz, Napavine, Wash.
Mrs. Nancy E. Olds, McMinnville.
Mrs. Virginia Ann Fulkerson McDaniel, Rickreall.
Mrs. R. A. Barger, 303 N. 23d, Portland.
Mrs. Lizzie DeVol Jackson, Portland.
Mrs. Phoebe W. McGrew, 1438 Mallory av., Portland.
Mrs. E. E. Roe.
John Brush, Portland.
John W. Cullen, Booneville, Cal.
Mrs. J. W. Whalley, Portland.
O. H. Lance, Woodstock.
Milton Polk, Portland.
C. W. Shively, Portland.
Mrs. E. J. Landess, Portland.
Mrs. S. Perry, Portland.
Mrs. G. L. Hibbard, Portland.
E. C. Jeffers, Astoria.
Mrs. Martha Johnson, Portland.
George Landess, Portland.
Mrs. R. C. Baldra, Hillsboro.
Mrs. M. E. Robinson, Portland.
Mrs. C. F. Kent, Portland.
William R. Jolly, Portland.
Mrs. A. B. Finley, Portland.
Mrs. Mary H. Todd, Portland.
Mrs. E. R. Slavin, Hillsdale.
G. T. Cotton, Lebanon.
Samuel Buel, Sheridan.
Lee Laughlin, North Yamhill.
Geo. Merrill, Deer Island.
J. C. Woods, Portland.
Mrs. R. S. Ford, Sherwood.
Mrs. E. J. Corby, Salem.
H. W. Prettyman, Portland.
W. T. Legg, Cleone.
Sarah Pendleton, Hubbard.
Mrs. E. Hovenden, Woodburn.
Mrs. Alice Hubbard, La Fayette.
Mrs. Susan Staiger, Hubbard.
Mrs. Mary Ann Dodge, Hubbard.
L. W. Watts, Lents.
Mrs. Elmira Robberson, Portland.
Mrs. Eliza J. Wooley, Portland.
Mrs. E. White, Portland.
Gad Miller, Portland.
Mrs. Hannah Foizey, Lents.
Mrs. Jane Kelty, McCoy.
Mrs. M. Wright, Portland.
Mrs. M. J. McPherson, Portland.
S. D. Bonser, Woodlawn.
L. B. Geer, Corvallis.
Mrs. D. S. Stimson, Portland.
Mrs. Sarah W. Stinson, Portland.

Mrs. R. H. Hopkins, Portland.
David D. Garrison, Sellwood.
William Chapman, Sheridan.
W. M. Merchant, North Yamhill.
I. Newton Hembree, Portland.
Mrs. S. J. Anderson, Vancouver, Wash.
A. J. Hunsaker, McMinnville.
Mrs. Matilda McKinney, Turner.
Mrs. J. Armstrong, Condon.
Mrs. Margaret Curl, Grass Valley.
J. H. Bonser, Sauvie's Island.
W. F. Iler, Portland.
Marshall J. Kinney, Portland.
Mrs. Maria Marsh, Portland.
R. V. Short, Portland.
Mrs. Carrie Polk Wellman, La Grande.
Mrs. Sarah E. Harker, Palo Alto, Cal.
Mrs. C. Vantine, Portland.
Mrs. Rebecca Hall Denny, Portland.
Mrs. Stephen Coffin, Portland.
Mrs. W. S. Powell, Portland.
Mrs. L. O. Cottel, Portland.
Charles Henry Hill, Nahcotta, Wash.
Edward C. Ross, Montavilla.
S. R. Beal, Goldendale, Wash.
Wm. Sigler, Kindred, Idaho.
Mrs. T. N. Graves, Sheridan.
Mrs. Amanda Girtry, Sheridan.
Mrs. E. B. Shane, Portland.
Alonzo Sigler, Hillsboro.
S. V. Schalfield, Cornelius.
Mrs. S. E. Leighton, Seaside.
Mrs. Mary K. Brisbine, North Yamhill.
J. C. Riggs, The Dalles.
J. H. Sewell, Hillsboro.
Mrs. J. G. Hustler, Astoria.
Mrs. Mary Ryan, Portland.
Mrs. Elizabeth Whitcomb, Cottage Grove.
Mrs. Martha E. Baughman, Gervais.
H. R. Adams, Gresham.
O. H. Cone, Newberg.
G. M. Allen, Amity.
L. J. Klinger, Dufur.
Mrs. H. Devine, Portland.
Seneca Smith, Portland.
David Caufield, Oregon City.
Wm. M. Ralston, Albany.
Mrs. Elizabeth Meline, Center Station.
Henry Machand, Park Place.
T. R. Hibbard, Silverton.
Mrs. Malinda Tupper, Hillsboro.

1848.

F. M. Robinson, M. D., Beaverton.
John W. Minto, Portland.
J. D. Miller, Wenatchee, Wash.
Mrs. L. F. Turner, Portland.
Penumbra Kelly, Portland.
Edwin Merrill, Portland.
Mrs. D. J. Holmes, Portland.
S. E. Starr, Portland.
Mrs. J. K. Gill, Portland.
Adam Catlin, Portland.
F. A. Bauer, Woodburn.
Mrs. N. L. Croxton, Portland.
Mrs. E. J. Harris, Brooks.
Mrs. E. J. Sutherlin, Portland.
Mrs. H. E. Hinton, Portland.
J. D. Lee, Portland.
Mrs. Mary J. Hanna, Portland.
Mrs. M. O. Sennet St. Johns.

Plympton Kelly, Portland.
Mrs. H. B. Morgan, Portland.
Ahio S. Watt, Portland.
Mrs. M. A. Chance, North Yamhill.
Mrs. Catherine Hutton, Mt. Tabor.
Mrs. J. F. Johnson, North Yamhill.
Mrs. Sarah Ann White Seeley, Pomeroy, Wash.
Mrs. Clara Watt Morton, Portland.
Mrs. Roxana Watt White, Portland.
Mrs. Mary Wright, Portland.
Mrs. E. A. Mattoon, Riddles.
Mrs. H. B. Killin, Portland.
Mrs. M. C. Wehrung, Hillsboro.
Mrs. Lizzie Shute, Hillsboro.
J. M. Shelley, Eugene.
Mrs. E. C. Miller, Milwaukie.
Mrs. B. H. Bowman, Troutdale.
Mrs. J. C. Reasoner, Willamette.
Warren Merchant, Vancouver, Wash.

1849.

G. W. Force, Portland.
Mrs. J. M. Freeman, 303 N. 23d, Portland.
Mary L. Edwards, 16 E. 9th N., Portland.
E. A. Dean, Portland.
Mrs. Nancy Caples, St. Johns.
Mrs. M. B. Quivey, Portland.
Mrs. L. L. Fox, Portland.
Wm. H. Wood, Lostine.
A. B. Stewart, Portland.
Mrs. Martha M. Taylor, Portland.
Mrs. Delia A. McKinnon, Portland.
Jas. S. Backenstos, Portland.
Mrs. N. Doane, Portland.
Mrs. Elizabeth Eckerson, Portland.
Cyrus A. Reed, Portland.
Mrs. Alice T. Bird, Portland.
G. H. Trumen, Ilwaco, Wash.
Mrs. A. P. Crisell, Wilsonville.
Phillip Breck, Myrtle Point.
Charles Maygers, Maygers.
Wm. McReynolds, Vancouver, Wash.
Mrs. Susan Roberts, St. Johns.
Rev. S. C. Kove, Portland.
J. Put Smith, Portland.
Mrs. E. M. Wait, Portland.
Mrs. M. S. Padrick, Portland.
H. E. Hayes, Mt. Tabor.
Mrs. Letitia Hoover Connell, Hillsboro.
Mrs. M. A. Sargeant, McMinnville.
Robert Pattison, Eugene.
Mrs. M. C. Stafford, Portland.
Mrs. Jane Dodge, Woodburn.
Jordan Joralaman, Portland.
H. B. Campbell, Portland.
F. J. Denney, Jefferson.
E. Rosencrantz, Troutdale.
Wm. M. Powers, Albany.
W: R. McKay, St. Paul, Ore.

1850.

Samuel Swift, Portland.
Mrs. A. E. Ellerson, '525 Clay, Portland.
Mrs. Jane Ferguson, Woodlawn.
I. H. Gove, Portland.

G. D. Robinson, Dallas.
J. C. Carson, Portland.
William C. Hazard, Vancouver, Wash.
H. Yocom, Portland.
Captain George A. Pease, Portland.
Mrs. L. Weatherford, Portland.
Mrs. S. J. Lucas, Portland.
Mrs. Emma Guild, Portland.
William Hannah, North Yamhill.
T. J. Hayter, Dallas.
S. Beary, Portland.
John S. Simmons, Portland.
Mrs. H. C. Exon, Portland.
Mrs. W. E. Brainerd.
Mr. S. Gatton, Woodland, Wash.
Mrs. Martha E. Plummer, Portland.
William H. Rockafellar, Portland.
Mrs. P. B. Kinsey, Portland.
Mrs. S. J. Hoopengarner, Portland.
Mrs. Julia Gault, McMinnville.
Sidney Root, McMinnville.
Asahel Bush, Salem.
James F. Martin, Sacramento, Cal.
Mrs. Susan Laughlin, Vancouver, Wash.
Mrs. Wm. Grooms. Portland.
Mrs. Elizabeth Lord, The Dalles.
Cornelius W. Barrett, Portland.
G. C. Fowler, Goble.
Mrs. Elizabeth Hayes, Portland.
Mrs. Elizabeth Ryan, Portland.
J. A. Slavin, Hillsdale.
Robert Matheny, Wren, Ore.
Mrs. Libby K. Hendershot, Portland.
J. A. Brown, Sheridan.
Mrs. M. E. Kellogg, Mt. Tabor.
Mrs. C. L. Woods, Portland.
R. C. Ramsby, Portland.
Ben L. Griffin, Buxton.
G. A. Rust, Yoncalla.
C. S. Silver.
Mrs. Ellen Durham, St. Helens.
S. L. Brooks, The Dalles.
Mrs. Anna Pentland Brooks, The Dalles.
Mrs. A. Burk, Kalama, Wash.
J. M. Belcher, Portland.
Mrs. J. M. Belcher, LaFayette.
D. H. Looney, Jefferson.
Mrs. J. N. Koontz, Chehalis, Wash.
Jasper Wilkins, Eugene.
Mrs. I. B. Sanburn, Portland.
Joseph Howell, Holbrook.
W. H. H. Wade, Estacada.
Mrs. A. H. Farrar, Portland.
Wash Laughlin, Carlton.
Warren Thatcher, Forest Grove.
D. S. Dunbar, Cleone.
Geo. W. Miller, Vancouver, Wash.
Mrs. I. N. G. Miller, Portland.
R. B. Wilmot, Oswego.
Mrs. M. S. Pillsbury, Portland.
J. H. Baughman, Gervais.
S. A. Miles, St. Helens.
W. S. Chapman, Portland.
G. W. Perkins, North Yamhill.
J. W. Caples, Forest Grove.
Mrs. Mary F. Patton Nixon, Forest Grove.
John Flinn, Portland.
Celia Walling, Lincoln.
[illegible] Hawkins, Portland.
S. P. Wheeler, Portland.
James Bruce, Corvallis.
Mrs. Anna M. Imbree, Hillsboro.

Mrs. N. S. Buel, Sheridan.
Mrs. Helen M. Mack, Prairie City.
J. H. Lamberson, Portland.
J. Pinkley, Cazadero.
Lewis Lieser, Vancouver, Wash.
James Bybee, La Camas, Wash.

1851.

W. W. Haines, Eugene.
J. F. McCartney, Portland.
Mrs. Rose Bergevin, Portland.
M. C. George, Portland.
Joel H. Johnson, Woodville.
James W. Chase, Oregon City.
George W. Olds, McMinnville.
Captain H. D. Mount, Silverton.
Mrs. Averilla Thompson, Portland.
C. A. Trimble, 204 St. Clair, Portland.
Richard H. Holmes, 1061 E. Taylor, Portland.
Mrs. W. S. Failing, 48th and Hawthorne, Portland.
Mrs. H. A. Dearborn, Portland.
E. L. Corner, Portland.
W. F. Briggs, Portland.
T. A. Pope, Oregon City.
Captain W. H. Pope, Portland.
Mrs. M. E. Shaver, Portland.
Mrs. R. A. Mathews, Portland.
Mrs. Bell T. Cleveland, Astoria.
Mrs. M. E. Frazer, Portland.
Mrs. Sarah Smith, Portland.
John O. Staats, Airlie, Ore.
Mrs. L. E. Bowie, Portland.
Mrs. W. M. Merchant, North Yamhill.
Mrs. J. E. Burbank, Portland.
Mrs. Martha Gaunt, McMinnville.
Mrs. Elizabeth Nelson, The Dalles.
Joseph S. Lane, Portland.
Mrs. Sarah E. Lamberson, Scappoose.
J. L. Johnson, Woodburn.
Mrs. Nora Burney, Portland.
Mrs. Evaline Brown, Sheridan.
Mrs. Elizabeth M. Wilson, The Dalles.
Geo. Williams, Portland.
Richard Williams, Portland.
Mrs. Helen L. Stratton, Portland.
Mrs. John F. Miller, Salem.
Mrs. M. A. Killin, Hubbard.
John Eagan, Woodburn.
Mrs. C. H. Smith, Portland.
Mrs. Hannah Jacks, Portland.
J. P. O. Lownsdale, Portland.
Mrs. Martha L. Perham, Portland.
Mrs. A. E. Mitchell, Portland.
J. H. Olds, LaFayette.
T. Hamilton, Portland.
Mrs. Victoria Hamilton, Portland.
Mrs. M. A. Rauch, Park Place.
Miss Pauline Looney, Jefferson.
Mrs. Evaline Rood, Hillsboro.
W. J. Sargeant, McMinnville.
O. D. Doane, The Dalles.
J. P. Huffman, Montavilla.
Mrs. L. I. Simmons, North Yamhill.

Mrs. A. E. McKinney, Turner.
Jasper Livingston, Mayville.
Mrs. E. C. Smith, Portland.
Z. Howe, Seattle, Wash.
John G. Henrici, Portland.
Wm. E. Henrici, St. Helens.
Theo. H. Eckerson, Oakland, Cal.
D. B. Gray, Portland.
Mrs. Warren Merchant, Vancouver, Wash.
Z. F. Moody, Salem.
A. J. Melvin, Woodburn.
Geo. W. Miller, Oregon City.
Chauncey Ball, Portland.
Mrs. Geo. Williams, Portland.
J. R. K. Irvin, Portland.
J. W. Curl, Grass Valley.
Joseph Simon, Portland.
A. J. Coolidge, Silverton.
Joseph Barstow, Portland.
J. A. Richardson, Salem.

1852.

Mrs. M. E. May, Portland.
Mrs. E. J. Harra, Portland.
Mrs. Francis Rowe, Portland.
W. P. Burns, Portland.
Mrs. W. P. Burns, Portland.
Frederick V. Holman, Portland.
Mrs. S. J. Dimick, Portland.
Mrs. P. M. Dekum, Portland.
C. L. Klady, Woodland, Wash.
Mrs. Mary LaForest, Oregon City.
Mrs. Margaret F. Kelly, Wapinitia.
Mrs. E. A. Chambreau, Portland.
A. W. Powers, Woodmere.
Judge J. E. Magers, Portland.
Mrs. Mary J. Magers, Salem.
J. L. McCown, Portland.
Mrs. Flora A. Montgomery, Portland.
E. B. McFarland, Portland.
Mrs. C. C. Strong, Portland.
W. H. H. Miles, Forest Grove.
Amos Underwood, Underwood, Wash.
Mrs. Susan Nooning, Portland.
Mrs. Rebecca Mount, Silverton.
William Blount, Albina.
C. H. Adams, Hillsboro.
Mrs. C. J. Adams, Hillsboro.
S. John, Fairview.
Mrs. A. N. Raley, Pendleton.
Mrs. L. M. Tribou, Portland.
D. C. Bowers, Portland.
John Foley, Sauvie's Island.
Joseph Paquet, Portland.
S. E. Wishard, Portland.
Mrs. Lucy Mercer, Portland.
John Burk, Portland.
Mrs. Susannah Lamberson, Houlton.
C. C. Beekman, Jacksonville.
H. F. Bedwell, North Yamhill.
T. G. Stillwell, Warrington.
Mrs. J. A. Ripperton, Portland.
Mrs. Mary A. Pratt, Beaverton.
Mrs. Mary Taylor, Portland.
Mrs. Eliza J. Smith, Salem.
Geo. H. Greer, Dundee.
W. W. Steiwer, Fossil.
Silas Osburn, Portland.
Mrs. Mary Boyd, Portland.
Mrs. M. J. Hinkle, Antelope.
E. W. Conyers, Clatskanie, Wash.
Mrs. Hannah C. Conyers, Clatskanie, Wash.
Samuel Matheny, Gaston.
A. L. Coffey, Camas, Wash.

J. T. Isham, Wheatland.
Mrs. L. A. Strang, Portland.
Mrs. C. K. Small, Salem.
Lindley Meeker, 446 Florence, Portland.
Mrs. Mary E. Huntington, Portland.
Mrs. Maria Veagle, 170 12th, Portland.
Mrs. Catherine Fox, Gresham.
Mrs. Mary C. Parsons, Portland.
Mrs. Elizabeth Byars, Portland.
Mrs. D. W. Wakefield, Portland.
Mrs. A. M. Crane, Mt. Tabor.
Mrs. R. L. Catching, Portland.
Isaac Ham, Portland.
Mrs. Mary Ham, Portland.
Mrs. Sarah C. Matlock, Portland.
S. B. Johnson, Gresham.
Mrs. Sarah Palmaeter, Currinsville.
Mrs. Jane Ewry, Woodstock.
I. N. Knight, Portland.
Reuben Pettyjohn, Newberg.
Mrs. Rachel McKay, Beaverton.
Mrs. S. F. Kirker, Portland.
E. N. Morgan, Portland.
Mrs. Mary A. Test, Portland.
E. Richey, Portland.
Mary F. Hurley, Portland.
E. S. Merrill.
D. A. Morse, Sylvan.
Mrs. Sarah J. Morse, Sylvan.
L. A. Bozorth, Portland.
Mrs. M. C. Smith, Portland.
Mrs. J. W. Meldrum, Oregon City.
Mrs. I. B. Lewis, Portland.
L. C. Weatherford, Portland.
Mrs. L. S. Taylor, Portland.
John W. Pugh, Clatskanie.
Amos Kisor, Corvallis.
W. T. Wright, Union.
Dr. Dav Raffety, Portland.
C. W. Noblitt, Aurora.
G. H. Reeds, Cedar Mills.
Mrs. Mary E. Reeds, Cedar Mills.
C. B. Stuart, Portland.
Mrs. H. Hanson, Portland.
Mrs. Alice Reed, Portland.
Mrs. J. W. Cook, Portland.
T. Cameron, Jacksonville.
J. R. Boyd, Eugene.
Mrs. Lorena Holcomb, Portland.
J. H. Adams, Portland.
W. G. Ballard, Portland.
J. W. Miller, Portland.
J. C. Moreland, Portland.
Thos. Tucker, Hillsboro.
Mrs. Eunice Olson, Catlin, Wash.
Walter V. Smith, Portland.
F. M. DeWitt, Portland.
W. M. Westfall, Portland.
G. C. Rider, Portland.
Mrs. Mary E. Rider, Portland.
Mrs. F. E. Chenev, Portland.
Mrs. M. C. Lockwood, La Center, Wash.
Mrs. N. Greve, La Center, Wash.
Mrs. Sarah Banzer, Portland.
Mrs. A. E. Beck, Portland.
David McCully, Salem.
Mrs. A. N. Gilbert, Salem.
M. M. Owen, Portland.
Mrs. S. J. Owen, Portland.
Mrs. Elizabeth Holtgrieve, Cleone.
Mrs. A. E. McCall, Portland.
Lewis McMorris, Walla Walla, Wash.
Fred Bickel, Portland.
Mrs. J. Evans, Woodlawn.
Mrs. Martha Berry, Fox Valley, Ore.
Mrs. Flora Shepardson, Catlin, Wash.
O. J. Bryant, Clatskanie.
Mrs. Minnie Glisan, Antelope.

Mrs. Mary Reed, Portland.
Mrs. E. L. Gerow, Chinook, Wash.
W. H. Egan, Brooks.
G. R. Higgins, Kalama, Wash.
Stephen Shobert, Portland.
Mrs. Louisa Uzafovage Carter, Portland.
W. T. Wright, Roseburg.
Mrs. H. Crie, Mayger.
F. M. Olds, Sherwood.
L. M. Parrish, Portland.
Mrs. L. M. Parrish, Portland.
Mrs. P. A. Winters, Newberg.
Mrs. Louisa Collins, Scappoose.
Mrs. L. A. Buchanan, Portland.
Frank Merrill, Portland.
George Deardoff, Clackamas.
Mrs. M. A. Powell, Portland.
Mrs. James Hoffman, Portland.
Mrs. Sarah F. Wishard, Portland.
Mrs. Jennie Sails, Portland.
J. H. Elgin, Salem.
John Mock, Portland.
J. W. Wiseman, Portland.
E. J. Garrison, Sellwood.
Mrs. M. E. May, Portland.
Mrs. Elizabeth Russell, Washougal, Wash.
J. M. Kelty, Portland.
Mrs. Mary F. Bybee, Portland.
A. J. Laws, Eufaula, Wash.
Mrs. M. E. Stillwell, Tillamook.
F. S. Akin, Portland.
Mrs. Sarah Hovenden, Portland.
Mrs. S. J. Guptill, Portland.
Mrs. P. A. Preston, Portland.
Mrs. M. M. Adair, Portland.
Mrs. S. E. Lance, Woodstock.
Mrs. J. B. Kellogg, Portland.
Mrs. Susie C. Whitwell, Portland.
Mrs. M. E. Palmer, Portland.
Bazzele Laitham, Portland.
Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway, Portland.
H. W. Scott, Portland.
Mrs. C. A. Coburn, Portland.
Mrs. H. L. Pittock, Portland.
Peter Taylor, Portland.
Mrs. Abigail Clarke Cardwell, Portland.
Mrs. R. Porter.
Mrs. Mary Haines, Eugene.
Mrs. Alice Wilson Hayes, Portland.
Mrs. Elizabeth Yergen, Portland.
Mrs. Jane G. Wright, Portland.
Mrs. L. C. Whitaker, Olympia, Wash.
Mrs. Mary Jenkins, Tangent.
Mrs. Nellie Perkins, Portland.
Mrs. Louisa E. Scholl, Portland.
A. T. Dray, Kalama.
Mrs. M. Weatherford, Portland.
Mrs. W. J. Warren, Portland.
Mrs. S. Durbin, Salem.
W. M. Cline, Gervais.
Mrs. M. Kline, Portland.
Mrs. M. E. Howard, Portland.
Mrs. Elizabeth J. Waldron, Oregon City.
Mrs. S. J. Seaman, Portland.
Mrs. S. J. Finley, Portland.
Mrs. M. A. Dalton, Portland.
R. H. Cardwell, Portland.
Mrs. Catherine Fox, Gresham.
J. W. Craig, Bridal Veil.
Thomas Cox, Gales Creek.
W. J. Smith, Albany.
William Mitchell, Salem.
J. A. Gulliford, Dufur.
Mrs. J. A. Gulliford, Dufur.
Wm. M. Russell, North Yamhill.
W. G. Beck, Portland.
Mrs. William Masters, Portland.

Mrs. M. Worrick, Portland.
W. H. Harris, Portland.
Mrs. Ella E. Bybee, Portland.
Mrs. Mary R. Lockhart, Portland.
Mrs. Anna M. Tucker, Portland.
Mrs. Rebecca Rindlaub, Portland.
Mrs. Martha J. Patton, Portland.
Mrs. Mary Taylor, Portland.
Mrs. F. M. Tibbetts, Woodstock.
Mrs. Fannie L. Cochran, Oregon City.
Mrs. Mary E. Biles, Portland.
Mrs. Minnie K. West, Portland.
Hollon Parker, Walla Walla, Wash.
J. B. Kellogg, Portland.
Mrs. Amanda Upton, Portland.
Wm. E. Brainerd, Mt. Tabor.
Mrs. Kate Nicholas, Portland.
John Winters, Portland.
Mrs. E. M. Watts, Scappose.
Mrs. Elizabeth Brown, Logan.
Mrs. C. S. Roberts, Portland.
G. W. Proebstel, Weston.
James R. Cardwell, Portland.
Mrs. Sarah E. Miller, Canemah.
P. H. Harper, Vancouver, Wash.
J. S. Davis, Portland.
Mrs. R. M. Hess, Sherwood.
Mrs. Ellen C. Walker, Portland.
Jos Buchtel, Portland.
Mrs. H. L. Kelly, Oregon City.
Thos. Connell, Portland.
John W. Roland, Salem.
Mrs. Angeline McAtee, Portland.
W. S. Chance, Portland.
Mrs. O. E. Bailey, St. Helens, Ore.
H. B. Parker, Astoria.
Mrs. A. E. Beck, Portland.
N. L. Gilham, Portland.
Mrs. E. Ennes, Hillsboro.
L. L. Simmons, Portland.
Mrs. H. J. Johnson, Gresham.
Henry Brallier, Seaside.
Mrs. A. McCully, Newberg.
John Fulson, Wasco.
Mrs. N. A. Ball, Oswego.
Adam Shaver, Oswego.
Mrs. M. Wagenblast, Portland.
Mrs. Z. F. Moody, Salem.
Wm. Galloway, McMinnville.
Mrs. Mary I. Bonney, Portland.
Thomas C. Watts, Reuben.
H. A. Mitchell, St. Johns.
D. J. Slover, Oregon City.
Mrs. P. B. Strong, Portland.
J. K. Hardie, Hillsboro.
H. Wehrung, Hillsboro.
Mrs. A. J. Colvin, Walla Walla, Wash.
Mrs. A. G. Smith, Portland.
Lorenzo Root, McMinnville.
Mrs. H. L. Caples, Forest Grove.
Mrs. Martha E. Sanders, Willamette.
Thos. W. Swank, Cleone.
Mitchel Devol, Portland.
J. F. Roberts, Gresham.
Mrs. Jennie Lasater, Walla Walla, Wash.
Geo. F. Smith, Oregon City.
Mrs. Emma Davidson, Oregon City.
Mrs. H. S. Henness, Ilwaco, Wash.
S. K. Hudson, Mayger, Ore.
Mrs. M. G. Oatfield, Milwaukie, Ore.
Mrs. Emma Dolan, Orient.
Mrs. Wm. Carle, Portland.
John Marshall, Portland.
Mrs. Sarah Marshall, Portland.
J. C. Reasoner, Willamette.

J. D. Kelty, McCoy.
Laird Eby, Oregon City.
Mrs. J. M. Campbell, Dallas.
Mrs. M. F. Wolfe, Portland.
Mrs. E. J. Hamblin, Portland.
Mrs. Mattie Lewis, Portland.
J. A. Burk, Kalama, Wash.
Mrs. Frances Brown, Portland.
Mrs. Jane Merrick, Portland.
Miss Martha Brown, Forest Grove.
Mrs. Eliza Long, Forest Grove.
J. Fleischner, Portland.
Mrs. W. P. Short, Portland.
V. H. Caldwell, Albany.
Mrs. Kate Hallinan, Oswego.
J. R. Coleman, Salem.
Mrs. Fannie B. Richardson, Salem.
Mrs. Lillian Harlow, Milwaukie.
Geo. H. Knaggs, Portland.
H. G. Morgan, Portland.
Mrs. S. J. Brown, Hillsboro.
Mrs. R. Porter.
John Epperly.

1853.

J. P. Eckler, Portland.
M. S. Griswold, Portland.
Mrs. J. DeVore Johnson, Fulda, Wash.
Mrs. A. E. Foster, Portland.
Mrs. Mary A. Rohr, Portland.
C. von Wintzingerode, Portland.
John King, Vancouver, Wash.
William N. Strong, Portland.
Mrs. B. A. Bailey, LaCenter, Wash.
Mrs. R. A. Wills, Portland.
Mrs. Sarah A. Chase, Oregon City.
Seth L. Pope, Portland.
William H. Pope, Portland.
D. H. Hendee, Portland.
Mrs. Emily Warriner, Portland.
W. H. Weed, Portland.
Lewis VanVleet, Portland.
Mrs. Sarah M. Phillips, Portland.
Mrs. W. H. H. Cummings, Gresham.
F. M. Naught, Oregon City.
James F. Failing, Portland.
Mrs. Laura E. Akin, Portland.
Geo. R. Snipes, Dallas.
Mrs. S. A. Cone, Aurora.
Mrs. Eliza Morton, Kalama, Wash.
Mrs. S. C. Nelson, Newberg.
A. Cornutt, Gresham.
Dr. B. F. Swick, Dayton.
Mrs. T. J. Gaither, Vancouver, Wash.
Isaac Barkley, Eugene.
Mrs. E. D. Kelly, Oregon City.
Mrs. M. E. Watts, Reuben.
Mrs. Phoebe Kent, Beaverton.
J. W. Stevenson, Cape Horn, Wash.
D. W. Taylor, Portland.
Mrs. M. W. Trevitt, Portland.
Mrs. A. J. Killin, Banks.
F. Marion Dodge, Woodburn.
T. F. Royal, Portland.
J. H. B. Royal, Portland.
H. H. Pearson Marion.
Mrs. Mary E. Bunn, North Yamhill.
W. H. Porter, Salem.
Geo. H. Burnett, Salem.
Mrs. John Flinn, Portland.

Mrs. Frances L. Poe, Portland.
Mrs. H. Cason, Portland.
Mrs. Eva M. Hurlburt, Portland.
Mrs. J. D. Chitwood, Gresham.
Mrs. F. A. Pearcy, Portland.
Mrs. A. E. Starr, Portland.
Mrs. Lydia W. Larue, Portland.
Mrs. Betsy Miller, Portland.
W. W. Patison, Wamic.
Mrs. George Landess, Portland.
Mrs. Mary F. Prince, Portland.
Mrs. F. A. Holder, Portland.
Mrs. D. B. Kent, Portland.
R. Morford, Oregon City.
G. C. Hobison, North Yamhill.
W. H. Butts, The Dalles, Ore.
Mrs. J. R. Sharp, Portland.
Mrs. Ellen Tout, Portland.
Mrs. Gertrude Delin, Portland.
John Cummins, Portland.
Edward N. Deady, Portland.
Mrs. Jane Jamison, Vancouver, Wash.
Mrs. J. H. Elgin, Salem.
Mrs. J. W. Wiseman, Portland.
Mrs. Rachel Bode, Portland.
Mrs. Emily Anderson, Vale, Ore.
Miss Nellie Taylor, Salem.
S. G. Kelly, Portland.
G. D. Fruit, Portland.
D. B. Gaunt, McMinnville.
George H. Himes, Portland.
Wm. F. Matlock, Pendleton.
Mrs. A. M. Matlock, Pendleton.
Mrs. Jos. Buchtel, Portland.
Mrs. S. R. Shear, Portland.
Geo. Mercer, Portland.
T. H. M. Baker, Portland.
W. K. Smith, Portland.
W. H. Bond, Gresham.
C. B. Bunnell, Milwaukie.
Leander H. Baker, Portland.
M. L. Jones, Brooks.
E. J. Glisan, Antelope.
Isaac V. Mossman, Mountain View, Cal.
Henry L. Pittock, Portland.
Arthur F. Miller, Sellwood.
Mrs. Jennie R. Miller, Sellwood.
William Morton, Portland.
Mrs. Sarah S. Taylor, Portland.
Bruce Wolverton, Portland.
Miss Mary Osborn Douthit, Portland.
Mrs. M. E. Bryant, Portland.
L. C. Whitaker, Olympia, Wash.
Cass Riggs, Rickreall.
Mrs. S. C. Vanhorn, Portland.
Mrs. Stella Johnson, Portland.
M. S. Dailey, Hillsboro.
Mrs. Mary Dailey, Hillsboro.
A. R. Richardson, Portland.
Mrs. L. A. James, Portland.
Mrs. L. S. Pengra, Roseburg.
J. N. Skidmore, South Bend, Wash.
Mrs. J. N. Skidmore, South Bend, Wash.
W. S. Gibbs, North Yamhill.
Mrs. K. E. Gibbs, North Yamhill.
G. W. Reed, Dilley.
Mrs. Hannah Trinman, Ilwaco, Wash.
A. H. Mathews, Houlton.
J. D. Matlock, Eugene.
Simeon Geil, Portland.
J. W. Mack, Prairie City, Ore.
L. Armsworthy, Wasco.
F. Easterbrooks, Portland.
Mrs. Susan McDuffy, Portland.
Mrs. S. C. Johns, Portland.
Mrs. Lena G. Hunt, Portland.
Dr. E. Poppleton, Portland.

Mrs. S. M. Cook, Turner.
Mrs. Ella Wynkoop, Portland.
Geo. W. N. Taylor, Aurora.
Mrs. M. A. Baker, Portland.
Mrs. E. J. Tate, Portland.
J. M. Campbell, Dallas.
Charles G. Ackerman, Tigardville.
John Chitwood, Astoria.
T. E. Warner, Fall Creek.
Mrs. E. E. McClure, Portland.
Mrs. H. P. Johnson, Portland.
W. J. Rauch, Park Place.
Mrs. E. N. Jackson, Portland.
Mrs. Georgie Deardorff, Oakland.
Mrs. Priscilla M. Daly, Portland.
Mrs. Ellen Tower, Portland.
Mrs. F. W. Gardiner, Portland.
Mrs. A. E. Sigler, Hillsboro.
C. W. Bryant, Portland.
C. P. Hogue, Portland.
Dr. G. W. Biggers, La Grande.
Mrs. A. S. Knox, Portland.
A. S. Cummings, Portland.
Mrs. A. S. Cummings, Portland.
Mrs. Dorothy Wetmore, Portland.
Miss Ella Talbot, Portland.
E. H. McCraken, Portland.
Mrs. Julia F. McDaniel, Portland.
Luther Grounds, Monmouth.
J. L. Reeder, Sauvie's Island.
Mrs. Mary A. Powers, Albany.
A. J. Nickum, Sellwood.
Mrs. Matilda J. Kile, Portland.
Mrs. Lizzie W. Smith, Salem.
Mrs. J. W. Armstrong, Portland.

1854.

Mrs. Sarah Hill Thompson, Portland.
T. W. Thompson, Portland.
Mrs. Melissa B. Powers, Woodmere.
Mrs. Hattie B. Johnson, Woodmere.
Mrs. William MacKenzie, Portland.
Henry Rinehart, LaGrande.
Mrs. J. C. Bill, Portland.
D. W. Wakefield, Portland.
Mrs. L. M. Croasman, Portland.
Mrs. E. E. Morgan, Portland.
Mrs. Mary Frazer, Portland.
John McKernan, Portland.
Mrs. John McKernan, Portland.
Chauncy Dale, Portland.
M. B. Petteys, Hobsonville.
J. W. Cook, Portland.
S. J. Jones, Portland.
Vincent Cook, Portland.
Wm. Holsapple, Rainier.
Mrs. B. M. Freeman, Portland.
Mrs. A. C. Gibbs, Portland.
Mrs. J. A. Packard, Portland.
Mrs. S. A. Ervin, Philomath.
Mrs. Sarah Kiser, Philomath.
Mrs. X. F. Ball, Corvallis.
Ira E. Purdin, Forest Grove.
Mrs. Lois H. Lloyd, Waitsburg, Wash.
J. M. Stott, Portland.
Mrs. P. A. Milem, Mt. Tabor.
Mrs. Penumbra Kelly, Portland.
Mrs. L. M. Watkins, Boise, Idaho.
S. A. Jones, Goldendale, Wash.

Mrs. Julia C. Brannan, Portland.
Miss M. Bonser, Sellwood.
Mrs. N. A. Roberts, Portland.
P. J. Mann, Portland.
George Hartness, Portland.
Mrs. E. J. Morris, Portland.
Mrs. Jesse Copeland, Portland.
Mrs. A. R. Middleton, Portland.
Mrs. Emma M. Cochran, Portland.
Mrs. Mary E. McCarver, Oregon City.
Mrs. Ella W. Steel, Condon.
Miss Nannie E. Taylor, Portland.
Mrs. W. S. Ladd, Portland.
C. C. Hickok, Colusa, Cal.
Monroe Nye, Sellwood.
Mrs. M. M. Spalding, Portland.
Mrs. W. M. Chambers, Portland.
Mrs. Thos. Cox, Gales Creek.
L. A. Rood, Hillsboro.
A. D. Yergen, Aurora.
Mrs. Eliza J. Barrett, Hillsboro.
Joseph Mann, Hillsboro.
Mrs. C. Martin, Oregon City.
H. O. Peeble, Portland.
Robert A. Miller, Portland.
Geo. Clark, Lents.
Mrs. S. G. Dix, Portland.
Honor M. Lawler, Portland.
Mrs. E. J. Royal, Portland.
Mrs. Olive E. Allen, Amity.
F. C. Baker Portland.
Mrs. E. J. Barrett, Hillsboro.
Mrs. Viola E. Pierce, Carlton.
Mrs. Frank Webber, Center Station.
A. C. Petteys, Ione.
Mrs. M. E. Smock, Sherwood.
H. C. Coe, Hood River.
Mrs. Eliza Ann Coleman, Salem.
Mrs. E. T. B. Thomas, Molalla.

1855.

Mrs. Mary E. Drew, Portland.
H. D. Bryant, Floyd.
Mrs. J. W. Waters, Portland.
W. S. Moss, Portland.
L. Bettman, Portland.
Mrs. E. A. Knott, Oswego.
W. N. Barrett, Hillsboro.
Mrs. John Fulson, Wasco.
Mrs. M. A. Ayres, Kelso, Wash.
Mrs. C. Thompson, Sherwood.
Mrs. S. C. Linn, Oregon City.
Dr. Harry Lane, Portland.
William Campbell, McMinnville.
A. N. Moores, Salem.
Miss Elizabeth Caples, St. Johns.
Mrs. J. Eudey, Oregon City.
Mrs. B. Elwert, Portland.
Mrs. A. M. E. Mann, Portland.
Mrs. Emily A. Dowling, Portland.
Mrs. Carrie Leavens, Portland.
Mrs. C. Simmons, Portland.
Mrs. M. Douthit, Portland.
James Copeley, Sunnyside.
Mrs. Helen M. Ewing, Oswego.
Mrs. Geo. A. Harding, Oregon City.
Mrs. Mildred B. Riggs, Rickreall.

Mrs. W. T. Pullman, St. Paul, Ore.
Mrs. Mary E. Roberts, Portland.
John M. Lewis, Portland.
Mrs. H. K. Hines, University Park.
Mrs. Jane C. Failing, Portland.
Mrs. E. V. Chitwood, Gresham.
Mrs. Lillie E. Gilham, Hillsdale.
C. M. Walker, Salem.
Mrs. Stephen Coffin, Portland.
Mrs. L. Pinkley, Cazadero.
J. O. Stearns, Portland.
G. R. H. Miller, Oregon City.
Mrs. S. O. Shirley, Portland.
Mrs. D. Duback, Portland.

1856.

Mrs. Mary E. Oleson, Portland.
Mrs. Lizzie D. H. Sellwood, Portland.
Joseph A. Sellwood, Salem.
Thomas A. R. Sellwood, Milwaukie.
Mrs. William Macbeth, Portland.
Mrs. Elizabeth Arrigoni, Portland.
Mrs. S. C. Kelly, Portland.
Mrs. H. Elwert, Portland.
Mrs. John Wagner, Portland.
Mrs. Harriet E. Jolly, Portland.
Mrs. N. L. Curry, Portland.
Mrs. Alice R. Nye, Sellwood.
Mrs. Mary A. S. Gray.
Mrs. M. DeVore Edmunds, Portland.
Mrs. M. H. Wolverton, Portland.
Mrs. Fonetta White Scott, Portland.
Mrs. W. S. Sibson.
James B. Nesmith, Rickreall.
Mrs. Mary J. Catlin, Portland.
N. Kennedy, Portland.
Mrs. Amanda J. Enyard, St. Helens.
A. T. Wortman, Portland.
Willis S. Duniway, Portland.
Mrs. Ella H. Turner, Portland.
Benj. Windsor, Salem.
Mrs. Florena E. Godfrey, St. Helens.
Mrs. Mary L. Wilmot, Oswego.
F. B. Reeder, Portland.
Mrs. Carrie A. Cates, Vancouver, Wash.
Mrs. Eugenia LaForest, Oregon City.
Mrs. M. M. Gearin, Portland.
Mrs. Ruth Roberts, Gresham.
Mrs. Mary R. Caufield, Oregon City.
L. A. Kent, Portland.
Mrs. Henry Henning, Oswego.
J. W. Thomas, Molalla.

1857.

F. H. Saylor, Portland.
Mrs. A. E. Magnus, Portland.
Mrs. L. Smith, Portland.
Mrs. E. D. Curtis, Sellwood.
James W. Charlton, Vancouver, Wash.

Mrs. Marianna Baum, Portland.
Mrs. M. Barden, Portland.
F. W. Hanson, Portland.
Mrs. A. J. Dunn, Portland.
D. J. Cooper, The Dalles.
Mrs. Kate Brasel, Portland.
J. L. Barnard, Portland.
David Stearns, Portland.
A. Noltner, Portland.
P. Moran, Portland.
P. H. D'Arcy, Salem.
Mrs. J. W. Charlton, Vancouver, Wash.
Edwin Gillihan, Scappoose.
Mrs. H. A. Stricklin.
Frank Hornstrom, Portland.
Lillie H. Messinger, Carlton.
C. F. Fulton, Wasco.
Mrs. Mary Haas, Salem.
Mrs. Ida M. Babcock, Salem.
W. N. Carle, Portland.

1858.

Mrs. A. E. Force, Portland.
Mrs. Clara H. Waldo, Macleay.
Mrs. Dillon McCarver, Portland.
James Gleason, Portland.
Mrs. J. D. McCully, Joseph.
Mrs. M. W. Moore, Montavilla.
C. W. Risley, Milwaukie.
Mrs. M. Cremen, Portland.
Mrs. M. C. Lawson, Portland.
Mrs. Anna M. Shively, Portland.
Mrs. C. B. Charlton, Portland.
A. J. McDaniel, Portland.
W. Lord, The Dalles.
Mrs. S. F. Jones Portland.
A. B. Eastman, Vancouver, Wash.
T. B. Cornell, Grants Pass.
Mrs. Florence T. Cornell, Grants Pass.
Mrs. Isabella Emkler, Portland.
Mrs. Anna F. Himes, Portland.
Mrs. C. M. Walker, Salem.
Mrs. A. B. Croasman, Portland.
Mrs. Ella Wilson Rust, Portland.
Mrs. Maggie E. Allen, Portland.
Mrs. T. J. Craig, Portland.
Dr. E. O. Smith, Portland.
H. G. Van Dusen, Astoria.
Benj. Schalfield, Cornelius.
Peter Wilson, Oregon City.
Mrs. Mary Bovey Mays, Portland.
Mrs. Charles Patterson, Portland.
Mrs. Ella Hornstrom, Portland.
Julius Kramer, Portland.
James M. Johns, Arlington.
Mrs. Emma Brooks, Portland.
C. A. Johns, Baker City.
Mrs. S. E. Prosser, Oswego.
Mrs. A. N. Moores, Salem.
Mrs. Ellen Bybee, LaCamas, Wash.
McKinley Mitchell, Portland.
Mrs. S. M. Gerome, Portland.

1859.

Mrs. Clara A. Kingham, Portland.
Mrs. E. Fleury, Portland.
Mrs. F. B. Waite, Portland.
G. W. Harnt, Portland.
F. D. McCully, Joseph.

Mrs. Anna A. Holt, Milwaukie.
Mrs. Carrie Kennedy, Woodburn.
Mrs. Mary Zeller, Portland.
Mrs. Mary A. Ikerd, Portland.
R. F. Rice, Portland.
Mrs. F. M. Tibbetts, Woodstock.
Mrs. Mary F. Ferguson, Portland.
Mrs. Laura Dittmer, Portland.
Mrs. Mary Struble, Portland.
C. M. Cox, Portland.
Mrs. Geo. F. White, Portland.
W. G. Nesmith, Portland.
Mrs. J. C. Roberts, Portland.
Mrs. A. M. Brown, Portland.
Mrs. Eva Morton Garrick, Portland.
Mrs. Minnie Howell, Portland.
C. H. Meussdorffer, Portland.
R. G. Church, Portland.
Mrs. Jennie Balton, Antelope.
Mrs. A. C. Gowdy, Portland.
W. M. Cook, Portland.
Mrs. Theressa Dyer, Portland.
Mrs. C. E. Burns, Oregon City.
Mrs. Alfred Baker, Troutdale.
Mrs. Florence Perkins, North Yamhill.
J. A. Imbree, Hillsboro.
L. O. Ralston, Portland.
Mrs. Jane Lamb, Portland.
Mrs. S. H. Trigon, Arleta.
Mrs. Rhoda McCoy, North Yamhill.

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1900.

1838	1	1850	63
1839	4	1851	48
1840	2	1852	220
1841	1	1853	103
1842	2	1854	38
1843	13	1855	24
1844	24	1856	12
1845	38	1857	21
1846	37	1858	15
1847	85	1859	14
1848	29		
1849	29	Total	823

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1901.

1824	1	1845	55
1838	1	1846	32
1839	3	1847	96
1840	2	1848	31
1841	3	1849	36
1842	2	1850	76
1843	19	1851	67
1844	21	1852	243

1853	121	1858	14
1854	42	1859	17
1855	23		
1856	12	Total	936
1857	22		

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1902.

1838	1	1850	70
1839	2	1851	46
1840	4	1852	260
1841	3	1853	109
1842	2	1854	48
1843	15	1855	22
1844	21	1856	16
1845	54	1857	19
1846	36	1858	16
1847	72	1859	21
1848	38		
1849	33	Total	908

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1903.

1839	2	1851	54
1840	3	1852	285
1841	4	1853	116
1842	3	1854	56
1843	21	1855	24
1844	21	1856	14
1845	63	1857	21
1846	41	1858	24
1847	92	1859	19
1848	29		
1849	35	Total	1005
1850	68		

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1904.

1837	2	1850	78
1839	2	1851	54
1840	1	1852	272
1841	3	1853	135
1842	3	1854	58
1843	16	1855	32
1844	24	1856	21
1845	66	1857	29
1846	33	1858	30
1847	77	1859	14
1848	32		
1849	34	Total	1016

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1905.

1837	2	1850	91
1838	2	1851	79
1839	1	1852	346
1840	3	1853	197
1841	3	1854	62
1842	6	1855	47
1843	23	1856	49
1844	28	1857	45
1845	74	1858	40
1846	42	1859	34
1847	116		
1848	44	Total	1397
1849	53		

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1906.

1837	2	1850	82
1838	1	1851	77
1839	2	1852	308
1840	2	1853	159
1841	4	1854	71
1842	2	1855	40
1843	19	1856	36
1844	25	1857	25
1845	69	1858	40
1846	34	1859	35
1847	108		
1848	39	Total	1219
1849	39		

NECROLOGY.

Deaths of members of the Oregon Pioneer Association from June 1, 1906, to June 1, 1907, as far as reported to Secretary Himes:

	Date of Arrival.	Date of Death.
Ankeny, Henry E	**1852**	**1906**
Baker, Frank C	**1854**	**1907**
Bellinger, Mrs. Margery Serena	**1852**	**1907**
Biggers, Dr. George W	**1853**	**1907**
Boise, Reuben P	**1850**	**1907**
Butts, William H	**1853**	**1906**
Charman, Thomas	**1853**	**1907**
Cogswell, John	**1845**	**1907**
Cole, George E	**1849**	**1906**
Condon, Prof. Thomas	**1852**	**1907**
Cone, Oscar H	**1847**	**1907**
Connell, Thomas	**1852**	**1907**
Croxton, Mrs. N. L	**1848**	**1907**
Dean, Edmund Alson	**1849**	**1907**
Deardorff, George	**1852**	**1907**
Eells, Rev. Myron	**1843**	**1907**
Ewry, John	**1842**	**1907**
Fisk, James H	**1852**	**1907**
Foster, Mrs. L. M	**1847**	**1907**
Griswold, Miles Standish	**1853**	**1906**
Hay, Clark	**1853**	**1906**
Hendee, D. H	**1853**	**1906**
Johnson, J. F	**1851**	**1906**
Klady, C. L	**1852**	**1907**
Knight, Isaac N	**1852**	**1907**
Kelly, Plympton	**1848**	**1906**
Magers, Mrs. Mary Jane	**1852**	**1907**
McCormac, Rev. Johnston	**1854**	**1907**
McCully, David	**1852**	**1907**
Mills, William A	**1843**	**1907**
Poppleton, Dr. Edgar	**1853**	**1907**
Ripperton, J. A	**1852**	**1906**
Silver, Cleve S	**1850**	**1907**
Smith, George F	**1852**	**1907**
Swift, Samuel	**1850**	**1906**
Taylor, Mrs. Mary	**1852**	**1907**
Vaughan, Jonathan Stevens	**1852**	**1907**
Vaughn, Warren N	**1850**	**1907**
Weatherford, Mrs. Mahala	**1852**	**1907**
Williams, J. L	**1845**	**1906**

ANNUAL ADDRESS.

By Hon. Allen Weir, Olympia, Wash., ex-President of the Washington Pioneer Association.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, Pioneers of Oregon:

I am highly gratified and honored by the kind invitation of your directors to speak to you upon this occasion.

I am glad of an opportunity to get acquainted with you. I feel at home in pioneer gatherings in the Pacific Northwest, both by personal experience and inheritance. I am a descendant of a pioneer family. My grandfather, William Weir, was in the Willamette Valley ninety-eight years ago as a hunter and trapper employed by the old Missouri Fur Company. My father, John Weir, was a pioneer of Missouri, a pioneer of Texas, crossed the plains with an ox team from that state to California in 1853, becoming a pioneer there, and from 1858 until his death was a pioneer of Washington Territory. My mother belonged to one of the pioneer families of Tennessee. These gatherings and reunions are delightful. The home builders should encourage the cultivation of mutual acquaintance. Kentucky is planning a splendid exemplification of the idea I have in mind, in the great home-coming celebration to which all her absent sons and daughters are invited. Home! What fond memories cluster around that word! How it warms our hearts to think of the "deep tangled wild wood, and all the loved objects our infancy knew!"

Once again you are assembled in annual reunion to greet old friends and talk over old times, or perchance to note the absence of some who have met with you upon like occasions heretofore, but have since "gone up higher."

Another annual mile-stone has been passed in your journeyings away from the "ankutty"* days so many of you remember with visions of young and lusty manhood and womanhood, or care-free childhood, in which you did a part in rescuing the wilderness from its wild and uncivilized condition.

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*Chinook Indian jargon term for ancient.

It has not heretofore been my privilege to meet with you, although I have always felt an interest in your organization, its doings and its membership. Our pioneer association of the State of Washington has been holding its annual reunions so near the date of yours that attendance at both has been well nigh an impossibility. I have an idea that fraternal interest may prompt arrangements hereafter more considerate of those who wish to attend both gatherings. But I have borne you in mind, as can be verified by my old friend, Geo. H. Himes, here, and by that juvenile, Harvey Scott, who as a lusty kid ran at large and acquired stone bruises and experience in Mason County in our state.

During the past forty-six years, while living on the shores of Puget Sound, I have learned to love this great big Pacific Northwest of ours; its splendid climate, its wonderful resources, its riches of mine and forest and soil, and of rivers and sea; and, more than all, its treasures of American citizenship—these people whose personality and individuality would enrich any country under the sun! And as I look at present conditions that tend to make us so favored as compared with any other land, I am reminded irresistibly of the noble pioneers who laid here so securely the foundations of the civilization we enjoy.

One of our gifted poets, writing of departed military heroes, said:

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
While Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

The survivors of the Union Army in the Civil War have been organized into the Grand Army of the Republic. They meet once a year to celebrate Memorial Day and do fitting honor to the departed dead who wore the blue in defense of our country and its flag. Our pioneer associations in this Pacific Northwest constitute the Grand Army of the Nation's Frontier. Their members, together with the long list of illustrious dead, both from among pioneer leaders and from the rank and file, per-

formed a service to the nation and for posterity quite as meritorious and often as perilous as did the soldiers who went to southern battlefields. But for Lee, Whitman, Spaulding, Abernethy, Hines, Lane, Perkins, Leslie, Clark, Eells and others of like character, fortitude and far-seeing statesmanship, there would have been no American soil here for the nation later to preserve and protect. Had their coming been delayed but a few years this would have been alien soil.

We observe no special memorial day, but each annual gathering serves to recall faces and forms once familiar and present, now absent and among the garnered harvest of the grim reaper, Death. The whitened heads and drooping forms of many of those present on this occasion tell us in language none can fail to understand that the day will soon come when you, too, will join the great multitude "across the range."

The coming of Lewis and Clark a century ago to explore the then unknown region "beyond the Mississippi," the coming of the few hunters and trappers a little later sent out by the Missouri Fur Company, the establishing of a trading post at the mouth of the Columbia River ninety-five years ago by John Jacob Astor, and the later explorations by Americans prior to the "thirties," did not serve to secure any part of this vast domain to the United States. In the meantime the Hudson Bay Company had established trading posts and settlements here and there, laying the foundations for future claims of ownership by Great Britain, and extending southward the boundaries of its colonial holdings in British Columbia. The trader, the explorer, the trapper, were here as transients. The settled policy of the Hudson Bay Company to discourage actual settlements of a permanent character in the country served to turn all away until the coming of the pioneer settlers with their wives and families, beginning in 1834 under Jason Lee. While the first permanent settlers were the missionaries, their coming established a nucleus around which grew an embryo commonwealth to whose numbers were added from the processions of white-covered "prairie schooners" in 1842 under Elijah White, and in 1843 under Marcus Whitman, until in 1843 at Champoeg a local provisional American gov-

ernment was established to serve its purpose until the territorial bill of August 14, 1848, could be passed and carried into effect.

The establishing of missions among the Nez Perce and Cayuse Indians east of the Cascade Mountains by Dr. Whitman in 1836, had become a successful preliminary when, in 1838-39, Catholic missionaries came, and later settlers looking for homes. These immigrant families, including the women and children, formed an element of permanence and stability that the avarice of foreign traders could not successfully contend against. While the msasacre of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman by hostile Indians in 1847 served to temporarily check the coming of more people from the Eastern States, their martyrdom ultimately built up a sentimental and patriotic pride in the soil thus watered by their blood. Their work was carried on by Revs. Spalding, Cushing Eells, A. B. Smith and others. Whitman's heroic ride across the continent in 1842-43, that he might carry an urgent message to the heads of the American Government upon the necessity of standing by the rights of American settlers in establishing the international boundary attracted the attention of people all over the country. The trip of Jason Lee to the national seat of government in 1838, bearing a memorial to congress for the creating of a territorial government in these ends of the earth, did its work in arousing and attracting the attention of people all over the Atlantic States. The enlisting thereby of the active interest of Caleb Cushing, and of Senator Linn, the introduction of a bill by Senator Linn in 1839 to create a territory out of the "Oregon Country," and lectures and efforts by Lee in Illinois and other states, all served to bring many additions to Oregon's population.

Oregon Territory, bounded on the south by California, on the west by the Pacific Ocean, on the north by British Columbia, and on the east by the Rocky Mountains, contained an area of 200,000 square miles.

It is a significent fact that the indifference of leading American statesmen, and the actual hostility of some of them, very nearly lost Oregon, or much of it, to the United States. Those on the ground had not only to contend against hostile Indians

and wild beasts; not only had they the opposition of crafty subjects of Great Britain among the Hudson Bay Company's trading posts, but they had to combat the ignorance and prejudice of men high in the councils of the American nation. Daniel Webster, who negotiated the Ashburton treaty with Great Britain, establishing the Canadian boundary, and was otherwise prominent in committing the United States to an established policy in fixing its boundaries across the continent, was disposed to literally give away the Pacific Northwest rather than to contend seriously for it against the demands of the British government. Speaking out of the abundance of his ignorance of the value of the territory involved, he publicly expressed the opinion that it was worthless. Senators McDuffie, of South Carolina, and Dayton, of New Jersey, also placed themselves on record not only as being indifferent, but actually opposed to extending America's domain west of the Rocky Mountains. Could these gentlemen have foreseen that the opening of the next century would find the Pacific Northwest literally the nation's front door with reference to the world's commerce, and mighty and potent in carrying American freedom and American civilization to the islands of the sea and the countries of Asia, could they have lifted the veil of the future far enough to get even a glimpse of our wealth and population and commerce of today, built up in the westward trend of the "Star of Empire"; could they have dreamed of the magnificent resources of Alaska, or of the splendid cities of today in Oregon, Washington and Idaho, then part of the "Oregon Country," probably they would not have been such ardent anti-expansionists. But as it was, their depressing and hostile influence added materially to the obstacles met and overcome by the pioneers of Oregon.

You, pioneers, may well indulge a feeling of pride today over the marvelous achievements of the past, the splendid possessions of the present, and the hopeful outlook for the future. Here, under the protecting folds of the Stars and Stripes, you have helped to build up the last, highest and most illustrious government of the world! As you face the setting sun across the great ocean that stretches still farther westward, you can look back with gratification over the part you have taken in

writing the world's history in the "Oregon country," and face the future with buoyant anticipations as to the welfare of those to follow after in the enjoyment of the magnificent heritage they receive from you. May the placid evening of your lives be gladdened by those comfortable reflections!

The pioneers of Oregon were educated not only to be self-reliant, but to be helpful to others. Their generosity to a neighbor was limited only by the needs of that neighbor. They built up a civilization along the Northern Pacific Coast that was exemplified by the promptness and large-hearted generosity with which they responded last month to the needs of a stricken San Francisco and other California towns, proving the fraternal brotherhood of their humanity and their quick sympathy with others in need. How could they do otherwise after their own training and experience?

My own father's family crossed the plains from Texas to Southern California in 1853, and it was my fortune to be brought in touch with primitive conditions from there to Puget Sound. In Clallam County, Washington, where we lived from 1860 to 1875, the neighborhood was much like one large family. We shared each other's joys, sorrows and burdens, traded work in planting time and harvest, loaned tools and teams, seed and table supplies to the needy—as a matter of course. A man that would think of charging a neighbor for assistance of any sort when that neighbor needed it was thought too mean to live. Seldom was generosity imposed upon. The people of that county were not unlike those of the Willamette Valley, or of other parts of the Northwest. I mention this within my own personal knowledge, as a fair sample of conditions all over this country during its primitive existence.

In the history of this Northwest, Washington is inseparably connected with Oregon. Its existence as a political subdivision of the nation harks back to the time when all that is now Washington constituted the single county or district of Vancouver, with James Douglas, afterwards governor of British Columbia, M. T. Simmons and James Forrest as the first county commissioners. Shortly afterward, as a part of Oregon, the county was divided by the organization of Lewis

County, embracing all the territory north of the Columbia River and west of the Cowlitz River, and Clark County, comprising the balance of the territory now in Washington, with the crest of the Rocky Mountains constituting its eastern boundary. With the creation of Washington Territory out of that portion of Oregon in 1853 came a separation in political existence, but the people of the two commonwealths were then and ever since have been essentially one in their characteristics, ambitions, sympathies, and in their achievements. In the Indian war of the '50s, when a common necessity called for a common defense, the Oregon and Washington volunteers joined forces against a common foe.

If Washington has outgrown Oregon in some respects, it is because of advantages in geographical location, and not on account of any superiority of her people. They are one in the sense voiced by the sacred hymn writer:

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above."

Washington had her "day of small things" as did Oregon. Daniel R. Bigelow, of Olympia, recently deceased, was her first territorial auditor. His first annual report showed a total amount of $146.67 paid into the territorial treasury during the year. William Cock, the first territorial treasurer, was paid in lieu of salary a commission on the moneys received and paid out. His first year's compensation amounted to the princely sum of $5.53.

Washington annual cash income today, amounting to $1,000,000 or more, presents a contrast with her early conditions.

When we compare the Oregon of 1850 with the Oregon and Washington and Idaho of today; when we consider our present prosperous condition, our freedom from danger, our towns and cities buoyant and bustling with activity, hope and enjoyment; when we see the roads, the bridges, the railroads spreading their network over the face of the country, quickening into

intensity the exchange of business and intercourse of men; when we note the intellectual and moral growth of the country, its institutions and modern advantages, we must feel a sense of regret that the old-timers who came to these shores full of ambition and foresight to lay the foundations of these things, but have since been called from earthly activities, cannot be with us today to enjoy the fruits of their labors.

But our destiny is not yet fulfilled. The achievements and experiences of the past, and the gradual unfolding of our boundless resources, presage a more magnificent development and growth in the future than was perhaps dreamed of by the pioneers.

We, surviving pioneers, enjoying today the pleasures of a reunion, will before many more years be gathered to our fathers and be succeeded by the generations to follow. For them, as for us, may the years roll on in peace and plenty, the seasons come and go, and the earth continue to yield her increase, the snowflakes to fall, the flowers to bloom! While yet upon the scene of action let us by precept and example impart to our neighbors and our children's children abiding lessons of zeal, enterprise, patience, virtue and patriotism, and the fearless doing of the duties of the hour, both public and private, in the light of the highest ideals of an enlightened Christian civilization. And for our preservation to this time let us be thankful to Him who holds the fate of nations as in the hollow of His hands, yet marks the sparrow's fall.

I wish I might dwell more in detail upon the experiences of early days, but it is not possible within the bounds of a brief address. Words struggle for utterance. This presence and the theme of the hour are inspiring. I love to dwell upon the men and the acts which, though gone from our sight, yet live in our memories; live always in the impress they have left upon passing history. The reminiscences of the past are full of interest. I am glad that your Association and the Oregon Historical Society, as well as similar organizations in Washington and Idaho, are preserving many of them from oblivion. In keeping with this, equally to be commended, is the work but recently undertaken, and now being so successfully

carried out, by Hon. Ezra Meeker, who conceived the unique idea of retracing with ox team and covered wagon the course of the "Old Oregon Trail" followed and used by himself and other pioneer immigrants from 1840 to 1859, and marking that trail at suitable points with enduring monuments of stone, to the end that its identity and memories be preserved for future generations.

That trail ended at Olympia at the headwaters of Puget Sound. Its beginning was at Council Bluffs, Iowa. It has for us today, and will have for the people of the future, something more than a mere passing sentimental significance. It marks the avenue of entrance by which came the first ripples of that vast tide of humanity that swept across the continent, and before whose resistless energies the inferior races and all obstacles wavered and melted away. Their coming was not the result of chance, but of manifest destiny, a destiny that was surely ours from the beginning; the survival of the fittest; the building of a new and higher civilization in a land peopled by a dying race. The "Oregon Trail" should be a national highway perpetuated as are other historic landmarks, in grateful memory of the pioneers who made and used it.

I could not close without some reference to the noble pioneer women, who shared the toils, hardships, sufferings and dangers of the frontier with their husbands and families. Whitman's heroic and perilous ride across the continent has been celebrated in song and story, but what of the wife left behind in a lonely cabin, to thus remain a year, with no white neighbor nearer than twenty-five miles? Think of Mrs. Elkanah Walker, who, when found crying perched upon her household goods in a pouring rain at the River Platte, in reply to a question as to what was the matter, said: "I am thinking how comfortable my father's hogs are."

Rev. Myron Eells, in describing the primitive homes of his parents and the Walkers, near Spokane River, said: "They were built of logs. The roofs were of dirt, supported by pine boughs, and when it rained heavily the water came down through all. The floors were the ground, with often a carpet of pine boughs, changed from time to time as they grew old.

The windows for several years were first of cotton cloth, then of deerskin, undressed but oiled, so as to admit some light. Their stoves for nine years were the fireplaces; their tables were stakes driven into the ground and covered with a few boards, which were packed 150 miles. Their callers were dusky Indian women, with the exception of Mrs. Spalding and Mrs. Whitman, 120 and 150 miles away; and there were a few women in the Willamette Valley, four or five hundred miles distant, who never called. Could they hear from home? Yes, sometimes in six months, and sometimes once in a year letters would be received from sisters and mothers. In 1844 Mrs. Eells wrote to her sister: "Your letter dated September, 1841, I received July, 1843." Their postoffice was 200 miles distant, and it was two weeks' journey to go to it and return. Their beef for many years was usually a cayuse horse killed and salted down." After the Whitman massacre, when Mrs. Eells and her little children were sent to the Willamette Valley for safety, the only house they could find was a vacant log cabin with earthen floor, between Oregon City and Salem, and its last tenants had been cattle. For housekeeping utensils she had one tin pan, in which to wash hands, faces, and dishes, and make bread. The food supply was bread and molasses.

Mrs. Esther Chambers, of 1844, who settled at Roy, Wash., tells how the family of her father, Wm. Packwood, spent their first winter west of the Rocky Mountains, with two other families, in a barn, each family having a corner to itself, with a fire in the center, and a hole in the roof for smoke to escape. They lived on potatoes, peas and wheat.

The first white women who came to Puget Sound were Mrs. Gabriel Jones, Mrs. George Bush, Mrs. David Kindred, Mrs. Michael Simmons and Mrs. James McAllister. They started in 1844, but could not get through that year, and had to winter on the banks of the Washougal River in tents. One day, during the absence of the men folks, a roving band of Indians appeared and began helping themselves to whatever they wished in camp. Mrs. McAllister drove them away forcibly, using a tent pole as a persuader. Afterwards, while crossing the Deschutes River, she stood guard over the children,

wagons and cattle, while her husband crossed with part of their effects. While there Indian thieves attacked them, but she struck the leader down with an ax and drove the others away. For the first three years these families saw but little bread, as they could get little wheat, and had to keep that for seed. While Mr. McAllister was building a house for his family in the Nisqually bottom, his wife and six children lived in two hollow stumps, roofed over.

Mrs. William White, afterwards Mrs. S. D. Ruddell, of Olympia, came across the plains in 1851, a year after her husband, with five young children. She hired a man to drive her team, but during his illness for three weeks she drove the team (five yoke of oxen) herself. Soon after coming to the country her husband was killed by Indians, almost in her presence.

Sickness, particularly the cholera, in 1852, caused great sufferings, privations and bereavements. Mrs. M. K. Overman, of Tacoma, who came in that year, said it was no uncommon thing to see five or six new-made graves in one camping ground. Mrs. Overman tells of her father's family, while crossing the plains, having to subsist four days on one rabbit and a few bacon rinds.

A. L. Hawk, of Nisqually, said: "I have counted 25 to 50 new graves per day. It was a common thing to see covered wagons standing by the roadside deserted, and many others burned. Ox yokes, chains, bedding and cooking utensils lay scattered along that desolate route. Of the many large families that the cholera attacked that summer, but few reached their destination entire." It was estimated that 2,000 deaths occurred that season for that disease alone.

In 1852 George W. Buford crossed the plains. He said: "Our mothers and sisters walked half the way. I know some whose teams died on the way, and they were compelled to walk the last 1,000 miles with their clothes and scanty bedding being pulled in a cart."

In 1853 Mrs. Ben Simmons drove a team all the way across the plains, while her three daughters walked much of the way

barefoot. Because of the heat and dust they all became afflicted with sore eyes, and one was blind seven years.

In 1854 Mary Frost came. On the way Indians killed her father, W. G. Perry, so the mother with four children came on alone.

These are but a few samples of the experiences of pioneer women. Rev. Myron Eells, in an admirable address, delivered two years ago before the Washington Pioneer Association, told of some of them, and of many others.

Not all who came were saints, by any means; not all were heroes or heroines; not all suffered privations and perils after getting settled in this country; but many hard and bitter experiences did occur, that called forth tears, curses and groans. And these circumstances and experiences were met and overcome or endured with a fortitude, patience, and oftimes even cheerfulness, that challenged admiration and incited all to live stronger, nobler and better lives. They brought out qualities that explain why the American people have such a splendid and invincible type of citizenship.

The heroism of our pioneer women consisted in the fact that they were such devoted and unselfish helpmeets for husbands, fathers and brothers. Not that they never sorrowed nor wept over their lot; not that they never became discouraged to the verge of despair; but that through it all they brushed away the tears, and smiled in spite of all sufferings and all the grinding conditions, and set themselves about the business of lightening the burdens of others. They brought the sweet odor and sanctity of home and home ties among wild and unfavorable conditions. In 1834 there were only fifteen Americans between California and Alaska. But when in 1836 women began to come, men began to stay, for women meant homes and permanent occupation. No Spartan mother ever exhibited nobler qualities than did these mothers, whose self-denial and sacrifices gave them such a high place in our history. They live in grateful and affectionate memory. Their examples of devotion and domestic duty faithfully performed instilled into the minds of brothers and sons impulses and

memories as lasting as life itself. They so entwined their lives with good and gracious deeds that those of them gone hence to meet their reward have left behind them, though perchance entombed in humble graves, a sweetness as of pressed yet still fragrant flowers.

The men and women who lived in our pioneer days amid such inhospitable surroundings learned to be self-reliant. The hard discipline bred a race of whole-souled people who could look unflinchingly into the face of life's sternest and most disagreeable duties, and measure up to the full stature of men and women in doing so. Brought into contact with Nature in all her moods and manifestations, they learned to reverence the good, the grand, the true. Shall any of these, or any of their descendants, flinch or falter hereafter in the face of duty? Shall any problem of citizenship or patriotism bring either terror or indifference to them? If God ever made better material for the warp and woof of the fabric of our citizenship, I have not yet heard of it. Their characters are inscribed in tablets more enduring than stone or bronze. Character! Emerson says it takes the place of the whole creation. A Caesar is born, and for ages we have a Roman empire. All history resolves itself into the biography of a few strong, earnest persons.

The Oregon pioneers are passing away, passing from the stage of active life; but their personality will loom for generations like the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land." On the Western shores of the American continent their dust shall rest as sacred treasures to millions who will kindle anew their zeal and patriotism in the inspiring memories of the past!

Death palsies the arm of the warrior, and he drops from his nerveless grasp the shattered spear. It stills the tongue of the orator, and the senate and forum are silent. It severs the chord in the tide of song, and the harp of the minstrel hangs upon the willow. It drinks from the blushes of beauty the mingled hues of the rose and the lily. Every age and every clime is monumental with its symbols and strewn with the trophies of its victories.

Somewhere the day is longer.
  Somewhere the task is done.
Somewhere the heart is stronger.
  Somewhere the guerdon won.

Somewhere the load is lifted,
  Close by an open gate.
Somewhere the clouds are rifted.
  Somewhere the angels wait.

Somewhere, Somewhere.
  Beautiful Isle of Somewhere:
Land of the true, where we live anew—
  Beautiful Isle of Somewhere.

PIONEER DAYS.

(The following chapters on "Pioneer Days" were prepared by Mr. Tolbert Carter, an honored pioneer of 1846, and for a great many years a resident of Benton County, and were originally published in a local paper of that county. At my earnest request, one of his sons copied the letters, and they are here presented for permanent preservation in the Transactions of the Oregon Pioneer Association. Mr. Carter was born in Missouri, on November 6, 1825, of English ancestry. In early life he removed to Illinois, and started from Morgan County, in that state, to Oregon in March, 1846. He was married to Mrs. Martha Angeline Belieu on August 13, 1852, and made his permanent home a few miles north of the City of Corvallis. He was by occupation a farmer. He served a term in the state legislature with credit to himself and his constituents. He died on October 3, 1899, leaving an honored name as a heritage to a large family.—George H. Himes, Secretary.)

CHAPTER I.

In response to your request I will give some sketches of my journey across the plains from Illinois to Oregon in 1846. I was in my twenty-first year, that being my first adventure from home, with but little conception as to what was before me. Everything was new and unknown, having a very limited knowledge of both men and things in general. I will remark, however, that I have since in these long years learned a little of the world and something concerning mankind; I have become convinced that no experience was presented in the limit of an eight-months' journey across the plains to learn so much of the deep-seated and different shades of human nature as such a travel affords. And there is no trait in man's nature that is not thoroughly tested. First, his bravery; second, his manly impulses; third, his endurance. Whilst all these qualities are thoroughly tested and fully exemplified, none perhaps is more required or none so requisite as his endurance and perseverance.

Now, imagine if you can, the condition of an inexperienced boy starting out on this terrible journey with all these

necessary qualifications to learn, and adapt himself to each new requirement. You may have something in your mind's eye of the disqualification of the one who is now going to give some noted and still remembered incidents that occurred on the latter part of that long and soul-trying journey. In doing this these incidents must be drawn from memory, having neither notes nor journal to write from. Fifty-two years is a long lapse of time to write from memory, yet these incidents are as fresh in my mind today as the events of the past year; strange, indeed, but true. My object in sketching these pioneer incidents is because there were no notes taken at the time, and I have seen no written account of any of them by any writer, consequently, with the exception of what is written below, that long travel, with its attendant privations and misery, is entirely lost to history.

Another object in preparing a sketch of these long-past incidents is to some extent for the benefit of the young men (and some of the old ones) who seem to possess a chronic habit of complaining of hard times and blaming something or somebody for all the ills in life. It is for these persons in the present and the future that this narrative is given, and if any of the above-named class should happen to read this narrative through, my impression is they will readily confess "hard times" to them now and in the past have been a myth.

The incidents that will be narrated will commence at Lost River, now the southern boundary of Oregon. Lost River affords the water that forms the celebrated Tule Lake, the home of the savage Modoc Indians, who caused the war with that tribe in the lava beds. So far as I know I was one of the party who first had trouble with this savage tribe. That incident will be narrated. Then will follow the noted incidents that my memory still retains till I reached my present home, and if these sketches prove interesting, some incidents may follow concerning things that happened after arriving at our destination.

CHAPTER II.

In my preliminary letter to you concerning a part of my journey to Oregon, I stated that I would commence at Lost River, near the southern boundary of the state; so here we are camped at the natural bridge on the stream. We have passed for a long distance through a harmless, inoffensive tribe called Digger Indians, perhaps the lowest in intelligence of all the American Indians. In consequence of this fact the officers had ceased to guard either the cattle or camp, but the sequel will show we had come in contact with a different kind of people. One morning when the teams were to be brought in, it was found that ten head of work oxen were missing. Our train consisted of fifty-two wagons. It was soon ascertained that the missing oxen had been driven across the rock bridge near camp, and, strange as it may seen, these ten oxen belonged to ten different teams, and the team that I had charge of, which belonged to a widow lady, was short one steer. So a council of war was held and it was decided that each one who had lost an animal should attempt to recover it. That decision enlisted your correspondent into the crowd thus delegated; so in less time than it takes to write it, these ten men were mounted and armed and equipped as camp laws directed. We crossed the bridge, struck the trail and on we went. It was soon discovered that five Indians had committed the theft. We ascertained this by counting the moccasin tracks in the sand. It must be remembered that we were in a treeless country—nothing to be seen but sage brush and desert. So here we go in high glee. As for myself I considered it a splendid piece of fun and recreation; but in this, as in many other things, ignorance was bliss, as the sequel will show. After following the river six or seven miles the stream is formed into what is known as Tule Lake. After following the trial fifteen miles we came to where seven head of the oxen had been slaughtered. With the facilities with which they had to butcher, judging from the signs, it was to them quite a task, as their means of slaughtering was the bow and arrow, and from the amount of broken arrows lying on the ground it would take a long time to replace them. But there lay the upper part of the head, which was all

that remained. Not a vestige was left from hoof to horn—entrails and their contents all gone. Now, the question was, where was the other three? It will be remembered that a belt of tules grows around most of these desert lakes and it grows from the height of from five to seven feet. The water at this time had receded quite a distance from the tules, and we supposed the living cattle were in these tules. Attempts had been made to burn the tules off, so that only patches remained—perhaps half were burned. There was a trail into this hummock from where we were, and supposing the cattle were in some of the unburned patches, five men volunteered to follow the trail and five remain and hold the horses. Your scribe was one of the simple ones to go on this foolhardy and hazardous trip. On we went over the burned districts and through patches of tules, seeing or hearing no Indians, but occasionally a puff of smoke would arise from some patch of tules. We learned that that was their sign to each other of enemies in the country. Not knowing this, we pressed forward. We now entered a large section of tules near the lake, still following the trail; about the center of this opening that contained five Indian houses with all their belongings. Of course we felt a little doubtful, being a half mile from our companions and hemmed in on every side by the rank tules, taller than our heads; but the neighborhood was to all human appearances deserted. We paused and listened, but no sound of voice nor tread could be heard. We, therefore, concluded the Indians had left their city and emigrated across the lake. Considering ourselves safe from danger, the work of destruction began, and certainly no city ever met with a more complete destruction, not even Carthage by the Romans; the only difference being the inhabitants were not sold into slavery. Everything that we met with was destroyed—pots, kettles, mats, baskets and, in fact, everything that we supposed would be of any use whatever. Some baskets which we destroyed were full of some kind of seeds resembling that seed of the well-known lamb's quarter; we spilled the seed and destroyed the baskets. Another thing was a family of wolf pups; some bravo killed all of them, the mother dodging around to escape sight of the pale-faced destroyers. Some one suggested that the mother

be shot, but others objected on the ground that the Indians might hear the report of the gun. We completed the destruction of the homes of these savages, and they no doubt considered it rough treatment from the first pale-faces that they had ever seen. It was thought by our pilot that we were the first whites ever in that part of the country; at any rate, ours were the first wagons that ever came from Humboldt River in Nevada to Oregon. We now retraced our steps to join our companions whom we left in charge of the horses. As soon as we emerged from this section of tules to the burned district twenty or thirty Indians ran from around the huts we had destroyed out towards the lake on the dry land afforded by the receded water of the lake at this season. They ran till out of gun shot and halted in full view of us. I suppose it was their chief, Captain Jack, who was afterwards hung, that motioned with his quiver of arrows, and, in a loud, clear voice heard distinctly by us, intimated they wanted us to come back. Myself and another young man, equally ignorant, concluded we would have an interview with these strange, new acquaintances. So we started with guns on our shoulders. The Indians retreated as we advanced, so we saw we could accomplish nothing by this course. The Indians were all the time motioning and hallooing, so we laid our guns down to see what the result would be. They remained still; but we retraced our steps and rejoined our comrades at the desert. There was no signs of anything pertaining to the lost oxen in the lodges destroyed. They were no doubt in some other unburned section of tules not far distant. No doubt many will wonder why it was some or all the five who penetrated the tules, as the Indians would naturally suppose they would carry the news to what appeared to them an immense caravan. Our train consisted of fifty wagons, and they probably thought about all the pale-faces in the world were in the crowd. So, in my judgment, if all ten men had gone in, not a living soul would have come out, as those Indians, concealed around those lodges, whilst we were destroying them, could have sent their arrows through the tules and killed every man, and we would not have seen them. So the fact that these five faint-hearted ones who would not go in, in my judgment, saved the lives of the five brave ones (excuse the

remark) who did go in. So, more by good luck than by good judgment, we ten adventurers mounted our horses and struck out for more fun, not realizing the danger; but we soon found it. As we started we again separated, five going to the right up the lake, with the understanding that we would meet three or four miles west at the foot of the mountain and report progress. We had proceeded but a short distance when the party who were going up the lake gave a warwhoop and formed in a circle, with revolvers in hand. We put spurs and charged on double quick and soon joined our excited comrades, ready for any emergency that required bravery to execute. In the center of these ten men lay an Indian, face down, in the sage brush, which was not more than a foot high, and another council of war was held to decide the fate of the prisoner.

CHAPTER III.

I have no doubt, Mr. Editor, that you would have been delighted to have heard the patriotic speeches made on this occasion. We had the prisoner at our mercy (that is, if mercy could have been thought of under the circumstances), lying flat on the ground, face downward, without moving a muscle, barefooted, no clothing but a mat made of cedar bark around his loins. Some were for shooting him on the spot; others, more lenient, proposed to take the prisoner to camp and hoist a wagon tongue and hang him, as no tree was in sight, so as to show these savages the civilized mode of disposing of prisoners. Your scribe said nothing on this occasion, being a youngster in the crowd. The latter proposition being agreed to, the next thing to be done was to get the prisoner to his feet so as to make the journey to camp, fifteen miles away. One of the party, more brave than the rest, dismounted to get our find to his feet. This task I had no desire to perform, as I supposed a bow and arrow might be concealed lengthwise under the body that could be brought into requisition and the arrow shot through a man quick as thought. In this, as in all other similar circumstances, there is fortunately some one fitted for the occasion, so one brave motioned the prisoner to arise instantly. A pitiful moan pro-

ceeded from the prisoner, and when raised sufficiently to see, tears were streaming down the face and the deathly moan still proceeded, and when erect it was discovered to be the oldest woman, I think, my eyes ever beheld. This being discovered, our brave who volunteered so bravely, slipped back, mounted his horse and put his revolver in the holster. In fact, all feeling in the entire crowd of adventurers for blood, either by shooting or hanging, or any savage disposition that any of us had previously entertained, soon became very much modified, so much that it was not long till all those deadly revolvers were quietly put away to rest for a time in the holsters. We sat on our horses and left alone this poor, old woman, we waiting developments and she expecting nothing but death. The moans and tears continued, and she now commenced making an inspection of her captors. In doing this she looked every man square in the face, until she made the entire circle. I must say that when it came my turn to face this poor, ignorant savage (a human being nevertheless), with fear of sure death depicted in her countenance, together with the pitiful moan and tears, I confess I felt almost sorry that I had not remained in camp. She then became quiet and told us by signs all about the theft, making it as plain as if spoken in English. The story was that, while we were asleep, five Indians had stolen ten head of cattle and killed seven head, and took the meat, together with the three living oxen, and concealed them somewhere in the tule swamp, and lastly, she showed us by signs that could not be disputed, that she had not eaten of the meat. I suppose it would be too much to say that this decrepit old savage understood hypnotism or mind-reading; but I must say from the effect she produced on those men, seeking revenge for the loss of part of their teams, one would reasonably suppose she understood both.

We sat on our horses like so many pictures a considerable time before the silence was broken. Finally, some one broke the circle without uttering a word and started for camp, leaving this old squaw the opportunity of giving the lie to the sign she gave us of not eating any of the stolen cattle. So we struck out, single file, leaving our hypnotizer alone on

rods wide, one of the worst crossings that wagons ever made —boulders from a foot through to the size of flour barrels— but no accidents occurred.

We then had the Siskiyou Mountains to cross; but fortunately we found no difficulty in a two days' up and down passage. We then entered Rogue River valley, inhabited by a new tribe of Indians on the coast. We then struck the trail leading from Oregon to California, and it was a comfort to know that civilized men had traveled this road before, as we had been months in a country where, to our knowledge, a white man had never been seen. The new tribe of Indians will be described in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

Rogue River valley was an agreeable change to us, as we found plenty of timber, water and grass for the stock. There were no indications of Indians in sight; but as we moved on and struck the river on the opposite side we saw two Indians, one with a rifle and the other with a bow and quiver of arrows. The river was about ten rods wide. They talked to us and exhibited their weapons; but as we could not understand their language, we did not answer them, so parted friendly, and proceeded down the river to where the trail crossed the stream, and there we camped. At this place we had our first introduction to Rogue River Indians' honesty, or rather dishonesty, as the sequel will show.

A Mr. Vanderpool, a former mountaineer, had brought 25 head of sheep safely across the plains. These sheep were entrusted to the care of one of his sons, but the old gentleman arose early that morning and turned the sheep out to graze until breakfast. The herd being near camp, he thought it would be safe to let them graze till he could eat his breakfast. After breakfast he went to bring the sheep, but, to his surprise and disappointment, they had disappeared in a canyon near at hand, with moccasin tracks following. He hurried back to camp and quickly reported. Your scribe quickly volunteered to follow and bring back the herd. Several other simpletons also offered their services, but, fortunately for us, he was a man

of sense and experience with Indians, and would not allow us to enter the canyon on any such foolhardy expedition. As a matter of course, he would have to lead the party. So the result was that our new acquaintances were left to have a feast on the 25 sheep that had cost the owner a vast amount of trouble, and could he have succeeded in getting them through they would have been valuable property.

That morning we forded the river, a swift, ugly stream, with the water in the wagon beds in some places; but all got safely over and proceeded on our journey without interruption, until we came to what was afterwards called the Grave Creek Hills, which took us all day and well into the night to cross, it being dark and we not knowing where we were. As soon as we came to level ground, where it was possible to make a halt, we did so. We chained the oxen to trees to await what daylight would develop.

Soon a wagon appeared, with weeping and lamentation among its occupants. It was soon learned that an estimable young lady by the name of Crowley, who had been afflicted with typhoid fever, had died. It is hard to part with our loved ones in civil communities, where they may have all possible attention given them, as I know from experience; but imagine such loss in a wilderness inhabited by a savage tribe, and the impossibility of bestowing those tender cares; without physician or medicine to alleviate the suffering, and, worse still, after burial, the possibility of the body being exhumed, to be mutilated by savages or devoured by ravenous wolves, as there were many instances of such cases.

When morning came we found we were a few hundred yards from a small stream. We soon decamped and moved to the stream, laid over on that day and buried the deceased lady. All precautions were taken to hide the grave—it was dug in the center of the corral and a quantity of brush burned thereon. Two years afterward I passed that way, en route to the California gold mines, and, sorrowful to relate, the Indians had exhumed the body. Whether wolves had devoured the flesh or not could not be ascertained. At all events the bones lay

bleaching in the sun, and her beautiful auburn hair lay in a mass, looking as bright and fair as it did on the head of the owner when in the vigor of youth. When I returned from California the mother of the lady came to where I was stopping, having heard of the circumstances, to inquire if the reports were true. That was one time in my life it seemed hard to tell the truth. I told her it was true, and, characteristic of all mothers (God bless them all), she wept bitterly. It must be remembered that all those wild Indians watched the movements of our train till night, as wagons drawn by oxen were a sight to them both mysterious and wonderful, and they have a way of transmitting news so that our coming was made known ahead, so that all might be on the lookout. I have no doubt now but what there were Indians perhaps within a stone's throw all day, watching everything that was done.

We will now leave this sorrowful scene and press forward to other troubles and privations, which, if we could have foreseen, would have made the bravest throw up their hands in utter despair. Winter was near at hand, and we were 200 miles from our destination—a land represented by some to flow with corn and wine and milk and honey, but the starved, hungry crowd, of which your scribe was a member, found none of the above-named delicacies, nor anything pertaining to either of them.

But to proceed on our journey. We encountered nothing of special note until we reached the entrance of the Umpqua Canyon. Before starting into that seemingly impassable barrier it was decided to lay over a day and give our lean, jaded oxen a rest, as it was said the canyon was nine miles through, and none of us had the slightest idea as to what kind of a road it would be. It was probably a good thing that we did not, for we all decided after passing over it that it was the worst road that wagons ever traveled over. Bonaparte crossing the Alps with his army, so much lauded in history, in my judgment, was no comparison, as he had no wagons.

The first day we made the ascent, and camped with the oxen chained to trees. Remember they were all corraled the

of grass for the almost famished stock. Canyonville, quite a flourishing town, is located on the same ground that our original camp was located. It would seem that all ought to be happy, and perhaps those fortunate enough to have something to satisfy the inner man could be so; but your scribe was not so fortunate, having eaten nothing since the day before, with no prospect for anything in the future. I must say that the prospect for me and my dependants (a woman and two small children) looked gloomy, indeed. What made it more so, the party that had preceded us to open up the way and make it passable, had nothing at this same place, only what they killed in the shape of game, so there was nothing to be had in that line. But next morning at the break of day I arose and took my gun and went forth to seek game, as our only chance was the rifle, and I had a good one. There was no chance of purchasing anything from those who still had a little, and I thought there was nothing in standing and starving without making an effort. So down the creek I went, to where it emptied into the South Umpqua River, waded the stream full waist deep and up the side of a mountain I went. Soon I noticed fresh deer tracks. It has been 52 years since I saw those deer tracks, yet I remember the thrill of joy they sent through my weak and hungry body. A little further on I saw a deer, and if ever a man shot for meat, it was I. At the crack of the gun I saw I had the game. I prepared the carcass to carry to camp. Then I crouched down and got the deer on my back, but I found, owing to my exhausted condition, it was impossible for me to rise with it. Looking across the river, I saw a man going toward camp on his pony. I yelled at the top of my voice, and he heard me, and came and carried my game to camp on his pony. When the news spread through camp men came from all directions for a share of the meat. I must confess I hardly knew what to say, consequently I said nothing. When the deer was dressed I threw down the knife and said: "Gentlemen, if any of you think that you need that meat more than I do, help yourselves." After I threw down the knife, I went to the tent, and after a short pause they walked away without touching the meat, all knowing that I had the widow and children in my care.

The last day's march out of the canyon was the worst for the destruction of property. In fact, everything that could possibly be dispensed with was thrown away. The route was strewn with articles, all valuable to the owners, if they could have been preserved. Extra wagons, various kinds of tools, farm implements were abandoned, the owners being glad to escape with their lives. One Mr. Wood had brought a hive of bees safely this far, but the wagon conveying them upset in the creek, broke the hive to pieces, and the bees all drowned. His hive of bees cost him a great deal of trouble, as he had them to feed and water during the long journey. Had he got them through he had an offer of $500 for them.

Another company that came through the canyon, a day later than our company, fared worse, if possible, than we did, for the rain had swollen the stream to almost a swimming stage. One of their number, Judge J. Q. Thornton, wrote a journal of the trip. In the canyon he lost everything save what he and his wife had on their backs. When crossing the stream for the last time he looked back at his wife. She was stemming the tide holding high above the wave a silver-tinseled bonnet which she had preserved from the wreck. The thought struck him, he said, of the ruling passion strong in death.

It must be remembered that we were considerably past the time for emigrants to make the journey to Oregon, consequently the stock of provisions for the trip in many cases had become exhausted, and from this time on to the closing of this narrative will be a struggle to get enough of the necessaries of life to keep soul and body together. But we now had the consolation of knowing we had passed the danger line of savage Indians—a blessing enjoyed by all.

I will here say that such a journey has a tendency to destroy in nature much of its benevolence and sympathy for distress of all kinds, until we are almost devoid of those essential humane characteristics. Those who have never been through such ordeals may conclude this is not true, but it is true nevertheless.

CHAPTER VI.

In my previous letter giving an account of our last night in the canyon, I forgot to mention that a lady gave birth to a child, but the condition of the road was so terrible that in a few hours the infant died. The mother soon followed, owing to the treatment she necessarily had to undergo. I also overlooked stating that two years after passing through the canyon I met the sick man who had got the rough passage down the bank. I inquired of him if he had any recollection of the circumstance. He replied that he had not, but he had an indistinct recollection of feeling himself falling. I told him that it was true that he did so, for I witnessed the accident and saw him fall. My wife and I, on a visit last year, passed through Canyonville, and I looked at the entrance of that memorable canyon and down the creek to where I killed the deer, and I felt an anxiety to again go through the canyon, and also visit the spot where I killed the deer. I was told, however, that it would be impossible to pass on our original road, owing to the fact that in making the grade on the side of the mountain the road we used was literally filled up with trees and stumps taken from the grade. I could not help feeling astonished at the vast change that had taken place within a half-century, and when I look in a mirror I find the change is nowhere more remarkable than in myself. Whilst improvements are going on in all other conditions, truth compels me to say that I am going on in the opposite direction; but your scribe tries to prepare for the inevitable.

After laying over two or three days preparations were made to resume our journey, and, being out of all danger of savage Indians, our large caravan broke into small caravans for the sake of convenience. The little party that I was in consisted of eight wagons, and as before stated, but little provisions remained in our party, and no prospective opportunity for procuring any. But being now out of danger of those pointed arrows in skillful hands, we were at liberty to hunt game at will, and deer were plentiful but in poor condition—nothing but does and fawns were in the valley. The bucks were in good condition, but they ranged back in the mountains, consequently

were hard to procure. Occasionally, however, one was killed, but, as previously intimated, there was no more division of anything in the shape of food with each other. Poor venison boiled or roasted without seasoning, not even salt, is about as poor a repast as I ever undertook to satisfy the cravings of a hungry stomach with, and I deem myself competent to judge, as I have tried almost all edibles that most men have eaten or attempted to eat. But going through what I have has proven to me that hunger is an appetizer far ahead of any modern discovery on that subject. But on we go, with nothing to eat but poor venison straight, and we had rain almost every day until the sloughs had become muddy, which made it difficult for the poor, jaded teams to proceed at all, so that the best that could be done was four or five miles a day. This being the condition of things, with 150 miles to travel, and another almost impassable mountain to cross, imagine, if you can, our chances of ever reaching our destination. Without the full possession of the characteristics spoken of in the introduction to this narrative, all would have thrown up their hands in despair. The prospect of the undertaking, especially to fathers of large families, with such vast responsibility resting on them, was dreadful. The people of this great State should feel that they owe something to these men who possessed the indomitable will to accomplish such undertakings. Your scribe would not be misunderstood to claim the honor above referred to, for he simply tailed on and followed those brave veterans spoken of, and was simply there, and is now almost the only one left to eulogize those men for their bravery and perseverance as homebuilders of this great State. Those veteran pioneers who braved the dangers, privations and sufferings described above, in the occupation of this remote country far from civilization, have raised a progeny that for the bar, the bench, and the ministry, and, in fact, for all the duties and positions of real manhood and womanhood cannot be excelled by any state in the Union. Three of them are now in congress—one in the senate and two in the house, competing with the best talent of the nation. One of them recently caused even the renowned Jerry Simpson, of Kansas, to haul down his sign.

Our little company proceeded on the journey. The number of days required, also the distance from one point to another must be omitted, as the intervening years prevent my recollection of these two necessary items in writing a journal of this kind; but several rainy days and muddy roads brought us to the crossing of North Umpqua River. The Indians furnished canoes to cross the wagons in. By lifting the wagons in and out of the canoes and swimming the stock, we managed to cross. This was severe on the poor oxen, the water being very cold. Our ferriage was very expensive, as the Indians saw they had us at their mercy, and, acting as some of our white brothers will act, made the best of it.

All safely across, we proceeded wearily ahead until we approached the Calapooia Mountains, which had to be crossed—a task to be dreaded, but which had to be done. Some time previous to this our distress had become known to friends in the settlement, who met their friends with fresh teams and provisions, but unfortunately for our little party we had no such good luck. In the meantime a wagon load of provisions had been brought to the opposite side of the mountain. A man having a brother and large family in our party left our party at the river to cross the mountain for the purpose of bringing a packload of povisions. I loaned him my overcoat (I happened to have one with me), and he agreed to let me have a share of the load, provided I would pay the cost at the wagon across the mountain. I readily accepted the proposition, as we had had nothing to eat but the poor venison previously described, or a poor animal that had been driven across the plains that some one would kill. This beef was no improvement over the venison. In the meantime our long and anxiously waited for man returned with our much-needed provisions. Our share consisted of a small portion of flour, not exceeding 20 pounds, and about half that amount of peas. When the meal was being prepared from this precious package, I told the lady to give one mess of bread to us. As she placed the dough in the pan I could carcely refrain from eating the raw dough. But sometimes in our surest and sanguine hopes we are doomed to disappointment. This was my fate in this instance. When the bread and poor meat appeared at the festive board, of course

all eyes were turned and all stomachs craved the bread. The wheat from which the flour was made had been tramped by oxen in order to thresh it, and, of course, it was dark, and a wild weed grew among the wheat called anise, that bore a seed fragrant but sickening to the taste. It being ground with the wheat, the bread had the peculiarities of both. I ate a small portion of one biscuit, the stomach revolted at the taste of the anise, so I had to retire and relieve the stomach of the long-coveted bread, anise, dirt and all.

In relating this narrative I have aimed at the strict truth as I personally know it, but I will now report a circumstance given by another. About this time three men left us, all on foot, with blankets on their backs, to press on to the settlements, as they could travel on foot so much faster than the wagons could proceed through the soft, muddy road. These men left us without taking with them a scrap of provisions of any kind. One of the party had a shotgun, and they supposed they could kill enough game to subsist on till they could have a chance to procure food. But their hopes were painfully disappointed, as no chance occurred to kill anything, and they met no provisions till the third day. On that day they met on the summit of the mountain a man named Durbin, with some provisions on pack horses. At the place of meeting there was an abundance of wild berries that grow in the mountains there, called by the Indians salal berries. They are a pleasant, nutritious berry, but our hungry companions, not knowing but they might be poisonous, were afraid to eat them, so they made their distress known to Mr. Durbin.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Durbin asked them why they did not eat of those berries, as the Indians live on them in their season. The hero of this little party was a man by the name of Tool, of Missouri, a large, portly young man, and a very agreeable gentleman, and, by the way, a Methodist. Dan Tool devoured a quarter of an acre, vines, berries and all. I give this story as it was reported to me. I personally know it is true, with the exception of the quantity that Mr. Tool ate.

We then arrived at the base of the Calipooia Mountains, and laid over one day to recruit our exhausted teams before surmounting this dreaded mountain, the summit of which was covered with snow. Then up we started, creeping along until we reached the summit and passed the belt of snow; then we camped and chained our oxen to trees and bivouaced for the night. Of course, we got but little sleep, as our beds were arranged on the cold, wet ground. In this high altitude, so near the snow, not much comfort could be expected. We were glad when day appeared and all hands prepared to make the down grade. As for cooking, that was a small task, owing to a limited quantity on hand to cook. In crossing the snow belt we met a few Indians going south. These aborigines were scantily dressed and barefooted, but appeared comfortable. On meeting them they greeted us in the jargon dialect, "Cla-hi-um," which meant, "How do you do." We afterwards learned the dialect so that we could converse fluently with the natives of the country, and I still retain a knowledge of it.

It required most of the day to make the descent. We had no trouble in getting down as the ground was so soft and the wagons cut in so that no trouble occurred in preventing the wagons crowding the teams down the mountain.

We were then in the border of the Willamette Valley, our long-desired destination. There was nothing in sight to encourage us; the supplies we expected to find were all disposed of and the parties had gone home. So this much-lauded Willamette Valley presented nothing to us but broad, fertile prairies covered with a rich coat of luxuriant grass, very acceptable to teams, but the milk and honey that we were to find in this valley were not in sight; so we had to content ourselves with our poor beef or venison, with a little dirty flour, strongly tinctured with both the smell and taste of the sickening anise seed. This was used to make a little soup and gruel for the children; as for myself I preferred the meat straight.

After resting a day or two we prepared to resume our journey. In starting we had to cross a swollen, narrow creek, the water being even with the top of the banks. A notch was dug on each side so the wagons could get in and out, and the father

of Willard Linville, now of Corvallis, made the first attempt, having in his wagon his family and his mother, an aged lady. The driver, partly missed the notch, only two wheels entering it, and the wagon upset in the raging water. Before all could be gotten out, the aged grandmother had drowned. The whole family had a narrow escape. This accident caused a day's laying over, and is one among the many painful incidents that occurred during the long and eventful journey. This case was the more sorrowful on account of the great age of this father and mother, undergoing the fatigue and danger incident to the long journey, and now at the near approach of their longed destination to die by such a fearful accident, and to be buried without a casket or ceremony, was surely grievous to the aged husband and son and to all concerned. There was in our party another man having a large family, by the name of Crowley. He was at the point of death with typhoid fever—the prevailing complaint of the journey. He was a son-in-law of the aged Linnville.

In writing the history of this journey, so many years ago, I trust I will be pardoned for recapitulating some incidents that my memory recalls that I have failed to write in the previous articles. After we were through the canyon already described, in the exhausted condition of our party, coupled with the scar--city of provisions with some, and many entirely out, more complaining was heard for the want of tobacco than for the lack of provisions. After the company had divided into small parties, the one I was in, consisting of seven or eight wagons, and as I had three or four pounds of chewing tobacco, I concluded I would retrieve my lost generosity when I failed to divide the deer, by sharing my tobacco, as I never fancied the filthy habit. It was not much trouble to collect the hungry tobacco-chewers. The number was counted, and an equal division made, reserving for myself an equal share. For this act I was considered the greatest philanthropist in the entire outfit. After this, had circumstances been such that my services could have been offered for any official position, either county or state, and my success depended on these men who shared in the tobacco division, I would have gained the position far easier than I did in later years. Another matter requires some change. While

it is true that poor beef and venison was the principal diet, long-range marksmen, your scribe being one of them, had an occasional change. Wild geese were plentiful, and those large, white-breasted honkers were considered a delicacy, as they were invariably fat. I killed some geese and also a coon, which our dog cornered in a hollow log. He was a large, fat one. I put him in the wagon, hauled him till night, dressed him, and again divided. This gave the poor meat an additional relish that only those who have experienced such conditions can realize.

These incidents, called to mind since the former articles were written, brings us back to camp. We went traveling through this beautiful Willamette Valley. About the fourth day from our mountain camp, Thomas Crowley, the sick man above mentioned, died. He was a man possessed of all the essential qualifications of an affectionate husband and father, and a thorough Christian gentleman, had a large family and was possessed of a large amount of this world's goods. I visited him two days previous to his death, and he told me he was going to die. He said he would be better satisfied to have seen his family settled and made comfortable, but such could not be, and added that there was a better place beyond for him than Oregon. We buried him without coffin, and all turned sorrowfully from his grave. He was the fourth one of the Crowley family that died in our train. It will be remembered the bones I assisted to rebury on Grave Creek were the bones of his daughter.

The next place of note we came to was where the beautiful city of Eugene is located. A small pole cabin was built—the first sign of civilization we had seen in traveling 2,000 miles. The little cabin, without door or window, looked homelike, indeed. Here several families, whose teams had become exhausted, were going to abandon their wagons and were making canoes to make the rest of the journey by water. Had I not been situated as I was, I would have joined that party. We went from this camp to what is now known as Long Tom River—a stream running crosswise of the valley, with much swampy land. It now being in December, of course all such sections

were saturated with the continuous rains. To undertake this piece of road with exhausted teams proved to be terrible, as frequently each day oxen would mire and become helpless, and many had to be dragged out by main force, after which some were not able to stand, and were left to die. After several days of such helpless experience, Long Tom was reached. Long Tom is a stream about three rods wide. It had to be ferried, and a ferry boat was constructed by procuring two small Indian canoes, a little longer than the wagons, with a pine log made fast between. The contents of the wagons had to be taken out and placed on, not in, this frail boat and taken across; the wagons lifted in and lifted out on the other side, reloaded and taken out of the way for the next, and so on till all were over.

CHAPTER VIII.

About this time, 3 o'clock in the afternoon, an event occurred which is painful to describe, and yet it is so full of the pathos of the whole terrible situation that it must be done. It will be remembered I was a boy, and was driving the team of a widow lady, who had expected, as we all had, that we would reach our destination months before. She was taken sick the night before the crossing, and a baby girl was born to her. After receiving what attention it was in their power to give her, they all crossed the river and left the sick woman and child in my charge. As night was approaching I timidly entered the tent where the sick lady lay. I got wood and renewed the fire, and, without speaking a word, I turned and looked at the lonely, distressed woman. She looked at me, and in a most pathetic voice said: "What do you suppose will become of me?" At this pathetic expression all my timidity vanished, all the man in me was instantly aroused, and I asked her to tell me what to do, and if it was in my power I would do it. The sleepless night wore slowly away, and morning came at last. Preparations were then commenced to get the sick woman and child across the stream. The wagon and contents had been passed over the stream the night before, so I crossed the stream, built a large fire, got fir boughs and made a bed on the cold, hard ground. I then went back and covered the woman and child up. Then, with the help of three others, returned and

took the bed on which they were lying by the four corners, crossed and placed them in the tent I had prepared for them. A woman and child had died the night before under the same circumstances. She was another member of the unfortunate Crowley family. But the woman and child I speak of both lived. She survived the trying ordeal, with our scant preparations and the service that willing hands and kind hearts could render. She lived single a year, and then married a well-to-do farmer, raised a large and respectable family, Mrs. John Simpson, of Corvallis, being one of her daughters. The baby born at that time also lived to raise a large family; but both mother and child are now dead, and this humble narrative is the only record of the unsurpassed hardships of this remarkable experience, and I take pleasure in stating the fact that I did something to save the life of this mother and child. We do little kindnesses while rushing through life, and we often do things that are not kind, but I find that it is only the thoughts of the kind acts that give comfort as I am slowly jogging down the declining years of life.

Snow fell during the night to the depth of four inches. I arranged the best I could for my sick charges, but the best was poor, indeed, and in the morning we were all ready to pursue our toilsome journey. Mary's River was our next objective point. The snow disappeared during the day, to the satisfaction of all concerned. Arriving at Mary's River, as near as I can recollect, near where the grist mill now stands, it being at that place about 50 feet across. As it was now in December, of course the stream had to be ferried, but I must confess that I have entirely forgotten the kind of a craft improvised to cross in. Timber being near by, I presume we made a raft. I well remember the stock had to swim, and that one of our oxen became entangled in the brush below the place of landing. I jumped in the cold water, tied a rope around his horns, and all hands pulled him out, more dead than alive. This incident had the tendency to arouse me from my condition of lethargy caused by almost constant watching over the sick charge since leaving Long Tom.

After crossing we camped and spent our first night in what is now the flourishing, beautiful city of Corvallis, now the

county seat of Benton County. The Agricultural College is now located here, and other adornments too numerous to mention. Corvallis means "heart of the valley." Here was found another pole cabin, more attractive to us than a gorgeous palace would be now. It was the first inhabited dwelling or cabin it had been our pleasure to see in the State of Oregon. What made it more attractive to us, it was inhabited by a lonely civilized "white" man, whose name was J. C. Avery. He afterward became conspicuous in assisting to form a provisional government, arranging a county organization for the government of the present county, was United States postal agent for several years, and afterwards a member of the legislature. He raised quite a family, and some of them still live in Corvallis.

We then left Mary's River, our company from there consisting of only two wagons. One of these belonged to a cousin of mine, the other was the team I was driving. My brother, younger than myself, drove the loose stock all the way across. My cousin, being a man 35 years of age, and all his life a pioneer, of course he became manager of our little caravan. At this time we had prospective points in view, but the first night from Mary's River we camped at the foothills, a sparsely settled country, near the residence of H. C. Lewis. His dwelling was another of those soul-cheering cabins. Next we came to the residence of Thomas Reed, and after camp had been arranged, Mr. Reed visited us. This was the first visit we had received in almost eight months. On learning our condition, and that we had neither bread or flour, he returned to his house and brought some bread and divided it among the five children in camp. I was intimately acquainted with him 45 years afterward, and in all those long years I never forgot that noble act of charity. In the interview with Mr. Reed he informed us of one of those lovely, unoccupied cabins a short distance from his place, that he thought we might get into for a time, but the man who had control of it lived two miles beyond. He gave us directions as how to find the cabin, and we struck out, without trail or road, and luckily found it. My cousin mounted a horse and started to ascertain if we could occupy the house, leaving us and the teams standing till his return. It was raining as though a second flood was approaching. I went and

looked through a crack, and there I saw the first dry ground I had seen in two months. I had seen gorgeously furnished sitting-rooms, floors carpeted with the finest Brussels, but nothing I had ever seen had such a charm for me as did that dry ground, with the drenching rain overhead. The temptation was too strong for a youngster like me to endure, so without considering the penalty of breaking into a dwelling, I went to the wagon and got an ax, and in much less time than it takes to write it, I had a place cut for a door. Firewood being handy, I soon built a fire against the side of the chimney. I quickly improvised an Oregon bedstead (one-legged) and conveyed my invalid charge into the house, and placed her in a comfortable bed. I then turned the teams loose on the grass, which was very plentiful. All these changes were made before my cousin returned and reported that we could occupy the house. He asked how I knew I could occupy the house. I knew I could when I cut a hole in the wall, and there were not men enough in Oregon to put me out till it quit raining. I am sure that a king in his palace never felt better or enjoyed himself better than we did the first night in our new habitation.

CHAPTER IX.

In my last letter our party had arrived at our new home. In the surrounding vicinity we soon located permanent homes, not known to us at the time, but this became our final destination.

Our first night under shelter, with beds arranged on dry ground, and the rain pattering over our heads, was a joy and comfort that none but persons in our weary and exhausted condition can possibly imagine. Oh, how sound we slept! The rain pattering on the roof sounded sweeter than any music from the finest quartet of today.

Morning came, and we all arose refreshed from the effect of our night's rest, with knowledge that this was the first morning in almost eight months without the hurry and discomfort incident on preparing to move camp. This morning there was nothing to do but to partake of our simple repast. If the average person was to be summoned to breakfast now with nothing

in sight but what we had that morning, he would turn away in disgust, inwardly ejaculating: "No breakfast for me, if you please!" But not so with us; all fared sumptuously.

Attention was now turned toward making our new home as comfortable as circumstances would permit. The wagons were stripped of their covers, one was used to make a door shutter, the two tents were spread out and made protection on three side and served as ceiling inside; rough, uncouth seats were improvised, nails driven in the walls to adjust clothing, and in a word our new home was made comfortable, compared with that of our long, tedious journey. It must be remembered that we were two days, and part of the third, making the journey from Mary's River to this place, which is about eight miles. This shows how fast our jaded teams could travel.

Our house being completed without, and furnished within, we now had the opportunity of looking around so as to ascertain where we were. Our party, or rather family, consisted of three men, two women and five small children.

In our reconnoitering we found game plentiful, consisting of deer, geese, ducks and almost every kind of wild animals, also the rare mammoth white swan, with his beautiful flute-like voice. We three hunters, all "crack shots," procured enough meat in this first effort to last several days. It required quite an amount to supply the family, as not a particle of anything else could be procured, not even salt to season the meat.

In relating our condition and what we lived on in those pioneer days to the men brought up since, they have frequently remarked: "How could you live on such diet?" I know it appears impossible to them, but if they could have seen we ten people commence on a kettle full of this wild meat of different kinds and never cease until the bottom of it was reached, it would have been explained. The splendid sport of killing game continued for a time, and now another difficulty presented that appeared, under the circumstances, impossible to surmount.

For the last two months no washing had been done, for the lack of material to wash with. The writer had a dozen shirts,

and I overhauled them, picked out the cleanest until that would look as though it had been in close contact with terra firma, but in this case the old saying held true, "Where there is a will there is a way." I walked six miles to where G. B. Smith and his brother were "baching." (Afterwards he became known all over the state.) He butchered a beef occasionally, and I bought a small cake of tallow that cost 25 cents, half the money I possessed, and, to all business appearances, all I ever expected to have.

I returned to camp, burned a large pile of logs, improvised a leach, put the ashes therein and drained out the lye sufficient to wash the clothes of the family. This accomplished, my cousin concluded to make the effort to get flour so as to make bread for the children. The mill was twenty-five miles away, with two streams to swim. It was near the present city of Dallas, the county seat of Polk County. Blankets were arranged, our pockets filled with meat, and the writer and my cousin struck out. I went for the purpose of looking at the country, and to be company for the boy. He carried his gun, took a horse to carry the flour, and, to make a long story short, lest I become wearisome, the fourth day we arrived at camp with the flour, all rejoicing more to see the flour than the party. Many inquiries were made as to who and what we had seen. The gun came in good play, as wild geese were plentiful, and they were our principal diet on the trip, except on our return, when we had bread mixed with goose meat. We brought back 100 pounds of flour, and that was all the ten persons used until the first of April. You may judge the amount the grown ones of the party ate. As to myself I never tasted the dark mixture of dirt and anise seed since my experience recorded in this journal.

We had nothing to do now but prepare wood for the fire. There was plenty of fuel handy, so the intention now was to spend the remaining part of the winter in the woods. Some might suppose that, situated as we were, with nothing in sight to better our condition, only privation and misery could present itself in the future; but I have never, in all my life, enjoyed myself better than during the remainder of that winter. Per-

haps it was different with men and families, but I then, as now, try to make myself happy, whatever my environment may be; and, strange to relate, I never was in a condition during the entire long and tedious journey that I would have changed and gone back from whence I came.

I was "Where rolls the Oregon," as the poet, Bryant, expresses it, where naught is heard but the dashing of the waters; no neighbors nor associations of any kind except the aborigines of the country. Our nearest neighbor was eight miles away, with the exception of Mr. Read, the philanthropist above mentioned.

Each day was spent in the woods with the rifles, laying up food for the winter, which consisted of different species of game. Whatever kind we produced was dressed, cut in pieces and hung up to dry, without salt, and as our dwelling had no chimney, but with fire built near the wall, there was an abundance of smoke to prevent the meat from spoiling. And, strange to say, with this meat diet alone it was soon apparent that our entire family was gaining in flesh, and, still more strange to relate, I have never spent a winter since that I enjoyed more than the one here mentioned.

The excitement produced, the real fun in hearing the report of the deadly rifles of the three hunters and fleeing game of the fowls or beast as they came in range of each other's guns, caused the day to pass and compelled us to return to camp only half satisfied with the day's sport. And now, after these long intervening years, your scribe would gladly pass such another winter.

Not many days after we were located I wandered off some three miles from home. I came to the place that from then till now has been my home. A fine spring was gushing out at the edge of the valley, and about all I knew of selecting a home was that it should possess water, and I fancied that this place, when improved, would make a good one, so I resolved to locate it for that purpose.

On returning home and making known my discovery and intention of locating it for a home, the pertinent question was

asked, "What are you going to do with it?" Of course, in my condition, I had no answer to that question, as at the time it appeared as though I could never aspire to own a pig, there being no pig to own.

With the dark future in view, my brother and I returned next day, laid a foundation for a house, near the spring, drove stakes at the corner, which filled the requirements of the organic law at the time. Good luck came my way, as this narrative will show, so that I retained my place, and it is my home today. Without giving occurring incidents, I will say that after a time my cousin purchased a claim a short distance from mine, built a house and all hands moved to his place. It was a beautiful location, and he made it afterwards a lovely home.

This brings us to the first of March, 1847. About the middle of the month arrangements were made to go to mill, at Salem, now the capital of the state, and thirty miles away. There being no road, the trip had to be made by water. Parties living ten miles up the river (our places were located near the Willamette River) had made a large canoe for the purpose of bringing supplies from Oregon City, seventy miles away.

This canoe was borrowed and brought opposite our place. Myself and brother and two other men boarded the boat, with camping outfit for the trip, and made it to Salem the first day. I had money to buy our supplies. The other parties had to go into the French settlement and somehow trade for wheat, so this detained us two days. When we started from home the snow was six inches deep, but in the meantime a warm rain had melted it, and the river was booming. We loaded our canoes with the flour, twenty bushels of wheat, and a large amount of other supplies, and made the start for home.

CHAPTER X.

Before starting for home we bought a shoulder of pork and a small cake of tallow. We now had salt to season the food with, and after being without that essential item for some five months, no one can conceive the difference in the taste of food except those who had the experience. We also brought coffee,

but we had nothing with us in the shape of cooking utensils but a frying pan. So here we go up the booming Willamette, although we made but little progress.

That night and the next morning our shoulder of pork disappeared. The bones were gnawed so clean that a dog would starve on what remained, so after this we had nothing but bread, with the addition of a mess prepared by putting water in the frying pan where the bread had been baked, let it reach the boiling point, and then thicken to the consistency of gravy. This mixture and bread was all that we had for six days. One of our party called this new prepared gravy "wallop," so if any one in the future might be forced to this scanty living, they will know how to make it.

After arriving home I only remained one night, leaving these hard-earned supplies for the benefit of others. And it was no light matter to leave companions with whom I had been for so long, sharing all the privations and sufferings incident thereto.

On arriving at Salem I met an intimate friend, with whom I had traveled a long way upon the plains. He intended to go to California, while I desired to remain with my relatives. We parted with the best feeling toward each other, but afterward he changed his mind and came back to Oregon.

My friend, Robinson, was on the eve of starting to Puget Sound, and insisted on my going with him. Perhaps it may appear strange that I would accept such a long and difficult journey, considering my past year's experience, but it must be remembered that I was in a strange land, with but few friends, and neither home nor money, and as my friend was well supplied with money, all these made an inducement that led me to accept the proposition.

My friend, his brother and family, and another man and family, together with their household goods, wagons, and oxen-yokes started on our voyage in a large bateau. (This specie of boat was used by the Hudson's Bay Company in the transmission of their freight.) So here we are, with the mode

of traveling entirely changed from desert, sagebrush, mountains and Indians, to the broad waters of the Willamette and Columbia Rivers. I found a vast difference in going down stream in a strong, swift current to that of going up stream with a heavy-laden canoe.

It was now April, and the weather was fine. We would land and camp on shore of nights, and we had plenty of nourishing food, seasoned with salt to taste. All things considered, the mode of travel was agreeable to me, besides I had the promise of something in the future—a home and employment at the end of our voyage.

We went smoothly over the broad water of the great Columbia, and perhaps no stream in the world presents such picturesque scenery as it does, with its precipitous mountains and strangely shaped rocks. Each day brought strange and delightful views to this party of former land travelers. Our captain was an experienced sailor, and as the boat was provided with a sail it was spread to the breeze, when the wind was fair, and we glided swiftly and pleasantly through the water.

We now make camp within view of a strange sight, and, after supper the captain and I made an investigation and found it to be an Indian cemetery. A large table-shaped rock stood near the shore, perhaps twenty feet above the water. On this there were perhaps a hundred canoes, and in each was the remains of an Indian.

The mode of burial with these Indians was that when one died, if he had a canoe, to place the corpse with his belongings in it and then convey it to this or some elevated spot. The cemetery on this rock had become literally covered. A new place of burial was selected on shore, opposite Coffin Rock (as that was the name afterwards given it), where a point on the mountain sloped down to the river, and as many canoes as possible had been placed thereon, and a larger space occupied on the ground adjacent.

On this ground was an immense canoe, the largest in all the group. The edges and bowsprit of the craft were adorned with different species of sea shells, and it had remained in its present position until the bow and stern had given away and fallen apart. There in the center lay the remains of its former owner, covered with a section of cedar bark. Our captain, being somewhat of a curio hunter, remarked: "That fellow has been a chief; he has something." So he put action to the words and removed the bark covering. Sure enough there lay the most perfect skeleton that I ever beheld—every bone belonging to the body from crown to foot, together with all the adornments pertaining to a knightly personage of his race. At the head lay his hair, looking as fresh as though it had just been shampooed. A number of brass rings were around the bones of his ankles, wrists and above the elbows. Around his neck were two or three strings of U. S. buttons and copper cents, and near the head were a number of ear ornaments.

Our relic hunter removed all these ornaments, appropriating everything to himself. I asked him what he intended to do with them, when he answered: "Trade them to the Indians." Your scribe stood amazed at the mortal remains of this once knightly chieftain, and disgusted at the sacrilege being made of his ornaments, the only history that remains of his life and former greatness. And what made the scene more impressive to me was that the time might come when our race would become extinct, and our own bones disinterred by the living race to find curios of the people that once existed.

Here we leave this strange city of the dead. In a short time we came to the junction of the Cowlitz and Columbia Rivers, and we leave the latter, a swift, tortuous stream for our heavy-laden craft to navigate. Consequently a laborious change came to our party. We had to wade many times, waist deep, to haul our boat over rapids, it being impossible to propel it with oars.

After several days of arduous labor we reached the spot where the boat had to be abandoned, and the rest of the

journey be made by land. Camp was formed, arrangements made to return to the place from where we started, and drive the teams belonging to the three families over some mountain trails unknown to any of the party. I will here remark, in view of what had to be done before another start could be made, I had come to the conclusion that I had had all I wanted of Puget Sound, as it was at least one hundred and fifty miles to where the teams were.

The boat was unloaded of the household goods, wagons, oxen yokes and all. In the evening two men came walking up to the camp with blankets on their backs, and to my surprise, one of the men, by the name of Shaw, was an intimate friend of mine, having been raised near him in Illinois. Of course I was overjoyed to meet him. He came to this country the previous year and had been to the Sound. We went for a walk and he told me it was useless to go there, as there was nothing but heavy timber and rocks, no inhabitants but Indians, and nothing to eat but clams and fish. There was no agricultural land, and nothing to induce any one to go there.

After all had retired in the tent I told Mr. Robinson that I had concluded to return with the boat next morning, without giving him my information concerning the Sound country. He quickly remarked, "If you go I will, too." I told him that I didn't want to influence him at all, but had done all the good I could until he got his team. Nothing more was said that night; but next morning I saw by the way things were moving that I would have company on the return voyage. Sure enough, orders were soon given to reload the plunder and all hands worked with a will, and to all appearances were glad to return.

My boss and his brother returned, leaving the third family alone in that desolate country. William Packwood was his name. He reached the Sound, and he and progeny have remained in that country ever since.

CHAPTER XI.

It must be remembered in making my last described journey that after we entered Columbia River, to where we made the stop on the Cowlitz River, no sign of civilization was apparent; nothing but Indian villages and numerous Indians.

The monotony of the trip was relieved by the sight of a canoe containing the body of an Indian. These canoes that made graves for their owners invariably had holes in the bottom in order to prevent them from being used. Many of them were to all appearances new, and were valuable property to their owners, and Mr. Snow in his history of the Northwest makes this statement: "Before the introduction of tools by the Hudson Bay Company it took one Indian six months to construct his canoe." The mode of construction was by burning. After the country commenced settling up many an Indian has been rolled out of his canoe, the hole in the bottom repaired and it appropriated to the man who committed the sacrilege, which would prove to the ignorant savage the high state of our civilization.

Another characteristic of all the Northwest Indians is a practice they have of multilating whatever articles the dead might have possessed, such as buckets, kettles, baskets, steel traps or utensils of any description so that they can never be used. I have many times inquired of them their object in thus spoiling the articles belonging to the dead of their tribe, and their answer would always be that they were also dead, and consequently not fit to use. Cases are known of these tribes who bury in canoes to confine the favorite slaves alive in the canoes to perish by starvation. I have known tribes to bury their dead in the ground and then deposit food in the grave sufficient to last a certain number of days. Yet all those ignorant savages with whom I have been acquainted have had a distinct knowledge of a "Sa-ha-lie Tyee," the meaning of which is a grand chief over all, and who abides above the clouds.

To resume my narrative. We started down the river and find it much easier and faster traveling down stream than up,

as we made the trip down in six hours that occupied six days going up.

Nothing worthy of note occurred till the place where Portland now is was reached. Here my boss left us to proceed on foot to the Tualatin plains, which means a place of no timber, or a land without trees, for the purpose of looking at the country. We went to Oregon City to await the report of the boss. On his return he made known that he had purchased a ranch, with the intention of my assisting him in improving it.

We brought the team from Salem and repaired to the ranch sixteen miles away. This was in the vicinity of the oldest settlement in Oregon, outside of the mission station. Here were many old mountaineers and many discharged from the Hudson Bay Company, consisting of French, Scotch and English, who all had Indians for wives. Prominent among these was the celebrated mountaineer, Joseph L. Meek, a man calculated for a leader of men—a man of fine appearance, with herculean strength, but, judging from his actions generally, it would seem he was destitute of moral restraint.

He had two sons, both respectable business men. One of them is supposed to have been murdered in Portland, and the other still resides on the old homestead.

We now are to decide what is to be our future home, for a time at least—a beautiful situation indeed.

My boss was a lean, raw-boned Ohioan, raised in that timbered country in an early day, consequently knew but little about anything except work, and I soon found that he knew all about that. As I had never studied that art but very little, he was just the teacher I needed. It may be truly said that the summer following was the first summer's work I had ever performed. He had a fine team of four pair of large oxen, the same that I drove on the plains for three months. He could not manage oxen at all, so I was lucky in that respect, as there were rails to chop and split so as to fence the farm; and it consequently fell to my lot to plow the

prairie land for sowing in the fall. A large plow was rigged on wheels with a lever attached so that one hand attended the plow and the other guided the team.

We had a very pleasant home on the main traveled road to Oregon City, where all the trade was done to supply the entire community. The situation gave us the chance of learning all the news to be obtained at the time; but little news was to be had then. Nothing was obtainable from our homes in "The States" only as the emigrants arrived each year, there being no mail route established then.

It is now the 20th of April, and, to show whether we had worked or not, by harvest there were one hundred acres fenced ready for the seed in the fall. My wages was one dollar per day, with board and washing, to be paid with a $40 horse which had been procured from the Snake Indians, a beautiful bay, pretty as a picture; in a word, I had the fancy horse of the community, a perfect pet and a race horse in those days; but that quality was no advantage to me, as I never indulged in that sport further than riding ahead of all the boys, which in those days of fast riding was a valuable quality, indeed. All stock in those times were fat and sleek, consequently Salem (that was my horse's name) was ready for the saddle each Sunday.

Notwithstanding my pleasant home surroundings, I was laboring under great disadvantages, so far as social conditions were concerned, as I had brought no clothes suitable for high association.

In the middle of June I made the journey to where my folks were living, and I found them all much more pleasantly situated than I expected. The widow and my brother were keeping house together; for the use of her team and wagon other parties were furnishing necessaries. The person I was most anxious to see was the little stranger who came to our camp at Long Tom. It was asleep, but I aroused it from its slumber and treated it beyond the common courtesy that is due to strangers. I remained a short time and returned with clothing that proved superior to that belonging to any one

in the community, which in those pioneer times was a valuable recommendation for a stranger.

We are now supplied with all the paraphernalia necessary to appear in any company that assembled in those days. We had a regular organized community—a large log church within three miles, in which four denominations held services each Sabbath. I availed myself of the opportunity of attending these services, as I was trained from youth to manhood to attend church.

At my first appearance in an audience in this new country, I was delighted with the appearance of the people, both in their health and the hearty social greeting extended from one to another. Having but few acquaintances, I was introduced to all the young ladies and young gentlemen present, and introductions then were not the cold formal kind of today. Equality existed everywhere—no butting off the bridge; no big fish striving to devour the little fish.

Strange as it may seem, it is my candid opinion that from the first settlement of this country till 1850, the time when gold commenced flooding the country from California, were the happiest days the country has ever seen. The unexpected acquisition of wealth caused the people to discard, to a large degree, the essential elements of true happiness. All thought and effort was turned to the gaining of more wealth, paying little regard to the manner in which it was acquired.

On the road to the church there lived one of the prettiest girls on the plains, or anywhere for that matter. I soon made her acquaintance, which budded and bloomed into affection, so much so that I sometimes thought arrangements could be made to travel with her in double harness through life; but a sad difficulty presented itself. I was not able to purchase the necessary harness in which to travel, so all such notions had to be abandoned.

When fall came I assisted in seeding the crop, with the understanding that I was to have a third when threshed. I then went into partnership with a brother of my boss who

lived four miles above Oregon City, in the timber. I had to go in debt for part of the team, so we ran a logging camp during the winter. The enterprise was eminently successful, as I paid for the team, had money to rattle, the first I had had in Oregon.

I came back in the spring to take care of my crop, harvested it and had five hundred bushels for my share, which I sold for fifty cents per bushel on the threshing floor. And to sum up the earning of my first experience in making a living, I had a team, two horses and three hundred dollars in money. I doubt very much whether any young man in Washington County could have made a better showing.

Now these letters will have to come to a close, leaving my trip to California, as I went soon after harvest. I was in the first party from Oregon to the mines, remained there two years, and returned to occupy my former selected home. One year afterwards I married.

I stated in commencement of these letters that, considering my limited knowledge, I had been successful; but now comes the cap sheaf of my success, which is my marriage. On a limited acquaintance of two months the risk was made, and I will here remark that for all the essential characteristics of wife and mother, with all the necessary qualifications thereto, she is as near right as it has ever fallen to the lot of womanhood to be. We have been married forty-seven years, raised a family of eight children, all grown, and I am proud to say there is not a stain on the character of any of them, but are all married and prosperous. Wife and I are alone on the old, old homestead, nearing the end of life's race.

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TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

Thirty-Third Annual Reunion

OF THE

OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION

June 15, 1905

CONTAINING THE

Annual Address by Henry H. Gilfry 1852, of Salem

AND

Other Matters of Historic Interest

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MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Portland, Oregon, March 18, 1905.

The Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met at the rooms of the Oregon Historical Society, at 3 P. M., to arrange for the Annual Reunion of 1905—the thirty-third.

Present: William T. Wright, 1852, Union, President; John W. Minto, Portland, 1848, Vice President; George H. Himes, 1853, Portland, Secretary; J. E. Magers, 1852, Portland, and J. C. Moreland, 1852, Portland, Directors.

The minutes of the last annual meeting were read and approved.

An order of business was submitted and, upon motion of Mr. Himes, was adopted, as follows:

1. Selection of place of meeting.
2. Selection of speakers; (a) for the annual address; (b) for the occasional address.
3. Selection of Grand Chaplain.
4. Selection of Grand Marshal.
5. Appointment of Committees: (a) Committee of Arrangements; (b) Finance Committee; (c) Committee on Building and Music; (d) Committee on Invitations; (e) Committee on Transportation: (f) Reception Committee: (g) selection of Chairman of Woman's Auxiliary Committee.

The matter of the date was discussed at some length, and upon motion of J. C. Moreland, seconded by John W. Minto, it was decided that June 15 should be fixed as the date.

On motion of Director Magers, Portland was chosen as the place for holding the next reunion.

The selection of speakers was referred to the President and Secretary.

Rev. Robert Robe, 1852, Brownsville, was chosen as the Grand Chaplain.

Joseph Buchtel, 1852, was selected as Grand Marshal, with power to choose his own aides.

Mrs. Charlotte M. Cartwright, on motion of Mr. Himes. was selected as Chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary, with power to select her own assistants.

On motion, it was voted that Messrs. Cook, Ladd and Himes should be the Committee on Finance.

All other matters, on motion, were referred to the Committee of Arrangements.

On motion, it was voted that the Committee of Arrangements should be composed of Mr. Himes, Mr. Magers, Mr. Minto and Mr. Moreland.

It was voted that the Reception Committee should be made up of the full Board of Directors, the Marshal and such aides as he might select.

Secretary Himes was appointed the Committee on Transportation, also the Committee on Invitations.

President Wright announced that Mr. Moses Lore, a pioneer aged 103 years, lived near Union, and that if it was thought advisable he would undertake to secure his presence at the reunion.

On motion of Mr. Himes, President Wright was appointed a Special Committee for that purpose.

The matter of securing a place of meeting and suitable music was referred to the Committee of Arrangements.

Mr. Galloway referred to Mrs. Kemp, of Oregon City, now in her 102d year, a pioneer of 1852, and expressed a hope that arrangements might be perfected whereby she could attend the reunion this year. Accordingly, he was appointed a Special Committee to take the subject in hand.

All other matters were referred to the Committee of Arrangements.

The Secretary was authorized to have one thousand copies of the Annual Transactions of 1904 printed, and also such envelopes, letters, badges, programmes, announcements, etc., as in his judgment might be necessary.

No further business appearing, the Board adjourned.

GEORGE H. HIMES, Secretary.

THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL REUNION.

Portland, Oregon, Thursday, June 15, 1905.

The thirty-third annual reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association has become a part of the history of the state. It was a record-breaker in the matter of attendance, far exceeding any other reunion in that respect in the history of the Association, and throughout was characterized by an unusually fine spirit of good fellowship.

At the Armory the measured tread of Oregon's citizen soldiery gave way to the uncertain steps of men and women of the ranks of battle-scarred veterans of life's campaign. The flags that are oft unfurled to honor those who stand ready to defend their country in the present, were today given the breeze in honor of those whose efforts made possible a country to defend. Willing, strong arms of a younger generation guided feeble and faltering feet. Youth stood in deep reverence; gray hairs were badges of the right of way; dim eyes were far more dimmed by tears of happiness as old friend met old friend.

The pioneers themselves enjoyed the occasion as they always do. There was a singling out of badges bearing the mystic numbers of a certain year of danger and daring; there were sudden hand-clasps of fellowship and brotherhood and sisterhood that meant more than words. There were moments during the day when to speak would have been almost sacrilegious.

The edifice was crowded to the doors, and the reunion was one of the most successful in years. In and out the rooms, up and down the stairs, these young-old people

walked, stopping now and then to greet a friend of those never-to-be-forgotten by-gone days. The upper drill hall, where the programme was held at 2 o'clock, was crowded long before that hour, and adjoining rooms were crowded also, and yet there were hundreds who could not get within sound of the speakers' voices. And the great majority were pioneers, too, for the younger generations were conspicuous for their absence. One had to wear an official pioneer badge to get into the Armory, and once you were in you felt out of place unless you had crossed the plains yourself and could give reminiscences of the days when the country was in the making.

As the pioneers reached the Armory they were taken in charge by a Reception Committee and escorted to the second floor. The hall was appropriately decorated with flags, bunting and flowers. Across the back of the stage was the word "Pioneers," each letter made of roses. The effect was very beautiful.

Everything being in readiness, at 2:30 o'clock, the following programme was rendered.

Calling to order by President W. T. Wright, 1852.

Music—Brown's Orchestra.

Prayer by the Chaplain, Rev. Robert Robe, 1852, Brownsville.

Address of welcome by Hon. George H. Williams, 1853, Mayor.

Response by the President.

Appointment of Committee on Resolutions by the President.

Music—Brown's Orchestra.

Annual address—Hon. H. H. Gilfry, 1852, Washington D. C.

Recitation (original)—Miss Minnie M. Bode, Portland.

Music—Brown's Orchestra.

Announcement by the Grand Marshal.

Benediction—Chaplain.

At the conclusion of the programme a social hour was greatly enjoyed by the pioneers, and at 5 o'clock a procession was formed by Grand Marshal Buchtel and his aides, with the earliest pioneers in the van, and the pathfinders journeyed to the banquet-room, where they were received by Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, Chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary, assisted by the Pioneer Woman's Reception Committee, as follows:

Mrs. W. S. Ladd, Chairman; Mrs. Raleigh Stott, Mrs. R. B. Wilson, Mrs. Maria L. Myrick, Mrs. A. Meier, Mrs. A. C. Gibbs, Mrs. Matthew P. Deady, Mrs. C. Vantine, Mrs. B. H. Bowman, Mrs. C. B. Bellinger, Mrs. P. Selling, Mrs. Theodore Wygant, Mrs. B. P. Cardwell, Mrs. William Grooms, Mrs. Frankie Helms, Mrs. H. W. Corbett, Mrs. Elijah Corbett, Mrs. F. Moreland Harvey, Mrs. Seneca Smith, Portland; Mrs. George Harding, Mrs. E. D. Kelly, Oregon City; Mrs. Elizabeth Lord, Mrs. Elizabeth M. Wilson, The Dalles; Mrs. Elizabeth Kenney, Jacksonville; Mrs. Sarah S. Munson, Skipanon; Mrs. C. O. Boynton, Woodburn; Mrs. Elizabeth Chambers, Mrs. A. C. McClelland, Baker City; Mrs. James W. Kelley, Cathlamet; Mrs. Elizabeth Perry, Houlton.

The tables were presided over by the following women:

Table No. 1—Mrs. George H. Lamberson, Mrs. A. Meier; assistants, Miss Clara Teal, Miss Sarah Harker.

Table No. 2—Mrs. W. L. Brewster, Mrs. S. B. Linthicum; assistants, Miss Clementine Wilson, Miss Emma Failing.

Table No. 3—Mrs. L. Allen Lewis, Mrs. J. Wesley Ladd; assistants, Mrs. Helen Ladd Corbett, Miss Sallie Lewis.

Table No. 4—Mrs. James W. Cook, Miss Elva Humason; assistants, Miss Clarissa Wiley, Miss Jessie Farrell.

Table No. 5—Mrs. J. C. Moreland, Mrs. William D. Fenton; assistants, Miss Anna Farrell, Miss Carlotta Parker.

Table No. 6—Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, Miss Failing; assistants, Miss Canby, Miss Kate Failing.

Table No. 7—Mrs. Harriet K. McArthur, Mrs. George Taylor; assistants, Mrs. L. L. Peterson, Miss Margaret Catlin.

Table No. 8—Mrs. A. B. Croasman, Mrs. J. M. Freeman; assistants, Miss Daisy Freeman, Mrs. W. H. Harder.

Table No. 9—Mrs. P. L. Willis, Mrs. M. J. Marsh; assistants, Mrs. C. W. Sherman, Mrs. M. A. M. Ashley.

Table No. 10—Mrs. William S. Sibson, Mrs. W. E. Robertson: assistants, Miss Alice Sibson, Miss Nan Robertson.

Table No. 11—Mrs. George W. Weidler, Mrs. John McCraken; assistants, Miss Charlotte Sherlock, Mrs. Robert Lewis.

Table No. 12—Mrs. H. H. Northup, Miss Abbie L. Atwood; assistants, Mrs. Harold G. Rice, Mrs. Alice McLoughlin Whidden.

Table No. 13—Mrs. Joseph K. Gill, Mrs. John Gill; assistants, Miss Frances Gill, Mrs. T. T. Strain.

Table No. 14—Miss Kate Holman, Mrs. Charles F. Kamm; assistants, Mrs. Russell E. Sewall, Miss Caroline Kamm.

Table No. 15—Mrs. H. S. Gile, Mrs. P. J. Mann; assistants, Miss Frances Warren, Miss Jean Slauson.

Table No. 16—Mrs. M. C. George, Mrs. I. W. Pratt; assistants, Miss Florence George, Miss Gertrude Pratt.

Table No. 17—Mrs. Grace Watt Ross, Mrs. Milton W. Smith; assistants, Miss Agnes Watt, Miss Ruth Smith.

Table No. 18—Mrs. H. B. Nicholas, Mrs. June McMillen Ordway; assistants, Mrs. Minnie Price, Miss Nicholas.

The reserve tables were in charge of the following:

Table No. 1—Mrs. Robert Porter, Mrs. T. T. Struble; assistants, Miss Helena Humason, Miss Marguerite Wiley.

Table No. 2—Mrs. Charles Holman, Mrs. H. R. McCully; assistants, Mrs. H. W. Ogilbie, Miss Myrtle B. Moffett.

Table No. 3—Mrs. Joseph A. Strowbridge, Miss M. Strowbridge.

The women instrumental in preparing for the banquet were as follows:

Chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary, Mrs. C. M. Cartwright; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Mollie Burke.

Sub-Committees were as follows:

Booth No. 1, Bread and Cake—Miss Nannie E. Taylor, Chairman; assistants, Mrs. L. M. Parrish, Miss Anna Cremen, Mrs. Sigmund Frank, Mrs. E. E. McClure, Miss Hildegarde Plummer, Miss Agnes Kelly, Miss Jean McClure.

Booth No. 2, Meats, Fish and Salad—Mrs. John W. Minto, Chairman; assistants, Mrs. Herbert Holman, Mrs. D. McLauchlan, Mrs. H. E. Coleman, Mrs. Archie L. Pease, Mrs. H. L. Veazie.

Booth No. 3, Milk, Cream and Cheese—Mrs. Clara Watt Morton, Chairman; assistants, Miss Linley Morton, Miss Carrie Holmes, Miss Etta Wrenn, Mrs. Helen W. Stratton.

Booth No. 4, Butter and Cheese—Miss Agnes M. Jackson, Chairman; assistant, Mrs. A. J. Van Wassenhover.

Booth No. 5—Mrs. R. S. McLeran, Chairman.

Decorating Committee—Miss Myrtle B. Moffett, Chairman; assistants, Miss Weidler, Miss Hazel Weidler.

Rose Booth—Miss Hazel Weidler, Chairman; assistants, Miss Helen MacEwan, Miss Weidler, Miss Hoyt, Miss Grace Warren.

Aides—George and Levi Freeman, Robert Marsh, Simeon Reed Winch, M. McClure.

Chairman of the Table Committee—Miss Susie G. Cosgrove; assistant, Miss Mary McKay.

The banquet lasted an hour and a half, and in that time there were approximately fourteen hundred persons served with bread, ham sandwiches, baked salmon, veal loaf, cheese, coffee, cake and ice cream. Of the latter there were sixty-six gallons dispensed, and there was an abundance of everything and plenty to spare. At the first sitting there were 972 persons, and the tables were about half full the second time.

From the close of the banquet to the hour appointed for the business meeting the time was spent in renewing old acquaintances, and knots of pioneers gathered around in every direction, the weather being ideally fine for such a purpose.

BUSINESS SESSION.

The business session convened at 7:30 p. m., and officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

President, John W. Minto, 1848, Portland.

Vice-President, M. C. George, 1851, Portland.

Secretary, George H. Himes, 1853, Portland.

Corresponding secretary, J. E. Magers, 1852, Portland.

Treasurer, Charles E. Ladd, 1857, Portland.

Directors—William Galloway, 1852, McMinnville, Yamhill County; Robert A. Miller, 1854, Portland; W. T. Wright, 1852, Union, Union County.

The Committee on Resolutions made the following report:

Resolved, That the pioneers recognize with many thanks the generosity of the citizens of Portland in providing the means for the entertainment of the pioneers at this, the 33d annual reunion.

Resolved, That we recognize the generosity and self-sacrificing efforts of the ladies of Portland, under the leadership of Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, who have so splendidly provided the annual dinner, and to them we return our sincere thanks.

The report was unanimously adopted by a rising vote.

Upon motion of J. C. Moreland, seconded by George H. Himes, it was voted that the President appoint a committee of three to represent the Association at the exercises connected with the re-interment of the remains of Rev. Jason Lee, the first missionary to enter the "Oregon Country," during the session of the Methodist Congress which is soon to be held in this city.

The President appointed the committee alluded to as follows: J. C. Moreland, H. W. Scott, and Whitney L. Boise.

A list of pioneers who had died since the last Annual Reunion was then read, after which the Association adjourned, and President Wright called Judge M. C. George to the chair, whereupon an informal program was rendered as follows:

Contralto Solo—Miss Mabel P. Baker, daughter of Prof. L. H. Baker, Principal of Woodstock School, a pioneer of 1853.

Reading—"The Ride of Kit Carson's Wife," Miss Maud Battelle Hammell.

Pioneer Campfire Talks, three minutes each.

Songs by the Veteran Double Quartet—S. Bullock, W. S. Powell, J. S. Hamilton, first tenors; C. W. Tracy, R. V. Pratt, second tenors; C. C. Pratt, George Buchanan, first bassos; A. M. Cummings, Dr. H. R. Littlefield, H. P. Bestow, second bassos; Mrs. J. S. Hamilton, Miss Cora E. Felt, accompanists.

NOTES.

This is the twelfth year that Mrs. Cartwright has served as Chairman of the Auxiliary, and the success of the banquet was a crowning glory for this long and faithful service in a cause that is dear to her heart. Every pioneer in Oregon knows Mrs. Cartwright—they remember her when she was Charlotte Terwilliger and many call her by that name. Miss Mollie Burke, who has also served long and well as Secretary and Treasurer of the Association, was of most material assistance to the Chairman and a factor in the success of this great undertaking. Attending the various tables were the ladies already mentioned, all of them wives, daughters or grand-daughters of the state's pioneer citizens. They represent the best families in the land, for that is the kind with which Oregon was first settled. Each year they are eager to perform this labor of love for the old folks who in former years made it possible for them to live now in this land of

plenty. The table decorations provided by these ladies are deserving of special mention and praise, for a great amount of work was expended on them and the result was rarely beautiful. The rose tables seemed hard to excel, those adorned with crimson ramblers vieing with the delicate effects of the pink rose tables or the rich tone of one done in Jacqueminots. There was also one done in pure white roses, much admired. Sweet peas were used in profusion, one table having these blossoms in pink and purple with center pieces of Southern magnolias. Yellow marguerites proved wonderfully effective, and three beautiful blue tables were in Canterbury bells, giant larkspur and corn-flowers, respectively. Those who sat at the California poppy tables thought they were the prettiest and some favored the pink Canterbury bells, but it was not possible to select any one, as all of them were perfect.

When the doors of the big drillroom where the banquet was spread were thrown open to the guests shortly before 5 o'clock, a dear old lady more than 80 years old and wearing a badge of 1843 clasped her hands and exclaimed with an enthusiasm which belied her age: "Oh, it's just like Paradise, isn't it?" And it was. The ingenuity and art of many women had turned the unsightly hall into a bower of beauty and the long tables which completely filled the great drill space were so covered with beautiful flowers that a gorgeous mass of coloring was the result. A tempting and delicious menu was served and the tired, hungry pioneers did full justice to it. Plates were emptied and refilled again to the delight of the attendants, who considered hearty appetites a compliment to the cooking of the Portland housewives who had prepared the viands served.

As the guests left the tables they were presented with bunches of flowers which had furnished the decorations, this little courtesy on the part of the hostesses seeming to please them greatly. One came back to her table and asked for a rose with a long stem or a branch, so that she might plant it when she got home. "I always take the flowers you ladies give me home," she said, "and then I plant the slips. I have a rose bush in my yard for every year I have attended the Pioneers' Reunion—and I have been here a good many times." If any one doubts the appreciation of the pioneer visitors, such incidents as this should dispel them.

Following the banquet there was a general gathering of old friends at tables and about the room. J. M. Shelley, of Eugene, proposed three cheers for the ladies of Portland who had prepared the delightful meal, and these were given as lustily as school boys could have done. Many of the older and best-known pioneers had crowds around their chairs for an hour after the banquet was over. Acquaintances were renewed and experiences of early days related. F. X. Matthieu was one of the most interesting visitors, and Mrs. Eliza Spalding Warren attracted a great deal of attention. She is the oldest living child born of American parents in Oregon—the date of her birth being November 15, 1837—and a daughter of the Spaldings who were among the missionary party which came to Oregon in 1836. Mrs. Stephen Coffin, now 86 years old, walked about quite as lively as friends 20 years her junior, and C. S. Silver, past the 90 mark, proved one of the most efficient aides in Grand Marshal Buchtel's corps. There was one badge bearing the date of 1831 and this was worn by Mrs. Henrietta Moisan, of Brooks, Ore. Mrs. L. J. Reynolds, of Walla Walla, who

came to Oregon in 1843 with Dr. Whitman's first party, was a guest of the banquet. Walla Walla consisted of one small cabin when she arrived there. Mrs. Frances Killin, more than 90 years old, mother of the late Benton Killin, received much consideration. Mrs. Dan O'Neil, 1843, of Rose Farm, Oregon City, was greeted by scores of friends.

The parade was sadly missed from the early program of the day by Portlanders, but there was nothing lacking about the banquet to make it seem like the pioneer day of old. An ever-pathetic feature was the absence of faces which were at the previous year's reunion, but the fact that so many visitors came this season who had not been here in years before, partially eliminated the sadness which is felt on such occasions, and every one seemed happy.

A number of the survivors of the Whitman massacre, the fearful tragedy which occurred on November 29-30, 1847, near the present City of Walla Walla, Wash., were present at the Pioneer Reunion, among them Mrs. Elizabeth Sager Helm, Mrs. Matilda Sager Delaney, Mrs. Catherine Sager Pringle, Mrs. N. A. Osborn Jacobs, Mrs. O. N. Denny and Mrs. R. H. Hopkins. At this massacre 14 persons were killed and 53 women and children taken prisoners and held as captives by the Indians for several weeks. At length they were rescued by Peter Skeen Ogden, the chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company at that time.

Ex-Governor George E. Cole, a prominent figure in the early days, and a pioneer of the 1850 class, arrived from Spokane, which city has been his home for a number of years. He was postmaster of Portland from March 11, 1873, to October 20, 1881.

Joshua McDaniel, 1844, of Polk County, and his wife, a pioneer of 1847, were present. They never miss a reunion.

Judge Silas J. Day, 1852, of Jacksonville, came to meet his brother from California, also of 1852. Both enjoyed each other's company for the first time in many years. The brothers came more than a thousand miles to be present at this time.

William Billings, who first set foot in Portland in 1848, came from Olympia to renew old acquaintances. His first impressions of the city were similar to those of the Prophet Nehemiah with respect to a city he described more than 2000 years ago, when he said "The city was large and great; but the people were few therein, and the houses were not builded." The trees which Billings took shelter under near what is now Front and Washington Streets, he does not find. The failure to find his old haunts caused him to realize that something had "been doing" in these parts.

Mrs. Kate Ball Powers, of Whittier, Cal., daughter of John Ball, who taught the first school west of the Rockies, at Vancouver, in 1832, was an invited guest. Her father was the first American to raise a crop of wheat in the "Oregon Country." That was in 1833. In 1836 he founded Grand Rapids, Mich.

Miss Anne Shannon Monroe, of Chicago, a great-granddaughter of George Shannon, who was with Lewis and Clark in 1805, was also the guest of the Association.

The ox-o-motor, Ezra Meeker, driver, a pioneer of 1852, transported a number of passengers from the City Hall to the Armory in regular crossing-the-plains fashion.

With Mrs. O'Neil was Mrs. M. H. Hensley, who, 55 years ago, came to California by way of the Isthmus and brought the letters from Washington admitting that state to the Union. The bill passed Congress September 9, 1850, and on the 13th Mrs. Hensley, then Miss Crosby, sailed for the Pacific Coast with her mother. In crossing the Isthmus they were seven days on the Chagres River in open canoes, and she still has the umbrella with which she sheltered the precious documents from the constant rains.

If just one experience in the life of each pioneer present at the reunion could be compiled it would make a volume of stirring adventure beyond the pale of imagination. But those days of danger and adventure are gone; the once sturdy settlers have settled into the deserved ease of old age and theirs is the satisfaction of knowing that they prepared the way for those now following.

PIONEERS AT THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION.

The management of the Exposition, in response to a request by the Secretary, designated Friday, June 16th, as the day when pioneers would be given the freedom of the grounds; whereupon they assembled at the entrance between 9 and 11 a. m., clothed with the proper badge for 1905, with the figures showing the year of their arrival in Oregon in plain view. The Secretary of the Association and his assistants indicated the proper gate through which to enter the grounds. After entrance was effected, hundreds went at once to Festival Hall, where the following program was followed:

Music—Exposition Band.

Calling to order by President of the Oregon Pioneer Association.

Prayer by the Chaplain.

Contralto Solo—Mrs. Imogen Hardin Brodie, Oregon City, great-granddaughter of Samuel K. Barlow, who in 1846 built the first wagon road across the Cascade Mountains.

Address of Welcome—H. W. Goode, President of the Exposition.

Response—President of the Oregon Pioneer Association.

Music—Exposition Band.

President W. T. Wright did not arrive in time to preside over the opening ceremonies, and Captain O. C. Applegate, 1848, took his place. Captain Applegate came all the way from Klamath Falls to attend the meeting of the pioneers. He then introduced President Goode, who welcomed the pioneers with the following words:

"It has been my pleasure and privilege since the opening of the Exposition to extend greetings to many different gatherings, but before no audience have I felt so thrilled and satisfied as before the Pioneer Association of Oregon, which I greet today. To you I extend a hearty welcome. The Exposition is held primarily to celebrate the discovery of this country. You pioneers of Oregon have made this Exposition possible. We have called together an exhibition of the resources of old Oregon with other states of the Northwest. We have also a very fine collection from abroad, and the Government also has helped by sending the finest exhibits ever shown at any Exposition.

"I wish also to compliment the State of Oregon, which has taken a splendid part in the Exposition and helped it by making a large appropriation to carry on the work. I trust that we shall have the pleasure of seeing you with us many times during the progress of the Exposition, and again I bid you welcome, thrice welcome."

At the conclusion of President Goode's remarks, Captain Applegate made the following reply:

"On behalf of the pioneers of the State of Oregon, we extend our thanks to President Goode for his hearty welcome to the Exposition. The pioneers—these noble men and women who planted here the vanguard of civilization—are entitled to a full meed of praise. Like the Pilgrims on the Eastern Coast, they began an empire, and are to be always remembered with love."

He then quoted a poem in praise of the pioneer spirit and the accomplishments of the founders.

By this time President Wright had arrived and took the chair. Mr. Wright told of his disappointment in not being able to bring Moses Lore to the meeting, from Eastern Oregon. Mr. Lore is more than 100 years old, and came to Oregon early in the '30s, but his advanced age and the fact that he is rather infirm made it impossible for him to be present at the gathering.

"I cannot claim much credit for myself as a sturdy pioneer and homebuilder," said President Wright, "for I was brought here. Others had made up their minds on the subject, and did not consult my wishes. The pioneers built

here three great states from the original Oregon Country, which, when I first saw it, was nothing but great forests and rolling plains. Huge standing timber covered the area of what is now Portland. Trails were cut through the forest. These trails turned into roads, and now we have the trans-continental railways. We pioneers are glad to be here, and wish to thank you for the reception we have been given."

Mrs. Brodie sang "Annie Laurie," and followed this with "Ben Bolt." Both selections were received with hearty appreciation by the audience.

President Wright introduced Mrs. Maria L. Myrick, grand-daughter of Dr. John McLoughlin, the "Father of Oregon." Mrs. Myrick received a hearty welcome from the audience, many of whom were intimately acquainted with Dr. McLoughlin, and profited by his generosity and hospitality in early days.

"Joe Bowers of Pike" was recited by President Wright, and the piece recalled other days to the audience. Finally, with the music of the National anthem, the meeting came to a close and the veterans departed for another year.

Several hundred pioneers then called at the Washington State Building, where a special reception had been tendered them by Mrs. Ivan Chase, of Colfax, who was hostess for the week.

THE PIONEER HOMEWARD MARCH.

Mrs. June McMillen Ordway.

Lift high the little children,
  Oh, parents fond and true;
Behold them feebly marching
  Who made the paths for you.

Ah, this is God's great army,
  This march is bliss untold;
Though ranks are thin and broken,
  And forms are bent and old.

Oh, homeward they are marching,
  Their lines will disappear—
Wave high your banners, children,
  With glad, sweet voices, cheer.

Ah, bright and beauteous spirits,
  'Tis dawn, and spent the night;
They'll find their dear ones waiting
  Beside the gates of light.

Refrain—

Oh, they shall live forever—
  Their battle lines are drawn;
Oh, comrades, wait their coming,
  Just near the gates of dawn.

June 15, 1905.

CENTENNIAL ODE.

(Composed and written by Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway, and by her presented, in the name of 2600 Oregon women, to the Lewis and Clark Exposition, on opening day, June 1, 1905.)

While the Nineteenth Century was young,
A Son of Freedom, with prophetic ken,
Discerned this distant West: and straight outsprung,
Through magic power of his official pen,
An Expedition whose results shall last
As long as Freedom's flag shall float before the blast.

And then, to make the prophecy complete,
An Indian Mother led the devious way,
Foreshadowing woman's place, which man shall greet
Without a protest in a hastening day,
When Womanhood, benignant, wise and free,
Shall lead him to yet greater heights of strength and victory.

As through the vista of a Hundred Years
We backward turn to the Atlantic shore,
Our hearts athrob and eyes suffused with tears—
Almost in hearing of Pacific's roar—
The Then and Now so closely crowd the scene
That time and distance both but dimly intervene.

Long ere this Nation's birth, a Master Hand,
With mighty purposes no man foreknew,
These mountains, rivers, hills and dales had planned,
And spread in matchless majesty the view
We now behold, of forest, lake and plain,
Evolved through countless ages from the heaving main.

A Hundred Strenuous Years ago! Ah, then,
So distant were we from our country's heart,
That Darkest Africa appealed to men
As being nearer each commercial mart
Than Mandan District; and this Sunset Land
Was farther from their border homes than India's coral strand.

No steamer then had plowed the sea or stream,
No flying ship been trained to cleave the air;
O'er all the earth no tamed electric gleam
Was chained to duty as man's charioteer;
No cable then was laid beneath the sea
And telegraph and telephone alike were yet to be.

And Trade and Commerce, in their infancy,
Awaited ingenuity of man
To bring them forth in full utility,
To build a track for iron horse to span
The lengthened trail on which was blazed the mark
Of valiant Captain Lewis and intrepid Captain Clark.

As here, from lands anear and far, are seen
The works of man within these beauteous grounds,
Which water, earth and air were taxed to glean,
And place before us midst these sights and sounds,
Let every soul, in sweet soliloquy,
In reverence, contemplate this Nation's destiny.

From each bejeweled, bleak Alaskan height,
From hot Hawaii's glittering sands,
From Porto Rico's sunshine bright,
From far Manila's sea-girt lands,
Our Starry Flag, in every breeze unfurled,
Proclaims that Freedom yet shall reign supreme o'er all the world.

Abigail Scott Duniway.

Portland, Oregon, 1905.

PIONEERS IN ATTENDANCE.

Those who registered with Secretary George H. Himes were as follows:

1837.

Mrs. Mary Alpin, Woodburn. Benjamin Beers, Independence.

1838.

Cyrus H. Walker, Albany. Margaret La Fontain, Portland.

1839.

Mrs. Mary A. Bird, Hillsboro.

1840.

Mrs. Caroline A. Kamm, Portland.
Mrs. Wiley Edwards, Newberg.
Mrs. Benjamin Scholfield, Cornelius.

1841.

Capt. Thomas Mountain, Portland.
Mrs. C. I. Wood, Portland.
Mrs. Mary E. Chastain, Tygh.

1842.

W. L. Higgins, Portland.
C. T. Pomeroy, Portland
D. A. Carter, Hillsboro.
V. N. Perry, Coquille.
C. O. Force, Cottage Grove.
F. X. Matthieu, Butteville.

1843.

Mrs. Lavina E. Wright, Portland.
Mrs. Magness Bertrand, Portland.
Mrs. E. J. Perkins, Portland.
Mrs. Rebecca Griffith, Portland.
Mrs. L. A. Dixon, Portland.
Mrs. Eliza Shepherd, Portland.
S. S. Lenox, Gaston.
Mrs. Mary P. Logan, Seattle, Wash.
Mrs. Sarah Owens, Enterprise.
Almoran Hill, Gaston.
Mrs. A. Hill, Gaston.
W. A. Mills, Forest Grove.
Mrs. Emma Eberman.

Mrs. L. J. Reynolds, Portland.
A. T. McHaley, The Dalles.
Mrs. M. A. Gilmore, The Dalles.
W. C. Hembree, McMinnville.
Daniel S. Holman, McMinnville.
Mrs. Charlotte M. Kirkwood, Amity.
Mrs. L. A. Patterson, The Dalles.
Mrs. M. R. Sevick, Hamilton.
Amanda E. Patterson, Eugene.
Mrs. C. Jenkins, Gaston.

1844.

Thomas M. Ramsdell, Portland.
Mrs. Eliza J. Hanan, Portland.
M. C. Athey, Portland.
Fred Lee Lewes, Portland.
Mrs. Frances M. Harvey, Champoeg.
Mrs. Amanda Amads, Portland.
Mrs. Mary Cline, Portland.
Mrs. P. G. Baker, Portland.
Mrs. M. P. Sax, McMinnville.
Mrs. Lizzie Bedwell, North Yamhill.
H. F. Holden, Tillamook.
Joshua McDaniel, Rickreall.
Melissa Klinger, Dufur.
Mrs. A. J. McHaley, The Dalles.
Thomas V. B. Embree, Dallas.
C. W. Parrish, Burns.
Clarissa Munkers, Cottage Grove.
J. C. Nelson, Newberg.
John Minto, Salem.
Mrs. Matilda Sager Delaney, Spokane, Wash.
Mrs. Catherine Sager Pringle, Spokane, Wash.
John H. Hawley, Monmouth.
Hezekiah Caples, Caples, Wash.
Mrs. Hannah M. Hamlin, Astoria.
Mrs. Mary E. Carnahan, Astoria.
W. S. Gilliam, Walla Walla, Wash.
D. L. Matheny, Oregon City.
Mrs. S. Crowell, Little Rock, Wash.

1845.

W. H. Morgan, Portland.
J. L. Williams, Portland.
Mrs. J. L. Williams, Portland.
Mrs. D. W. Ellis, Portland.
Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, Portland.
W. F. Helm, Spokane, Wash.
Mrs. Mary H. Moore, Hillsboro.
C. C. Bozorth, Molalla.
Mrs. Frances Archbold, Hillsboro.

Mrs. W. H. Rees, Portland.
W. Carey Johnson, Portland.
Mrs. A. E. Latourette, Portland.
Mrs. M. J. Comstock, Portland.
Mrs. Lydia J. Crandall, Portland.
Mrs. A. F. Catching, Portland.
Mrs. C. O. Hosford, Portland.
Mrs. Minerva Bowles, Portland.
Mrs. Ralph Wilcox, Portland.
H. Terwilliger, Portland.
Charles Bolds, Portland.
Mrs. S. J. Henderson, Portland.
Mrs. B. Cornelius, Portland.
Mrs. I. Hinshaw, Portland.
Mrs. Mary A. Hurley, Portland.
Mrs. Mary Fuller, Portland.
Mrs. L. J. Bennett, Portland.
Mrs. C. Cornelius, Portland.
Mrs. C. J. Maple, Portland.
Mrs. D. E. Reuter, Portland.
Mrs. M. O. Moore, Portland.
J. H. McMillen, Portland.
Mrs. M. A. Frush, Portland.
Mrs. Delphine Whalen, Portland.
Mrs. Melissa H. Locke, Independence.
Mrs. Lizzie Johnson Lewis, Dayton.
B. F. Bonney, Toledo, Wash.
Mrs. A. B. Morris, Albany.
Mrs. L. J. McGaty, Hillsdale.
Capt. O. C. Applegate, Klamath Agency.
D. McPherson, Buxton.
Jonas Davis, Halsey.
Mrs. N. A. Jacobs, Walla Walla, Wash.
Mrs. Elizabeth Kenney, Jacksonville.
T. B. Killin, Hubbard.
Albert Allen, Wrenthal.
Mrs. Emily E. Broyles, Wamic.
Mrs. Elizabeth Manning, Hillsboro.
W. W. Walter, Prescott, Wash.
E. Morgan, Looking Glass.
S. Durbin, Salem.
Mrs. N. P. Newton, Philomath.
Mrs. A. M. Charlton, Vancouver, Wash.
John Cogswell, Eugene.
Mrs. Mary Miller, Salem.
A. G. Lloyd, Waitsburg, Wash.
J. C. Lloyd, Colfax, Wash.
J. Wilkes, Hillsboro.
H. J. Noble, Newberg.
J. H. Simmons, Mount Angel.
T. L. Bonney, Hubbard.
G. R. Parker, Mount Tabor.
Mrs. Elizabeth Chambers, Olympia, Wash.
McLean Chambers, Roy, Wash.
Mrs. Lydia Moore, Woodburn.
Mrs. Frances Killin, Hubbard.
Mrs. Zariah Large, Forest Grove.
Mrs. E. R. Capps, Clackamas.
Mrs. M. E. Foster, University Park.
J. W. Meldrum, Oregon City.
Mrs. S. M. McCown, Oregon City.
Mrs. S. D. Meldrum, Oregon City.

J. C. C. Hall, Gervais.
L. Lemmon, Junction.
F. W. Foster, Oregon City.

1846.

Benjamin Simpson, Portland.
Mrs. Mary Clymer, Portland.
Mrs. N. C. Poppleton, Portland.
Mrs. J. M. Blakesley, Portland.
Mrs. Prudence, Holston, Portland.
Mrs. Kate Lewis, Portland.
Mrs. M. P. Deady, Portland.
Mrs. Elvira Catron, Portland.
Miss F. A. Holman, Portland.
Mrs. Mary R. Gilkey, Dayton.
Mrs. Martha Burnett, Corvallis.
Mrs. Sarah A. Smith, Rainier.
Mrs. Mary E. Michaels, Biggs.
James Blakeley, Brownsville.
Mrs. E. A. De Bord, Independence.
Mrs. Irene S. Calbreath, Salem.
Anson S. Cone, Butteville.
Mrs. G. W. Wilcox, Heppner.
S. R. Claypool, Lebanon.
Mrs. D. W. Laughlin, Carlton.
P. C. Davis, Gervais.
F. M. Hill, Gaston.
Jacob N. Currin, Corvallis.
Mrs. Kate Lewis, Eugene.
Mrs. M. E. Davidson, Parker.
Mrs. Irene Everest, Newberg.
William Wilcox, Garfield.
Seth Morgan, The Dalles.
G. B. Riggs, Dallas.
A. H. Garrison, Hillsboro.
R. S. MacEwan, Warrenton.
Wesley Hinton, Monroe.
Mrs. S. J. Wood, Walla Walla, Wash.
Mrs. D. S. Holman, McMinnville.
Mrs. Ellen E. Hackett, Oregon City.
Mrs. J. T. Apperson, Oregon City.
A. C. Brown, Forest Grove.
Thomas J. Kirk, Athena.
Mrs. Charlotte Effler, Astoria.
Mrs. N. E. Dolman, St. Helens.
Mrs. J. Tompkins, Warren.
D. M. Guthrie, Dallas.

1847.

Mrs. O. N. Denny, Portland.
Mrs. Mary Wright, Portland.
Mrs. J. W. Whaley, Portland.
Mrs. Elizabeth Kent, Portland.
Mrs. M. E. Robinson, Portland.
J. N. Hembree, Portland.
Mrs. Phoebe McGrew, Portland.
Mrs. E. D. Fellows, Park Place.
Mrs. U. M. Howard, Wilbur, Wash.
Mrs. Sarah J. Armitage, Eugene.
W. B. Brown, Fletcher, Ohio.
Mrs. Rachel S. Ford, Sherwood.

Mrs. E. B Shane, Portland.
Mrs. D. S. Simpson, Portland
Mrs. Delia A. Smith, Portland.
Mrs. S. J Perry Portland
Mrs. E. J. Woolley, Portland.
William B. Jolly, Portland.
R Mendenhall, Portland.
Mrs. Anna Farley Webber, Portland.
Mrs. Elizabeth Melind, Portland.
Mrs. Harriet Lyle Veazie, Portland.
A B. Findley, Cedar Mills.
Mrs. Anna Hamilton, Portland.
George Landess, Portland.
Mrs. Martha Johnson, Portland.
Mrs. Sarah E. Reeves, Portland.
Mrs. Elizabeth Chambers, Portland.
Milton Polk, Portland.
Mrs. Amanda Bowman Kellogg, Portland.
Mrs. L. Coffin, Portland.
Mrs. W. S. Powell, Portland.
Mrs. Otelia De Witt, Portland.
Mrs. Eliza White, Portland.
Mrs. L. M. Foster, Portland.
John Brush, Portland.
Mrs. W. H. Wilson, Portland.
Seneca Smith, Portland.
Mrs. B. H. Robertson, Portland.
Mrs. Nancy Capps, Portland.
O. H. Lance, Portland.
Mrs. M. Wright, Portland.
C. W. Shively, Portland.
L. A Ross, Eugene.
Mrs Nancy Graham Starr, Dayton.
Mrs M. J. Armstrong, Condon.
Mrs. Alice Hubbard, Lafayette.
Mrs. Elizabeth Hovenden, Woodburn.
Mrs. Sarah Pendleton, Hubbard.
Josia Beal, Goldendale, Wash.
G. L. Colton, Lebanon.
Joseph F. Johnson, Wallowa.
H. W. Prettyman, Mt. Tabor.
Mrs. E. C. Matheny, Oregon City.
David F. Dunlap, Dayton, Wash.
L. W. Watts, Lincoln.
William Morfitt, Ontario.
Mrs. Caroline Pope Wellman, Palo Alto, Cal.
Mrs. S. E. Harker, Palo Alto, Cal.
John W. Cullen, Ft. Bragg, Cal.
Lee Laughlin, North Yamhill.
Mrs. N. E. Olds, McMinnville.
L. B. Geer, Macleay.
Mrs. Virginia A. McDaniel, Rickreall.
Mrs. M. J. Torrence, Diamond, Wash.
J. C. Riggs, The Dalles.
L. J. Klinger, Dufur.
E. B. Collard, Newberg.
Mrs. Lucy E. Walker, Hillsboro.
W. T. Legg, Cleone.
Mrs. Nancy Griffith, Dexter.
J. H. Bonser, Columbia City.

S. D. Bonser, Portland.
Mrs. L. O. Cottel, Portland.
Mrs. M. H. Todd, Portland.
Mrs. George L. Hibbard, Portland.
Mrs. H. C. Hill, Portland.
F. W. Gibson, Portland.
Mrs. Mattie Jones, Portland.
F. A. Watts, Portland.
Mrs. N. J. McPherson, Portland.
Mrs. R. H. Hopkins, Portland.
R. V. Short, Portland.
Mrs. Eliza Rowland, Fulton.
S. E. Leighton, Seaside.
Mrs. E. J. Corby, Woodburn.
Mrs. M. McKinney, Turner.
Mrs. J. H. Baughman, Gervais.
Mrs. Mary V. Howell, Oregon City.
Mrs. Hannah Whitney, Hubbard.
Lyman Merrill, Woodlawn.
Henry Machand, Park Place.
Robert Whitney, Hubbard.
Mrs. S. A. Pettyjohn, Salem.
G. W. Wilcox, Heppner.
Mrs. Lucy Fulton Isaacs, Walla Walla, Wash.
H. A. Lee, Canby.
J. W. Kelley, Cathlamet, Wash.
David Caufield, Oregon City.
R. F. Caufield, Oregon City.
H. R. Adams, Gresham.
George Merrill, Deer Island.
Mrs. S. V. Schoefield, Cornelius.
Mrs. E. Meline, Creighton.
Mrs. Emma R. Slavin, Hillsboro.
J. W. McComas, Gilroy, Cal.
Mrs. Sarah J. Anderson, Vancouver, Wash.
J. T. Apperson, Oregon City.
Mrs. Sarah S. Munson, Warrenton.
Mrs. Amanda Gentry, Sheridan.
Martha Powell, Myrtle Creek.
Martha J. Cosper, Dallas.
W. H. Mattoon, Viola.
Mrs. Angeline H. Riddell, The Dalles.
T. R. Hibbard, Silverton.
Mrs. Josephine Tompkins, Warren.

1848.

E. Merrill, Portland.
J. D. Lee, Portland.
Mrs. H. E. Hinton, Portland.
Mrs. L. A. Reynard, Portland.
Plympton Kelly, Portland.
John W. Minto, Portland.
Mrs. D. J. Holmes, Portland.
Mrs. M. A. Chance, Portland.
Mrs. H. B. Morgan, Portland.
Adam Catlin, Portland.
Mrs. E. A. Boskey, Woodburn.
J. M. Shelley, Eugene.
Mrs. Catherine L. Hutton, Mt. Tabor.
S. E. Starr, Union.
Mrs. E. J. Harris, Brooks.
J. F. Baird, Spangle, Wash.
Mrs. C. S. Basket, Rickreall.
Mrs. E. C. Miller, Milwaukie.
Mrs. Calista Kelly, Cathlamet.

Mrs. Harriet Hoover Killin, Portland.
Mrs. N. L. Croxton, Portland.
Mrs. M. J. Hanna, Portland.
Ahio S. Watt, Portland.
Mrs. J. M. Sale, Astoria.
Mrs. E. A. Slocum, Vancouver, Wash.
N. P. Newton, Philomath.
Mrs. A. Reasoner, Hubbard.
Mrs. B. H. Bowman, Troutdale.
J. C. Callison, Pleasant Hill.
Mrs. **Cordelia Bartlett, Vancouver, Wash.**
Mrs. E. J. Sutherland, Oregon City.
Wash.
Andy M. Allen, The Dalles.
T. G. Hendricks, Eugene.
McCauley Porter, Corvallis.
F. A. Bauer, Irrigon.
Mrs. E. A. Mattoon, Riddles.
Mrs. Sarah Ann White Seeley, Pomeroy, Wash.
Mrs. W. Breyman, Salem.
Mrs. Ellen Johnson, Corvallis.
J. W. Miller, Newberg.
T. R. Blackerby, Silverton.
F. M. Wilkins, Eugene.
Mrs. Melissa Osborn, Stennet, St. Johns.
Dr. F. M. Robinson, Beaverton.
ton.

1849.

Mrs. Sophia Preston, Portland.
W. H. Watkins, Portland.
Mrs. Sylvia Tucker, Portland.
Mrs. Mary L. Edwards, Portland.
J. H. Baker, Portland.
Hector B. Campbell, Portland.
R. Weeks, Portland.
Joseph Webber, Portland.
Jordon Jeroloman, Portland.
G. W. Force, Portland.
Mrs. Martha M. Taylor, Portland.
Jacob Kamm, Portland.
B. H. Roberson, Portland.
Mrs. **Anna M. Shively, Portland.**
A. B. Stuart, Portland.
G. C. Love, Portland.
P. A. Marquam, Portland.
Mrs. Sarah Garrett Brownell, Elgin.
W. R. Anderson, Vancouver, Wash.
A. Butler, Salem.
Mrs. M. B. Quivey, Vancouver, Wash.
F. J. Denny, Jefferson.
John W. Moore, The Dalles.
Mrs. Maria C. De Lashmutt, Witch Hazel.
H. E. Hayes, Mt. Tabor.
John Chandler, Orefino, Idaho.
W. M. Powers, Albany.
Charles Pattison, Shedd.
Charles La Follett, Montavilla.
John H. Timmon, Ilwaco, Wash.
B. L. Griffith, Buxton.
Robert Matheny, Wren.

C. A. Reed, Portland.
W. H. Brackett, Portland.
Mrs. N. Doane, Portland.
Mrs. E. M. Wait, Portland.
P. F. Castleman, Portland.
Lt. Col. T. J. Eckerson, Portland.
Mrs. Elizabeth Eckerson, Portland.
Mrs. Jane Dodge, Woodburn.
Mrs. Julia Clark, Lafayette.
Mrs. U. P. Cresill, Wilsonville.
Mrs. O. E. Rogers, Newberg.
W. M. Vaughn, Tillamook.
Mrs. W. M. Vaughn, Tillamook.
C. Mayger, Mayger.
Robert Pattison, Eugene.
Mrs. Lucretia Walker, Newberg.
Mrs. Susan Roberts, St. Johns.
Mrs. Nancy Caples, St. Johns.
W. L. Wood, Lostine.
Mrs. A. C. Patrick, Sellwood.
Tobias Aneshannsley, Washougal, Wash.

1850.

Mrs. M. S. Pilsbury, Portland.
Mrs. J. Gleason, Portland.
Mrs. Emma Guild, Portland.
Mrs. M. E. Kellogg, Portland.
Mrs. D. Ellerson, Portland.
Mrs. H. C. Exon, Portland.
Capt. George A. Pease, Portland.
John Epperly, Portland.
C. S. Silver, Portland.
John Lake, Portland.
Warren Thatcher, Portland.
Mrs. Martha E. Plummer, Portland.
Mrs. S. J. Epler, Portland.
Rev. John Flinn, Portland.
Mrs. Sarah L. Abrams, Portland.
Solomon Beary, Portland.
Mrs. Libbie Ladd, Portland.
John S. Simmons, Portland.
Mrs. L. R. Hendershot, Portland.
S. A. Mills, St. Helens.
William Hanna, North Yamhill.
G. A. Burt, Yoncalla.
D. W. Laughlin, Carlton.
Isaac Leisy, Hillsboro.
J. M. Belcher, Lafayette.
Mrs. J. M. Belcher, Lafayette.
William Rockefellow, Ashland.
Mrs. Celia Walling, Lincoln.
Mrs. Nancy J. Shelley, Eugene.
W. W. Allingham, Coburg.
Henry E. Ankeny, Eugene.
James B. Bartlett, Vancouver, Wash.
J. E. Brown, Sheridan.
Mrs. Nancy A. Brown, Sheridan.
Mrs. M. C. Howard, Newberg.
Mrs. M. C. Riggs, Newberg.
Mrs. Elizabeth Lord, The Dalles.
James Bruce, Corvallis.

Mrs. Anna Rhoades, Portland.
Mrs. L. C. Weatherford, Portland.
Mrs. Elizabeth Ryan, Portland.
J. C. Carson, Portland.
Samuel Swift, Portland.
Mrs. Jane G. Thomas, Portland.
I. G. Davidson, Portland.
I. E. A. Dean, Portland.
M. L. Sherman, Portland.
Mrs. S. J. Hoopengarner, Portland.
J. H. Lambert, Portland.
W. S. Chapman, Portland.
Mrs. I. B. Sanborn, Portland.
I. H. Gove, Portland.
Rev. J. W. Miller, Portland.
Mrs. B. F. Wade, North Yamhill.
R. C. Ramsey, Milwaukie.
W. H. Ward, Currinsville.
Sidney Root, Newberg.
J. H. Baughman, Gervais.
Mrs. S. Umphlet, Amity.
R. B. Wilmot, Oswego.
A. G. Rockefellow, Gaston.
Mrs. R. F. Henness, Mt. Tabor.
A. T. Ambrose, Yoncalla.
Capt. Relf Bledsoe, Boise, Idaho.
Mrs. E. M. Brainerd, Mt. Tabor.
Mrs. Phoebe B. Kinsley, Eugene.
J. H. Williams, The Dalles.
J. W. Caples, Forest Grove.
James W. Menzies, Troutdale.
Mrs. Abbie Hatch Farrar, Salem.
S. L. Brooks, The Dalles.
Mrs. Anna P. Brooks, The Dalles.
Mortimer F. Holbrook, Carson.
J. A. Pinney, Boise, Idaho.
Mrs. H. G. Hill, Wilbur.
G. D. Robinson, Dallas.
Joseph Howell, Arthur.
Joseph Pinkley, Currinsville.
Samuel Walker, Grays River, Wash.
Mrs. Julia Walker, Grays River, Wash.
C. F. Backus, Spokane, Wash.
John A. Slavin, Hillsdale.
J. D. Wilson, Yoncalla.
S. Gatton, Woodland, Wash.
Capt. E. W. Baughman, Lewiston, Idaho.
W. Breyman, Salem.
Mrs. M. A. Hinkle, Hubbard.
Thomas J. Hayter, Dallas.
Mrs. J. A. Burk, Kalama, Wash.
Mrs. H. E. Tatum, Dallas.
W. W. Irvin, Aurora.

1851.

A. M. North, Portland.
Mrs. Ellen Murphy, Portland.
Mrs. Louise E. Bowie, Portland.
Mrs. R. A. Mathews, Portland.
C. D. Boren, Seattle, Wash.
Stephen D. Powell, Hillsboro.
C. C. Beekman, Jacksonville.
Mrs. Lucinda Blanchard, Warren.

Mrs. M. E. Frazier, Portland.
Mrs. C. J. Smith, Portland.
J. F. McCartney, Portland.
J. R. K. Irvin, Portland.
Richard Williams, Portland.
Mrs. H. C. Weber, Portland.
Dan Carlile, Portland.
Mrs. Angeline Way, Portland.
D. B. Gray, Portland.
George Williams, Portland.
Mrs. Emma Williams, Portland.
Mrs. H. L. W. Stratton, Portland.
J. P. O. Lownsdale, Portland.
Capt. W. H. Pope, Portland.
M. C. George, Portland.
Eugene D. White, Portland.
Mrs. Griffith W. Jones, Portland.
E. L. Corner, Portland.
Mrs. Eliza E. C. Smith, Portland.
T. N. Falconer, Portland.
A. S. Powell, Portland.
Mrs. H. A. Dearborn, Portland.
Narcissus La Fontain, Portland.
Mrs. T. W. Thompson, Portland.
Mrs. R. C. Bergevin, Portland.
F. A. Crawford, Dayton.
Mrs. Mary A. Rauche, Park Place.
Mrs. Belle W. Cooke, 1760 Howard St., San Francisco.
A. J. Fletcher, Republic, Wash.
Mrs. James C. Evans, Milwaukie.
Mrs. E. M. White, Oregon City.
W. A. Potter, Irving.
Mrs. L. C. Potter, Irving.
J. L. Johnson, Woodburn.
G. W. Olds, McMinnville.
E. C. Hackett, Oregon City.
Mrs. Helen M. Failing, Mt. Tabor.
J. Q. A. Richardson, Alicel.
J. D. Alkire, Albany.
T. A. Pope, Oregon City.
Mrs. Jane Wallace, Kelso, Wash.
Dr. D. Siddall, The Dalles.
Robert Howe, Dallas.
A. S. Gleason, Woodburn.
W. W. Haines, Eugene.
N. J. Walker, Forest Grove.
Mrs. Leonora Simmons, North Yamhill.
Mrs. Mary A. Thornton, Sheridan.
George W. Miller, Dayton, Wash.
Jacob Miller, Oregon City.
J. H. Olds, Lafayette.
H. G. Hill, Wilbur.
George W. Miller, Vancouver, Wash.
Moses Wright, Pomeroy, Wash.
H. D. Mount, Silverton.
Mrs. M. A. Merchant, North Yamhill.
R. H. Holmes, Dufur.
Mrs. J. Howe, Shaw.
Miss Pauline Looney, Jefferson.

Joel H. Johnson, Lents.
Robert L. Smith, Albany.
Mrs. Sarah F. Jack, Lents.
Mrs. George A. Steel, Oregon City.
Fred Bunn, North Yamhill.
Josiah Howe, North Yamhill.
Silas Wright, Liberal.
Ai. Coolidge, Silverton.
T. W. Davenport, Silverton.
T. A. Cloninger, Scappoose.
Theodore Thurston Geer, Salem.
Theodore H. Eckerson, Oakland, Cal.

1852.

Mrs. Mary C. Robinson, Portland.
Mrs. Lucy Mercer, Portland.
Mrs. Martha J. Patton, Portland.
Mrs. Mattie Lewis, Portland.
F. M. Olds, Portland.
John Burke, Portland.
Mrs. L. A. Buchanan, Portland.
Mrs. S. J. Seaman, Portland.
L. C. Dichman, Portland.
Mrs. H. L. Pittock, Portland.
R. C. Ford, Portland.
Mrs. Jennie Sales, Portland.
Mrs. Sarah Wishard, Portland.
J. K. Jackson, Portland.
Mrs. V. Whitmore, Portland.
Mrs. J. B. Kellogg, Portland.
Mrs. Ellen Clymer Walker, Portland.
Mrs. W. D. Carter, Portland.
John Mock, Portland.
Mrs. M. C. Masters, Portland.
Mrs. L. S. Taylor, Portland.
William Blount, Portland.
Mrs. M. E. Howard, Portland.
I. N. Knight, Portland.
Joseph Buchtel, Portland.
Thomas Connell, Portland.
G. P. Meldrum, Oregon City.
A. B. Springer, Shedd.
John Lee, Lents.
P. Wood, Woodburn.
J. A. Kerley, Olympia, Wash.
A. V. Leonard, Silverton, Or.
A. S. Abernethy, Seattle.
P. D. Morris, Beaverton.
P. A. Harper, Vancouver, Wash.
E. P. Wallace, Amity.
Mrs. E. P. Wallace, Amity.
Mrs. P. A. Mason, Corvallis.
Mrs. Sarah Small; Salem.
Mrs. Mary J. Magers, Salem.
Mrs. Sarah E. Woodington, Silverton.
Mrs. C. T. Copeland, Siletz.
W. E. Brainerd, Mt. Tabor.
Mrs. Sarah M. Kiser, Philomath.
A. E. Kiser, Corvallis.
Miss Virginia Olds, McMinnville.
Mrs. Violet McCully, Butteville.
Douglas A. Morris, Sylvan.
Jas. Gulliford, Dufur.
Mrs. J. A. Gulliford, Dufur.
Mrs. C. T. Donnell, The Dalles.

A. Sunderland, Portland.
Mrs. A. Sunderland, Portland.
J. E. Magers, Portland.
F. M. Koontz, Portland.
Mrs. Mary Harn, Portland.
Mrs. W. P. Zumwalt Short, Portland.
Mrs. F. E. Chaney, Portland.
Mrs. A. E. McCall, Portland.
Mrs. M. E. Payne, Portland.
Mrs. C. S. Roberts, Portland.
J. M. Kelty, Portland.
Mrs. Lydia Strang, Portland.
Mrs. L. M. Parrish, Portland.
Mrs. M. C. Smith, Portland.
Mrs. R. L. Catching, Portland.
Peter Taylor, Portland.
Mrs. L. A. Bozorth, Portland.
D. C. Bowers, Portland.
Mrs. Mary Collins Parsons, Portland.
Mrs. L. Tribou, Portland.
Mrs. H. K. McCully, Portland.
Mrs. A. M. Crane, Portland.
J. W. Wiseman, Portland.
Mrs. M. M. McFarland, Portland.
Mrs. Melissa Smith, Portland.
Mrs. Angeline McAtee, Portland.
Mrs. Frances Rowe, Portland.
Jacob Fleischner, Portland.
John E. Brooks, Portland.
Mrs. S. J. Lake, Portland.
Mrs. Sarah J. Hines, Portland.
Mrs. E. Carter, Portland.
Mrs. L. Holcomb, Portland.
Mrs. William Braden, Portland.
E. S. Merrill, Portland.
Mrs. Esther Luse, Hillsboro.
Mrs. R. Mead, Walla Walla, Wash.
W. H. Hankins, Rainier.
Mrs. W. H. Hankins, Rainier.
L. L. Whitcomb, Cottage Grove.
Mrs. C. Fox, Gresham.
R. G. Palmateer, Currinsville.
Mrs. Mary E. Stott, North Yamhill.
S. A. John, Fairview.
Mrs. W. M. Wallis, Port Ludlow, Wash.
A. W. Powers, Lents.
Mrs. R. M. McDonough, Jacksonville.
John W. Pugh, Clatskanie.
Wm. V. Ewing, Palouse, Wash.
Mrs. P. Strong, Salem.
R. M. Wooden, Jewell.
Mrs. Martha Brown, Forest Grove.
Miss Frances Brown, Forest Grove.
Mrs. Jane Merrick, Forest Grove.
Mrs. Eliza Long, Forest Grove.
John Metzker, Sheridan.
Mrs. Kate Hallinan, Oswego.
A. J. Laws, Eufaula, Wash.
Mitchell Ingram, Wapinitia.
Mrs. R. M. Hess, Sherwood.
Mrs. M. C. Spores, Eugene.
Mrs. Jennie Lasater, Walla Walla, Wash.
Amos Underwood, Underwood, Wash.
V. H. Caldwell, Albany.

Mrs. M. Worick, Portland.
Mrs. Elizabeth Hamblin, Portland.
Fred Bickel, Portland.
Mrs. H. Hanson, Portland.
Mrs. P. M. Dekum, Portland.
Mrs. E. J. Harer, Portland.
Mrs. M. M. Owen, Portland.
M. M. Owen, Portland.
J. F. Mitchell, Portland.
C. B. Stuart, Portland.
G. W. Taylor, Portland.
T. C. Belcher, Portland.
Mrs. C. T. Belcher, Portland.
Mrs. John Marshall, Portland.
Mrs. H. B. Nicholas, Portland.
Mrs. Mary Taylor, Portland.
W. S. Powell, Portland.
Mrs. S. C. Vanhorn, Portland.
Mrs. Mary E. Holman, Portland.
Mrs. Lizzie R. Smith, Portland.
Mrs. Anna M. McCoy, Portland.
Mrs. C. A. Coburn, Portland.
T. J. Hamilton, Portland.
F. M. DeWitt, Portland.
Mrs. Mary A. Test, Portland.
L. M. Parrish, Portland.
J. L. McCown, Portland.
William M. Westfall, Portland.
E. J. Jeffery, Portland.
W. G. Beck, Portland.
Mrs. A. E. Beck, Portland.
L. C. Weatherford, Portland.
Joseph Paquet, Portland.
Mrs. Catherine H. McClung, Portland.
G. C. Rider, Portland.
Mrs. Mary E. Rider, Portland.
Henry Brallier, Seaside.
E. W. Noblitt, Aurora.
Mrs. Anna Greve, Woodland, Wash.
Mrs. M. C. Rockwood, La Center, Wash.
C. J. Hinkle, Hubbard, Or.
A. D. Hellman, Ashland.
John Foley, Sauvies.
L. F. Shirley, Pullman, Wash.
Wm. Henry Harrison Myers, Forest Grove.
I. McClung, Albany.
Abner E. Armstrong, Roseburg.
Mrs. John Sweek, Tualatin.
Mrs. M. A. Kranz, Sellwood.
Thomas Cooper, Kalama, Wash.
W. A. Credy, Cleveland, Wash.
Mrs. F. C. Harlow, Milwaukie, Or.
Mrs. F. B. Jacobs, Arcada, Cal.
Mrs. Sarah E. Miller, Oregon City, Or.
J. C. Moore, Greenville, Or.
Geo. F. Smith, Oregon City,
Mrs Emma Davidson, Oregon City, Or.
Geo. H. Greer, Dundee, Or.
Mrs. W. A. Mills, Forest Grove, Or.
Mrs. R. Calhoun, McMinnville,
Mrs D. F. Dunlap, Dayton, Wash.
G. W. McBee, Dallas, Or.
Mrs. Jane Combs, Prineville.
Mrs. C. L. Ankeny, Eugene.
Mrs. A. E. Starr, University Park.

W. P. Burns, Portland.
Mrs. W. P. Burns, Portland.
Mrs. Rebecca Rindlaub, Portland.
Mrs. S. E. Lance, Portland.
Mrs. P. Starr, Portland.
Mrs. Susan Nooning, Portland.
J. H. Jones, Portland.
Mrs. S. E. Ripperton, Portland.
Mrs. S. F. Kirker, Portland.
J. H. Fisk, Portland.
W. H. Livermore, Portland.
Mrs. Mary E. Biles, Portland.
Mrs. Minnie K. West, Portland.
Silas Osburn, Portland.
W. G. Ballard, Portland.
John Winters, Portland.
Mrs. M. E. May, Portland.
Mrs. S. J. Guptil, Portland.
Mrs. S. E. Morgan, Portland.
J. M. Harkelroad, Portland.
H. G. Morgan, Portland.
Frank Merrill, Portland.
W. V. Smith, Portland.
Mrs. P. A. Winters, Portland.
Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway, Portland.
Mrs. Ella Bybee, Portland.
Mrs. J. R. Hays, Portland.
Mrs. S. C. Matlock, Portland.
Mrs. M. Kline, Portland.
Mrs. Elizabeth Byars, Portland.
F. M. Tibbetts, Portland.
Mrs. Isabella Lewis, Portland.
Mrs. Silas Jones, Portland.
Mrs. E. Chambreau, Portland.
Miss Flora A. Montgomery, Portland.
S. L. Kenyon, Hayes, Wash.
S. B. Johnson, Gresham, Or.
H. J. Johnson, Gresham.
A. L. Coffey, Camas, Wash.
S. A. John, Cleone, Or.
Mrs. O. I. John, Cleone
Abel White, Waitsburg, Wash.
Mrs. M. E. Stillwell, Tillamook, Or.
Mrs. E. Russell, Washougal, Wash.
S. K. Hudson, Mayger, Or.
Mrs. Sarah Banzer, La Center, Wash.
Thomas Cox, Gales Creek, Or.
William S. Mitchell, Salem.
C. E. Stillwell, The Dalles.
Mrs. Amanda Williams, The Dalles.
J. R. Boyd, Eugene.
Harriet L. Caples, Forest Grove.
F. Talbert, Santa Ana, Cal.
E. W. Conyers, Clatskanie, Or.
Mrs. Isaphena Collard, Newberg.
Mrs. Janett Evans, Woodlawn.
George Deardorff, Clackamas.
J. G. Downie, Vancouver, Wash.
Mrs Susan M. Barker, Cleone, Or.
Peter Meanes, Walla Walla, Wash.
Mrs. S. J. Brown, Hillsboro, Or.
Miss Mary Brown, Hillsboro.
Mrs. E. Linneman, Gresham.
Edgar Ritchey, Boring.
Mrs. Edgar Ritchey, Boring.

M. Devol, Portland.
N. L. Gilham, Portland.
F. H. Grubb, Portland.
Mrs. John Ewry, Portland.
Mrs. Alice G. Whipple, Portland.
W. H. Harris, Portland.
Mrs. D. W. Wakefield, Portland.
Mrs. Aldridge, Portland.
Gustaf Wilson, Portland.
J. B. Kellogg, Portland.
J. L. Wigle, Portland.
Jacob Ramsey, Portland.
Mrs. Amelia Hughes, Portland.
E. N. Morgan, Portland.
Mrs. M. E. Hunt, Portland.
Mrs. T. N. Falconer, Portland.
J. W. Miller, Portland.
Mrs. Sarah J. Lucas, Portland.
C. L. Klady, Portland.
Mrs. Elizabeth Yergen, Portland.
Mrs. M. Weatherford, Portland.
Lindley Meeker, 446 Florence St., Portland.
F. V. Holman, Portland.
Mrs. F. A. Watts, Portland.
Mrs. H. L. Palmer, Portland.
Mrs. W. J. Warren, Portland.
P. M. Ruffner, Portland.
D. M. Taylor, Portland.
Mrs. C. S. Preston, Portland.
Isaac Ham, Portland.
Stephen Shobert, Portland.
Mrs. Anna H. Russell, Ashland.
Mrs. Mary E. Reeves, Cedar Mills.
Wm. M. Russell, North Yamhill.
G. F. Gerk, Monument.
Mrs. M. A. Barnard, Olympia, Wash.
Mrs. S. R. Slayton, Eugene. Or.
Mrs. T. G. Hendricks, Eugene.
G. L. Gilfry, Creswell.
Thomas C. Watts, Reuben.
T. M. Coffey, Camas, Wash.
A. Shaver, Oswego, Or.
Mrs. E. J. Thurman, Silverton.
Mrs. W. H. Holmes, Salem.
Mrs. H. Cue, Mayger.
T. B. Donaldson, Aurora.
B. F. Dorris, Eugene, Or.
David McCully, Salem, Or.
Mrs. M. J. Creighton, Salem.
Mrs. Polly Lockhart, Sellwood.
Mrs Mary La Forest, Oregon City.
Mrs. Rachel McKay, Beaverton.
Lewis McMorris, Walla Walla, Wash.
Mrs. A. N. Gilbert, Salem.
J. A. Burk, Kalama, Wash.
J. A. Hinkle, The Dalles, Or.
Mrs. Nancy Vanderpool, Newberg.
H. A. Mitchell, Mt. Tabor.
Mrs. A. H. Muncy, Clatskanie.
E. N. Beach, Palouse, Wash.
Mrs. Edna D. Raymond, Salem, Or.
Mrs. Catherine Stanley Fay, Gresham.

Mrs. Henrietta Pomeroy, Cedar Mills.
G. H. Reeves, Cedar Mills.
Mrs. Jane Findley, Cedar Mills.
Mrs. Margaret A. Brewer, Oakland, Cal.
Mrs. A. M. Williams, The Dalles.
Mrs. S. Durbin, Salem.
Mrs. A. M. Whitaker, Olympia, Wash.
Mrs. E. M. Watts, Scappoose.
Mrs. Jerusha Greenwell, Clackamas.
Mrs. Olive E. McCord, Oregon City.
Mrs. Elizabeth Warner, Oregon City.
Mrs. C. W. Slocum, Vancouver, Wash.
Mrs. E. Ennis, Hillsboro, Or.
Mrs. D. C. Iler, Sherwood.
Mrs. Susan Barker, Cleone.
S. E. Morris, Beaverton.
G. A. Waggoner, Corvallis.
Mrs. E. J. Thurman, Silverton.
Jeptha Green, Roseburg.
M. M. Cline, Mt. Angel.
Mrs. Fannie L. Cochran, Oregon City.
J. J. Woolery, The Dalles.
Mrs. S. J. Waldron, Oregon City.
Mrs. Rebecca Mount, Silverton.
Mrs. Sarah Hovenden, Hubbard.
Mrs. —. Hess, Sherwood.
M. G. Wills, Los Angeles, Cal.

J. W. Chase, Oregon City.
Mrs. Sarah Palmateer, Currinsville.
Dr. W. J. Farley, Dallas.
William Galloway, McMinnville.
W. T. Wright, Union.
J. W. Pate, Jefferson.
Wm. Gatton, St. Johns.
M. L. Matheny, Gaston.
Henry Manning, Gervais.
Mrs. E. R. Holtgrieve, Cleone.
A. R. Price, Albion, Wash.
Mrs. A. R. Price, Albion.
T. Cameron, Jacksonville, Or.
Calvin H. Adams, Hillsboro.
Mrs. C. H. Adams, Hillsboro.
Wm. Adams, Hillsboro.
W. H. Gates, Spray.
J. O. Morris, Liberal.
J. N. Tong, Damascus.
Mrs. J. N. Tong, Damascus.
Lorenzo Root, McMinnville.
John Lewellen, Oregon City.
W. H. Maxwell, Orient.
John F. Roberts, Gresham.
Phil Shannon, Estacada.
H. H. Gilfry, Washington, D. C.
M. H. Bell, Prineville, Or.
Thomas Eli McKoin, Gilt Edge, Mont.
Louis Scholl, Walla Walla, Wash.
Silas J. Day, Jacksonville, Or.
P. H. Raymond, Salem, Or.
Mrs. N. A. Ball, Oswego.

Portland.
Mrs. Eliza Scott, Portland.
Mrs. Vic Trevitt, Portland.
Mrs. W. D. Hurlbut, Portland.
Mrs. H. Cason, Portland.
Mrs. Rosa Jubitz, Portland.
Mrs. S. C. Johns, Portland.
Dr. Edgar Poppleton, Portland.
A. H. Long, Portland.
Mrs. R. L. Bode, Portland.
Mrs. Ellen Tower, Portland.
Mrs. C. Von Wintzingerode, Portland.
Mrs. A. E. Bills, Portland.
Mrs. L. A. James, Portland.
Mrs. R. A. Wills, Portland.
Mrs. Walter Johnson, Portland.
D. H. Wagnon, Portland.
Bruce Wolverton, Portland.
Mrs. W. C. Johnson, Portland.
A. S. Cummings, Portland.
Mrs. A. S. Cummings, Portland.
Mrs. Matilda Baker, Portland.
Clark Hay, Portland.
A. F. Miller, Sellwood.
Mrs. Mary E. G. Pinkham, Boise, Idaho.
Mrs. E. A. Byars, Salem.
W. H. Hoffman, Eugene.
Mrs. E. Johnson, La Fayette.
N. B. Hall, Dayton.
Mrs. A. J. Hillin, Banks.
Mrs. J. J. Murphy, Salem.
Mrs. E. J. Kubli, Jacksonville.
Mrs. Mary Kennedy, Woodburn.
Mrs. M. A. Plummer, Oregon City.
Mrs. H. A. Caruthers, Oregon City.
Mrs. M. L. Abbott, Vancouver, Wash.
Mrs. M. E. Roberts, Red Bluffs, Cal.
John Cates, The Dalles.
J. W. Batchelor, Olympia, Wash.
F. M. Dodge, Woodburn.
Miss Helen Taylor, Salem.
Mrs. Mary E. Watts, Reuben.
Samuel Coad, Dallas.
L. C. Whitaker, Olympia, Wash.
S. A. Phillips, Chehalis, Wash.
Geo. Robinson, North Yamhill.
Mrs. Jacob Johnson, Lents.
Mrs. E. J. Morton, Kalama, Wash.
G. W. Thurman, Wheatland, Cal.
W. W. Kentnor, Ashland.
R. Morford, Oregon City.
Judson W. Himes, Elma, Wash.
Mrs. Georgia Deardorff, Oakland.
Mrs. Emily Anderson, Canyon City.
J. R. Helman, Columbia Falls, Mont.
Mrs. S. A. Chase, Oregon City.
Mrs. B. A. Bailey, LaCenter, Wash.
A. H. Thornton, Vancouver, Wash.
Mrs. J. C. Nelson, Newberg.
E. N. Thomas, Jefferson.
J. C. Howard, Shaw.
Geo. H. Burnett, Salem.
W. H. H. Samson, Oregon City.

Mrs. H. B. Springer, Shedd.
Mrs. B. A. Fulton, Wasco.
S. R. Scott, Salem.
W. H. Byars, Salem.
John Chitwood, Moro.
S. Brisbane, Morrow.
George Perkins, La Fayette.
M. J. Punch, Park Place.
C. W. Bryant, Oswego.
Mrs. Eugenia Gillingham, Salem.
Samuel Gray, Salem.
Mrs. Mary A. McClelland, Baker City.
Mrs. J. W. Chase, Baker City.

1854.

Mrs. H. M. Lawler, Portland.
Mrs. M. L. Jeter, Portland.
Mrs. Mary A. Boyd, Portland.
Robert A. Miller, Portland.
Mrs. Anna R. Middleton, Portland.
Miss Nannie E. Taylor, Portland.
Mrs. L. M. Croasman, Portland.
Mrs. E. J. Morris, Portland.
Mrs. A. C. Gibbs, Portland.
Mrs. John A. Packard, Portland.
Mrs. Julia C. Brannan, Portland.
J. C. Olds, Portland.
Mrs. N. A. Roberts, Portland.
P. J. Mann, Portland.
Mrs. Hannah Schulderman, Portland.
H. C. Coe, Portland.
W. C. Barrell, Portland.
Mrs. Maria J. Livermore, Portland.
Vincent Cook, Portland.
James W. Cook, Portland.
Mrs. W. F. Dillon, Portland.
Mrs. Mary E. Kelly, Portland.
D. W. Wakefield, Portland.
Mrs. Sarah E. Ward Bell, Portland.
Mrs. Kate Stevens Bingham, Portland.
Mrs. Frances Webber, Creighton, Or.
P. M. Jackson, Hillsboro.
S. Conrad, Woodland, Wash.
L. W. Harger, Newberg.
Mrs. L. D. Hart, Kirby.
Mrs. Melissa B. Powers, Lents.
Mrs Hattie B. Johnson, Lents.
W. R. Scheurer, Butteville.
S. H. Jones, Goldendale, Wash.
Frank A. Stewart, Port Orford.
Mrs. Joseph F. Johnson, Wallowa.
Mrs. Lulu D. Crandall, The Dalles.
Joseph Lemery, Oswego.
Mrs. P. Milem, Mt. Tabor.
Joseph Mann, Hillsboro.
C. A. Berry, McMinnville.
Mrs. S. H. Moffitt, Dallas.
D. L. Bolton, Wrentham.
Dean Blanchard, Rainier.
S. S. Ball, Corvallis.
Mrs. Viola Pierce, Carlton.

Mrs. L. H. Baker, Portland.
T. W. Thompson, Portland.
Mrs. W. A. Mackenzie, Portland.
Mrs. Seatta Dix, Portland.
Chauncey Dale, Portland.
J. S. Morris, Portland.
Mrs. Ella W. Steel, Portland.
James A. Galloway, Portland.
Mrs. John McKernan, Portland.
Mrs. Lucy Foss, Gresham.
Mrs. W. N. Chambers, Woodlawn.
Mrs. L. M. Watkins, Boise, Idaho.
Mrs. A. G. Lloyd, Waitsburg, Wash.
Mrs. Gilla Irving, Philomath.
Mrs. E. J. Barrett, Hillsboro.
Mrs. Anna Manning, Gervais.

1855.

Mrs. M. Drew, Portland.
Mrs. Mary E. Roberts, Portland.
Mrs. H. K. Hines, Portland.
Mrs. Anna Childers, Portland.
Mrs. Ollie Moss, Portland.
J. Stearns, Portland.
Mrs. R. Weeks, Portland.
Mrs. J. W. Waters, Portland.
Mrs. Sarah J. Coffin, Portland.
John Storan, Portland.
M. W. Smith, Portland.
Mrs. Caroline Levens, Portland.
Mrs. Emily A. Dowling, Portland.
Mrs. Caroline Simmons, Portland.
W. E. Robertson, Portland.
Mrs. Dorothy Duback, Portland.
Mrs. Anna M. Mann, Portland.
Mrs. L. A. Bailey, Portland.
Mrs. James F. Failing, Portland.
I. Mitchell, Portland.
Mrs. I. McColl, Portland.
Mrs. L. F. Shirley, Pullman, Wash.
Mrs. Eliza Salls, Bellingham, Wash.
Mrs. Harriet C. Looney, Jefferson.
Mrs. J. D. Chitwood, Damascus.
Mrs. Jennie Ross Reames, Jacksonville.
Mrs. Helen M. Ewing, Oswego.
Mrs. Margaret Douthit, Carlton.
Mrs. A. R. Coombs, Eugene,
T. C. Davidson, Salem.
Mrs. Della Toole, Port Ludlow, Wash.
Mrs. S. A. Phillips, Chehalis, Wash.
Mrs. L. E. Pinkley, Currinsville.
Fred Dubach, Fisher, Wash.
Mrs. Jane Eudy, Oregon City.
Mrs. Robert A. Austin, Ontario.
Mrs. Elizabeth Caples, St. Johns.
Mrs. A. E. Olson, St. Johns.

Samuel Lowengardt, Portland.
Mrs. Robert A. Austin, Portland.
John M. Lewis, Portland.
Mrs. Mary E. Knott, Oswego.
J. W. Vinyard, Corvallis.
A. P. Wolverton, Spokane, Wash.
W. N. Barrett, Hillsboro.
G. R. H. Miller, Oregon City.
A. N. Moores, Salem.

1856.

Mrs. Alice H. Crofts, Portland.
Mrs. M. J. Hembree, Portland.
Wm. Braden, Portland.
Mrs. Mary N. Mock, Portland.
Mrs. Elizabeth Arrigoni, Portland.
Mrs. Mary DeVore Edwards, Portland.
John Wagner, Portland.
Mrs. W. B. Jolly, Portland.
Mrs. M. H. Wolverton, Portland.
Mrs. Nellie P. McClane, Portland.
F. H. Rees, Portland.
A. W. Lambert, Portland.
Willis S. Duniway, Portland.
Mrs. Mary E. Oleson, Portland.
Mrs. M. W. Smith, Portland.
Mrs. Sarah Kelly, Portland.
Mrs. Mary A. S. Gray, Portland.
Mrs. Adam Catlin, Portland.
Mrs. S. H. Ogilby, Portland.
Napoleon B. Kennedy, Portland.
Wm. M. Simpson, Portland.
A. T. Wortman, Portland.
Mrs. W. B. Turner, Portland.
J. W. Thurman, Portland.
D. H. Jones, Portland.
Mrs. Mary R. Caufield, Oregon City.
Mrs. C. Martin, Oregon City.
Mrs. Sarah A. Smith, Rainier.
Mrs. E. Thorp, Woodlawn.
Mrs. Emma Conrad, Woodland, Wash.
Mrs. Mary L. Wilmot, Oswego.
T. R. A. Sellwood, Milwaukie.
James S. McCord, Oregon City.
Mrs. H. M. Henniger, Oswego.
F. V. Reeder, Sauvies.
Mrs. Anna Dugan, Vancouver, Wash.
J. B. Nesmith, Rickreall.
Mrs. Henry Meldrum, Oregon City.
J. D. McCully, Joseph.
Mrs. Ada Schmidt, San Francisco, Cal.
Mrs. Mary C. Shattuck, Gresham.
Joseph A. Sellwood, Salem.
Seth Riggs, Rickreall.
Mrs. Geo. H. Burnett, Salem.
Mrs. Spores Jenkins, Springfield.

Mrs. Belle Sellwood, Portland.
Mrs. Wm. Macbeth, Portland.
James D. Giddings, Salem.
Mrs. W. H. Maxwell, Orient.

1857.

Mrs. H. A. Strickler, Portland.
Francis Ingram, Portland.
Charles W. Knowles, Portland.
Mrs. E. B. Lee, Portland.
Patrick Moran, Portland.
Mrs. J. J. Shipley, Portland.
J. B. Williams, Portland.
Fannie G. Curts, Portland.
Mrs. Lucy Curry, Portland.
Charles E. Ladd, Portland.
Seth L. Pope, Portland.
Mrs. A. J. Dunn, Portland.
Frank Hornstrom, Portland.
Mrs. D. J. O. Riggs, Portland.
Fred W. Hanson, Portland.
Mrs. Marianna Baum, Portland,
Mrs. Letitia Smith, Portland.
Mrs. Maggie Barger, Portland.
Mrs. P. E. Gage, Portland.
F. H. Saylor, Portland.
Mrs. A. G. Magnus, Portland.
George A. Young, Portland.
Mrs. Ione Buchanan, Portland.
Mrs. J. W. Noble, Santa Rosa, Cal.
D. S. Stearns, Portland.
Mrs. C. Kenady, Woodburn.
Mrs. M. J. Jackson, Hillsboro.
J. M. Charlton, Hillsboro.
S. A. D. Meek, Cornelius.
P. H. D'Arcy, Salem.
Mrs. A. Merriman, Medford.
Mrs. Oceanna Parker, Troutdale.
Geo. A. Harding, Oregon City.
Mrs. Ida M. Babcock, Salem.
Mrs. Mary E. Haas, Salem.
A. C. Fairchild, University Park.
Mrs. Mary Martin, Salem.
Mrs. J. A. Pinney, Boise, Idaho.
Mrs. Geo. H. Miller, Vancouver, Wash.
W. J. Clarke, Gervais.
Jerry A. Schooling, Hay Creek.
Mrs. Hattie R. McDonald, La Grande.
C. M. Parmenter, Salem.
Walter Graves, Mt. Tabor.
Geo. H. Riddell, The Dalles.

1858.

Mrs. A. B. Croasman, Portldn.
Frank Hacheney, Portland.
Mrs. E. Flurey, Portland.
Mrs. Emma Brooks, Portland.
Mrs. M. E. McClure, Portland.
Mrs. G. W. Force, Portland.
A. J. McDaniel, Portland
Dr. E. O. Smith, Portland.
W. P. Crawford, Vancouver, Wash.
Mrs. Ida Harris, Dayton.
Miss Maria D'Arcy, Salem.
Mrs. Clara H. Waldo, Macleay.
Peter Wilson, Salem.
Mrs. Annie H. High, Salem.
J. L. Estes, Arleta.

Dr. Calla B. Charlton, Portland.
Mrs. Ella Williams, Portland.
Julius Kramer, Portland.
Mrs. Ellen Hornstrom, Portland.
Mrs. S. F. Jones, Portland.
Mrs. Anna F. Himes, Portland.
Mrs. Della McCarver, Portland.
Mrs. F. J. Craig, Portland.
James Gleason, Portland.
Mrs. Minnie Howell McGruger, Portland.
Mrs. Mary C. Johnson, Carlton.
D. Henshaw, Houlton.
Mrs. A. M. Butler, Gaston.
Mrs. M. W. Moore, Montavilla.
C. W. Risley, Milwaukie.
Miss Kate Pettyjohn, Prescott, Wash.
J. H. Pettyjohn, Prescott, Wash.
Mrs. I. Pattison, Eugene.
Mrs. Mary Sutton, Ashland.
Mrs. S. C. Harvey, Astoria.
Mrs. S. H. Prosser, Oswego.
Mrs. Cora Dickinson Moores, Salem.
Miss Ada Bradley Millican, Eugene.
W. Lord, The Dalles.
A. J. Remington, Vancouver. Wash.

1859.

Mrs. Mary Frazer, Portland.
Mrs. H. Savage, Portland.
G. W. Hunt, Portland.
Mrs. J. C. Roberts, Portland.
H. E. McGinn, Portland.
Mrs. M. A. Struble, Portland.
D. E. Bush, Portland.
R. F. Rice, Portland.
Miss Tillie F. Cornelius, Portland.
R. B. Knapp, Portland.
T. H. Wade, Portland.
Mrs. Clara A. Keenan, Portland.
Mrs. M. Ikerd, Portland.
S. G. Bunting, Portland.
Mrs. Laura Dittmer, Portland.
Mrs. F. M. Tibbetts, Portland.
Mrs. W. D. Fenton, Portland.
Mrs. Lydia Young, Portland.
Mrs. E. M. Gowdy, Portland.
Mrs. D. H. Jones, Portland.
R. J. Pierce, Carlton.
Miss Teresa D'Arcy, Salem.
Mrs. M. A. McKosham, Scappoose.
Mrs. Rhoda McCoy, North Yamhill.
Mrs. Olive Wilcox, Palouse, Wash.
Mrs. Eglantine Geer, Macleay,
Mrs. Eglantine Geer, Macleay.
Benj. Windsor, Salem.
Mrs. Mary N. B. Morrison, Warrenton.
Mrs. J. G. Bell, Salem.
F. D. McCully, Joseph.
A. T. King, Ione.
A. K. Finley, Pullman, Wash.
Mrs. H. E. Carey, Lafayette.
J. W. Kimball, Roseburg.

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1900.

1838	1	1850	63
1839	4	1851	48
1840	2	1852	220
1841	1	1853	103
1842	2	1854	38
1843	13	1855	24
1844	24	1856	12
1845	38	1857	21
1846	37	1858	15
1847	85	1859	14
1848	29		
1849	29	Total	823

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1901.

1824	1	1850	76
1838	1	1851	67
1839	3	1852	243
1840	2	1853	121
1841	3	1854	42
1842	2	1855	23
1843	19	1856	12
1844	21	1857	22
1845	55	1858	14
1846	32.	1859	17
1847	96		
1848	31	Total	936
1849	36		

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1902.

1838	1	1850	70
1839	2	1851	46
1840	4	1852	260
1841	3	1853	109
1842	2	1854	48
1843	15	1855	22
1844	21	1856	16
1845	54	1857	19

1846	36	1853	16
1847	72	1854	21
1848	38		— —
1849	33	Total	926

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1903.

1839	2	1851	34
1840	3	1852	83
1841	4	1853	116
1842	3	1854	36
1843	21	1855	24
1844	21	1856	14
1845	63	1857	21
1846	41	1858	24
1847	92	1859	19
1848	29		— —
1849	35	Total	1003
1850	68		

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1904

1837	2	1850	73
1839	2	1851	34
1840	1	1852	272
1841	3	1853	133
1842	3	1854	38
1843	16	1855	32
1844	24	1856	21
1845	66	1857	29
1846	33	1858	31
1847	77	1859	14
1848	32		
1849	34	Total	1010

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1905

1837	2	1850	91
1838	2	1851	70
1839	1	1852	346
1840	3	1853	197

1841	3	1854	62
1842	6	1855	47
1843	23	1856	49
1844	28	1857	45
1845	74	1858	40
1846	42	1859	34
1847	116		
1848	44	Total	1397
1849	53		

NECROLOGY.

Names of members of the Oregon Pioneer Association who have died since June 1, 1905, so far as reported:

	Arrived in Oregon.	Died.
Athey, Morrison C.	**1844**	**1906**
Bacon, Mrs. Amanda Clark	**1852**	**1906**
Barnard, Mrs. Mary Ann Parsons	**1850**	**1906**
Blackerby, Thomas R.	**1848**	**1906**
Brown, Mrs. Ruth	**1850**	**1905**
Burbank, Mrs. Mary Ellen	**1853**	**1906**
Callison, Robert G.	**1848**	**1906**
Collard, J. J.	**1847**	**1906**
Eckerson, Theodore John	**1849**	**1906**
Gillihan, Martin	**1844**	**1906**
Hicks, Urban East	**1851**	**1905**
Hanan, Mrs. Eliza Jane	**1844**	**1905**
Holtgrieve, Henry	**1852**	**1906**
Jones, John H.	**1852**	**1906**
Lichtenthaler, Francis Marion	**1853**	**1906**
Lewis, James Preston	**1852**	**1906**
McCully, Mrs. Hannah Keziah	**1852**	**1905**
Meldrum, Mrs. Susan	**1845**	**1906**
Miller, John Wesley	**1850**	**1906**
Murray, Orlena Maria Cardwell	**1852**	**1906**
Partlow, William B.	**1852**	**1905**
Perkins, Mrs. Sarah	**1844**	**1905**
Royal, Mrs. Thomas F.	**1853**	**1906**
Scott, Mrs. Ruth	**1852**	**1906**
Simpkins, Hiram D.	**1847**	**1905**
Thomas, Mrs. Jane Goodhue	**1850**	**1906**
Vaughan, William Hatchett	**1844**	**1906**
Welch, John	**1849**	**1905**
Wilson, Gustaf	**1852**	**1905**
Wyatt, James Brock	**1849**	**1905**
Young, John Quincy Adams	**1847**	**1905**

[redacted]

ANNUAL ADDRESS.

By Hon. Henry H. Gilfry, 1852, Salem, Or.
Principal Legislative Clerk, U. S. Senate, for nearly twenty-six years; now Minute and Journal Clerk.

Mr. President and Oregon Pioneers:

This is the anniversary of the natal day that emancipated the great Northwest from British rule, and from the dominion of kingly power. June 15, 1846, should ever be remembered by the pioneers who were then residing in the "Oregon Country," and by those of us who came after that memorable day.

Many protests were made against the "joint occupancy" of this "Eden of the World," but when the treaty was ratified and exchanged, it was a "Declaration of Independence" to and raised from the shoulders the great weight of doubt and uncertainty that so long oppressed those daring missionaries who came to plant the "Standard of the Cross" in front of the wigwam, and along the Indian trails made deep through the rich soil of this virgin country; and from those who came as immigrants by sea and by land, to better their condition, where fences and marked boundaries would not fetter their freedom, in erecting their homes, and taking care of their flocks and herds, and building up a great commonwealth for themeslves and as a refuge for those whose restless condition fretted for freer scenes and a wider domain.

Before proceeding further I will again refer to the Indian trails; for well do I remember, when a boy, going to the mines in the Idaho country, through what is now Eastern Washington, of traveling in and counting thirty-one of these trails, side by side, along the road we thought was leading us to gold and great fortunes. They were in many places like parallel bars, being so straight, and with uniform distance from each other, and in many places worn so deep that a horse could neither swerve nor escape from them without difficulty. The Indian, too, was wise in his way, for when we saw a trail going in the direction we desired to take, with no road made by the white man near, we knew that it went in the straightest direction,

and over the best and lowest gaps through the hills and along the most accessible mountain sides.

So much has been written and said about the pioneers at each recurring reunion by abler pens than mine, and by far more experienced speakers, that I hesitate to try to add anything of interest to the long and full accounts that fill the Proceedings of the Pioneers and Quarterlies of the Oregon Historical Society. Like the flowery Fourth of July orations it would seem nothing more could be said, and that there "is nothing new under the sun" in this line.

When a small boy on April 1, 1852, in the town of Blandinsville, McDonough County, Illinois, there was great interest centered in and intense excitement around our home, as many were gathered about. The oxen and cows were yoked and hitched up, and we were ready to start out into the great unknown West. Relatives staying behind were weeping and exclaiming "that we were going from them forever"; and neighbors anxious for our safe journey to the great wild land away to the setting sun, said, as it was All Fools' Day, "that we were going on a 'fool's errand.'" Well do I remember the day. The skies were smiling and all nature seemed auspicious for the successful consummation of the great undertaking, for it was an undertaking of appalling proportions, and strong hearts and stalwart resolutions only prevented my parents from changing their minds and to forever abide by the fireside in our old home. Before starting, not a railroad had been built in front of us. The shriek of the locomotive and the rumbling of trains were nowhere to be heard. The poles and wires of the telegraph nowhere barred our way, as I now remember. No clicking instruments gave us the news from every quarter of the globe as now. In fact, Illinois was then almost in her pioneer infancy compared with her greatness, her strength and grandeur today. Yet her present state was a long time coming.

Nearly twenty years after the eventful day of our departure I returned to and visited the old home and the farm

on which I was born, the scenes of my childhood. Before reaching there how wildly my heart beat at the thought of again trodding the roads, visiting the fields, and seeing the house where the light of day was first revealed to me; but expectation and happiness soon left me; disappointment took possession of buoyant spirits, and I was soon ready to turn my face westward to again view and enjoy the beauties and splendors of the great valley of the Willamette where the big red apples grew. Progress had been idle there. The houses looked twenty years older and the fences and improvements had the decay and blight of twenty years upon them; all reminding me that we had not gone on "a fool's errand"; but that seemed to be the occupation of those we left behind, if what I saw around me should be taken as evidence.

To return to our starting point. We were soon on the road, with faces turned to the West, the course followed for centuries when great movements to better conditions were entered into. The Father of Waters in due course of time was reached, and no royal boat propelled by steam or electricity carried us over, but one propelled by horses on a treadmill. Rain hampered our way in Iowa. And at Keg Creek the first Indians were seen, but they did not look as formidable and savage as the wild reports of them led us to believe. They were to be our terror. We were told we were going into their country to be scalped and butchered. Soon Independence, Mo., was reached, where we intended to cross the river, but the city was so full of emigrants crowding on to the promised land that there was no chance for us to get over the river for many days, and we went on up to Plattsburgh, just below the mouth of the Platte River, where we were ferried over in boats propelled by hand with long oars. To me this appeared to be the first real danger, as the current was so swift the oarsmen almost lost control, but by night all were safely over. Next morning we went through the Otoe Indian village, the Indians swarming out to see us pass. As we saw neither tomahawks nor gleaming scalping knives, the terrors of the savage Indian soon lost their charms for us.

Fort Kearney was soon passed, and all was made ready for fording the wide Platte by blocking the wagon beds up to near the top of the standards, the drivers taking hold of the end of the ox bows for safety. The shifting quicksands from under the wheels caused a jolting of the wagon as if jumping from one pebble to another. A rapid movement until the other side was reached was all that saved us from going down into the sands forever. The next morning the long journey up the river to the Black Hills began. The new made graves along the road showed we were in the midst of sickness and death, for the dreaded cholera was doing its deadly work on these sandy plains. Two, who were relatives, fell victims in our train. As I was too small to drive the team, my voluntary employment seemed to be to visit every new made grave along the wayside and read the inscriptions on the head boards, and little did I think then that those graves were filled with victims of that most dreaded, at that time, of all diseases, the cholera.

We saw but few Indians anywhere. This was an agreeable surprise. The decimating disease, no doubt, had driven them beyond the limits of our vision.

We went through occasional villages that had been deserted, nothing remaining but some of their lodges, dry cedar wood and wells partially filled up, that had been used as receptacles where their corn had been stored. These acted as a blind trap for our cattle when grazing during the night. We piled the dry cedar on our wagons to be used as wood in that prairie region and until we should reach the "buffalo chip" country.

These deserted villages told the story that in earlier days hundreds and thousands of Indians roamed over those plains, where at the time we were passing only the antelope and the buffalo had their home. They had retired to more secure haunts, to be ready, when opportunity offered, to sweep down on the unsuspecting emigrant.

We have been led to believe that the savage is rapidly passing away to "his happy hunting grounds," yet I have heard two distinguished Senators of the United States—one had been Chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs—say on the floor of the Senate that from all the information possessed by them at that time they believed there were as many Indians in the United States as when the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock.

Great monotony accompanied us as we toiled through the sand. which was only relieved at times by the coyote's howl and the songs and mutterings of the long, lank and lean sand-hill cranes, and a sudden stampede of the whole train occasioned by an uncontrollable horse throwing his rider by the side of the plodding oxen. I never believed it to be in those faithful animals to get so excited as on this occasion, when, with all their strength, with wagons attached, they bounded off in the way we were going as though they expected their lives to be taken from them.

As we all know, the emigration of 1852 was heavy, and the trains were scattered along for many miles near each other. To celebrate the event of leaving the dreary Platte country, we stopped a full day and night at the foot of the Black Hills to rest the tired and emaciated oxen, for the poet has sung:

"The mirage of the plains looms up as I ponder,
And away, far away, over Laramie yonder
Is a picture of something familiar of old.

"It's an emigrant train, with wagon and wagon,
Gray-tented, a slow and mysterious dragon
To the Sioux and Shawnee, as they circle afar
On their sable-maned coursers and muttered and wondered
If the lands of their people were thus to be sundered
By a mystery following sun and star!

"The eyes of the women are faded and weary,
The cries of the children are lonesome and dreary,
And the men, with set lips, stalk on by their teams
As the endless white road goes winding and winding
Through wastes that are songless, with dust that is blinding,
To Oregon, golden with argonaut dreams.

"And yet, all the while, the oxen that bore them,
So sluggish, yet sure, to the dreamland before them
Are bowing scarred necks to the pitiless yoke—
So awkward and grim, so huge and ungainly,
And yet with a strength that was never called vainly—
Who yet for these oxen a fitting word spoke?

"When loosened at night, gaunt-flanked and deep-chested,
They lay on the plains and moaned as they rested,
All thankful for shadows on sad, purple eyes;
With never a dream or delusion to cheer them,
And only the wolf-haunted silence to hear them,
They moaned as they slept under gold-flowered skies.

"And so, day by day, with horizons slow lifting
Like mists that were clearing, like hopes that were drifting,
They gave all their might to the yokes and the chains.
* * * * * *
They bore the state-builders o'er mountains and plains.

"And lo, when the rugged Cascades were descended
They hauled the great logs for the homes they defended.
Who founded this emerald empire of ours?
And glad of the greeness of nature surrounding,
Of a region with rivers and forests abounding,
They drew the first plows through wild tangles of flowers.

"And so, pioneers, when at your next meeting
Your thinned ranks assemble for good-by greeting
And dimmed eyes are moistened with thoughts of the past,
Let the ox be remembered, the patient, enduring
True servant of fortune to you so alluring—
Let the ox be remembered, his service held fast.

"Ah, what were the labors of Hercules, storied,
That far-reaching myth in which the nations gloried,
To the toils of the ox in all ages and lands?
And so, pioneers, when at your next meeting
Some will give the good-by as they give the glad greeting,
Let his work be recalled with a clasping of hands."

During that twenty-four hours spent not far from old Fort Laramie in washing and mending clothes and sewing on buttons, fully nine hundred wagons passed, going on and on and on into the Western wilderness, as the pioneers believed, to better their condition in life and build up great communities and states.

That great milestone on this long journey, Independence Rock, was investigated and run across by me as the train passed by its base. It had broad foundations, like the state we were to build, and left a lasting memory with all who beheld it. Soon in the far distance we beheld the scraggy summit of the Rocky Mountains, a goal we longed to reach, for when able to gaze down the declivities leading to the broad Pacific we thought the worst of our hazardous journey over, but our troubles were only beginning. The oxen and cows were growing weaker, the grass thinner, our food scarcer, which was added to occasionally by a jack rabbit pie, a great delicacy to us in those sagebrush plains.

When the forty-mile desert was reached on the other side of Green River despondency was over all. To drive a team almost worn out that great distance, and without water, looked like an act of great barbarity, but it had to be done or all of us perish by the wayside.

But with the indomitable will and determined courage such as pioneers possess, we plunged into the great undertaking, the last part of it being traveled in the night, but before morning light made distinct our surroundings, our cattle, in a famished condition, sniffed from a great distance that water was not far away, and with great difficulty could be restrained from stampeding down the hill and into the welcome waters of Green River, with wagons and all of us.

Before descending the hill down to Bear River, we overtook one of the belated Mormon enthusiasts traveling along with his push-cart for the City of the Saints. An alleged "revelation" by the Mormon elders a few years before had declared that was the way for their followers to reach their promised land, and untold misery, hunger and death followed as the result of this wild and nonsensical decree. When we camped on Bear River that night, well do I remember the hard-fought battle we had to keep from being eaten up with mosquitos. A fire, with plenty of smoke, in the mouth of the tent was all that made it habitable and saved us. On the Atlantic seaboard I have been often annoyed with these pests,

but never saw them so numerous or ravenous as they were that night in the valley of the Bear River. When the canyon of the Snake River was reached my brother and I stood at the foot of the American Falls and admired the pouring of the waters down into the basin below, never in our wildest fancy contemplating that forty years after a railroad bridge built by one of the great continental lines would span that river across and above the crest of the falls. But such is the result of human enterprise. In going down this canyon of the Snake River the emigrant suffered more hardships than along all the other reaches of the road to the Willamette Valley. When I look upon the painting on the western wall of the Capitol at Washington opposite the House of Representatives, delineating how "Westward the star of empire took its way," I always think of the Snake River. Foul odors were everywhere from the dead cattle, and the air was rife with disease, destruction and death, and its treacherous waters claimed many victims. The rocks and hillsides destroyed the wagons, and gloom was again everywhere around us, but the undaunted spirit of men and women never faltered or grew weak, but they pressed on for the consummation of all they set out to accomplish. The only oasis along this destructive river was at the Salmon Falls, where the Indians caught and sold us plenty of fresh salmon, which was a great event for us after eating salt bacon so long.

When going down Ladd Canyon, leading into the Grand Ronde Valley, we were lost in admiration at the loveliness of the valley. In traveling through this same part of the country many times since, I have often wondered why we all passed by such rich soil and attractiveness and took up land in Western Oregon in no sense its equal in productiveness or health. The only reason I can assign is, we started to go as far west as possible, and to the far West we were going. At the foot of the hill a great and most pleasant surprise met us. Standing by his horse was my mother's brother, the late Hon. William W. Bristow, one of the honored men of Lane County, who came to meet and pilot us into the valley. He was one of the pioneers of 1848 and did much to build up the country and lay the foundations of state. For two days we camped

where old La Grande now stands, resting our weary oxen and ourselves, drinking in the beauties of that glorious valley covered with high waving grass, preparatory to ascending the Blue Mountains. Here we saw the first large band of Cayuse, or Nez Perce, Indians, wheeling hither and yon on fat, round, sleek horses. Long before this the fear of the red man had entirely passed from us. Time passed on and soon we were going down the Crawford hill, the western slope of the Blue Mountains. I distinctly remember that at this eventful time I ran ahead of the train down that long declivity from bench to bench, each one of which I thought would be the last, with the golden western sun dipping to the horizon away in the distance behind the great white dome of Hood, that seemed to pierce the sky, acting as a beacon or guiding star for us as we wended our way toward the Cascade Mountains, that seemed to stand up against the sky.

Then the Umatilla River was reached, on the banks of which my brother and I found an elderberry bush full of ripe, juicy fruit, which our sainted mother baked into pies. Those pies were more luscious to our taste than the tongues of nightingales were to Roman Emperors who feasted on them.

Some forty years after we gathered the elderberries I passed along near the place in a Pullman palace car, eating my breakfast as the train thundered along, thinking of the long ago. When eating that elderberry pie no person with a tongue gifted by the Almighty could have made any of us believe such a revelation would ever happen.

A few days brought us to John Day's River, where another great and exceedingly agreeable surprise awaited us. My two uncles—my mother's brother, Mr. Abel K. Bristow, and brother-in-law, Mr. Robert Callison, of the immigration of 1848 (the latter is still living)—were on the eastern bank of the river with open arms to receive us, with two yoke of great, fat cattle to take our wagon over the mountains, which now lost all their terrors, and to our destination in the Willamette Valley. My youthful mind was astonished at their

greatness, for I thought them equal in size to great elephants, and when standing by our poor and jaded team they seemed to be perfect monsters. We had been fortunate in reaching Indian Creek, near the foot of the mountains, with all our cattle, where some, with many others, were left for recuperation during the coming winter to be brought over the mountains in the early spring for work on the farm, but the severity of that winter caused all to perish. Nothing of interest happened as we crossed the mountains over the Barlow route.

On the 6th day of October we arrived at the hospitable cabin and home on Pleasant Hill, in Lane County, of my grandfather, Mr. Elijah Bristow, a pioneer of 1846, he having built the first log cabin in that county, as has been many times recounted. Soon I had a vivid exemplification of the winter rains, for I slept near the board roof. All roofs were then made of clapboards. I had been taught the Bible story of the flood and believed in it, and many nights I used to cover up my head to shut out the patter of the rain, for I feared another flood would come and again overwhelm the earth. Near by was the typical log school house, with a puncheon floor, seats made by splitting logs through the middle, boring holes in the rounded part where sticks were driven for legs. Our writing desks were planks resting on sticks driven in the walls. These are the places and houses

> "Where young ambition climbs its little ladder.
> And boyish genius plumes his half-fledged wings."

Thompson's arithmetic, Webster's spelling book and McGuffey's and Sanders' readers, with geographies, were our text books. I remember my geography contained a great red page, embracing, besides the present Oregon, Washington and Idaho, all of Montana and Wyoming lying west of the summit of the Rocky Mountains and north of the 42d parallel of north latitude and as far north as the 49th parallel, or what was then known as the "Oregon Country."

The playground around that old log school house, with its hallowed memories, where bull pen (when the ball was hot), town ball and base, had their innings, is now covered with a city of the dead. At the time I engaged in those innocent amusements not a grave had marred its natural beauty. In it lies my honored parents and many relatives, nearly all our pioneers and their descendants.

A few months ago the first woman I ever saw married, my aunt and my mother's sister, Mrs. Zilpha Rigdon, was laid away in that cemetery for her eternal rest. She took great interest in all things pertaining to the pioneers and collecting valuable data relating to them. Mr. Himes informs me that by her orders before death claimed her she had turned over to him for the Oregon Historical Society four or five boxes containing valuable papers, clippings and writings to perpetuate their memory hereafter and keep green the deeds of those who laid broad the foundations of this great state she loved so well. Peace to her memory.

In all this broad state I do not believe there can be found for the number therein buried, a cemetery containing so many of those who came here in early times as the one to which I refer.

Much has been said at our annual meetings as to the motives that brought people 2000 miles to an unknown land, then filled with what were believed to be hostile Indians. The missionaries came to christianize them without expectation of pecuniary profit, but what was the loadstone that attracted the others here? In all ages land has been a great attraction to the human race. Nations have fought nations for small as well as great areas, and the peace of many countries unsettled for generations because of the inordinate desire for more land. Some political parties consider it of so much importance that they want to tax it alone for all the expenses of government and society. We have corporations and wealthy citizens of our country that count their holdings by the thousands of acres and never know when they have enough. Excepting a

few, who followed soon after the missionaries, I have always thought land was the inducement that brought them here. I know it was the hope of finding broad acres where they could live and herd their flocks, untrammeled by narrow boundaries, that induced those who were of the train that brought me here to brave the perils of the plains. A good claim of 320 acres was selected in advance for us, but owing to the delay in reaching it on account of a longer journey than we anticipated an impetuous seeker after land "jumped it," and we had to retire further back in the hills and take what was less valuable as our donation.

As to the pioneer women who shared the fortunes and hardships of the journey and then assisted in organizing the household, enough has not and cannot be said. Without you the commonwealth would not have been organized and chaos would have reigned in our trains and at our campfires on the plains as we journeyed hither. You are entitled to our admiration and love for the noble part you played. Your counsels were always wise. Intuition, one of the noblest characteristics of woman, was ever ready for instant decision when demanded, not waiting on reason or cold philosophy to solve a problem where delay might have been too late and annihilation and ruin substituted in the place of safety and success. All hail to your noble characters!

Pioneers, it is about time for me to close. You have accomplished wonderful achievements. You have cultivated the land and raised products that go to every clime, and golden streams pour into our state as a result. You were the cause of making all this known; you were beyond the average of men. You were not the drones from the East. Those you left behind. They do not travel so far from home. You produced the provisional government, pronounced by state builders as almost a perfect organization and a model to be followed. You were the architects of our constitution, around which you placed such safeguards that wealth, and power not of the people cannot tear it down. While other states groan under great debts, you so fixed our charter that our state does

not owe a dollar in the world. You are like the pioneers during the revolution and subsequently, who made a declaration of independence and a constitution that the tinkers could not assault and destroy. Let us hand all these things down to those who will travel in our footsteps along the great highway of time.

DIARY OF E. W. CONYERS, A PIONEER OF 1852

Now of Clatskanie, Oregon.

Quincy, Ill., April 20, 1852.—It was an ideal spring morning, the sun shining its very brightest, the south wind blowing gently and the shrill notes of the Bob White came wafting on the breeze from the neighboring hills, when about 10 o'clock in the morning our long journey across the plains for California was commenced. Our wagon, secured especially for the trip, was light and of the very best material; our team, consisting of four yoke of cattle, none over four years of age, of which Edward Payson Burns took charge, driving down Hampshire street to the steam ferry landing. Our company consisted of William P. Burns, Mrs. William P. Burns, Miss Laura Burns, Edward Payson Burns and your humble servant, Enoch W. Conyers. It was about 11 o'clock a. m. on the ferry boat when we parted with most of our nearest and dearest relatives and friends, who had accompanied us thus far and wished us God-speed and a safe journey to the new Eldorado. The well known sound soon came, "All aboard," and the cable was cast off, and a moment later we were gliding along on the bosom of the Mississippi, making for the Missouri shore. Every revolution of the engine separated us further and further from our relatives and friends, yet their 'kerchiefs could plainly be seen in the far distance, waving us a long last farewell. Then it was that we realized we were separating from those whom we may never have the pleasure of seeing again. We landed about eight miles above Quincy on the Missouri shore what was then called "the Lone Tree Prairie." The ferry soon left on her return trip, and we were left to propel our "prairie schooner" something over 2,000 miles by ox power. Our first five miles was over a very narrow tortuous road through the timber lands

of the Mississippi bottoms. Not being used to driving an ox team, we quite frequently brought up against a stump or some sapling, for they always appeared to be right in our way. And again we would drop a wheel into a deep rut-hole perhaps up to the axle. These holes seemed to us more frequent than necessary, and, would you believe it, we never missed a single one. Had the road been anywhere near straight, no doubt but what we would have fared much better, but, expecting something even worse than our first day's trial before we reach our final destination, we took courage and trudged along. Near the town of La Grange we struck higher ground and slightly better roads, but as it was getting late and all being very tired and hungry as bears, after passing La Grange one and a half miles we struck camp for the night. It rained a little in the night. We bought some hay for the cattle from a ranch near by. Not very much cooking done tonight. All were in the best of humor and happy as clams at high tide. Hope that it may always continue so to the end of our journey.

April 21.—This morning we bid farewell and parted with Thomas Reid, George Burns, John Loomis and Rubel Boren, a son of Mrs. Thomas Pope, whose company we had the pleasure of during our first day and night out from home. Here I shed tears for the first time. These were our last relatives and friends to bid us a long last farewell. But why should we give away to tears, since all friends and relatives must sooner or later take the parting hand? After separating with our last Quincy friends, at 8 o'clock a. m. we started on our way, came about four miles and stuck fast in the mud up to the axles. Our load, consisting of bedding, clothing and provisions, weighed about 1,600 pounds all told. All this we were obliged to unload before we could extricate our wagon. Then it was we learned that we had broken the hounds of the fore axle. This we patched up as well as possible under the circumstances. We loaded our wagon again and started on our way rejoicing that it was no worse. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, after traveling over a very bad road, we reached the north ferry, the distance of about eighteen miles from our last night's camp. This stream we were obliged to ford, the water running into

the wagon bed. Therefore we were obliged to take off all but the tongue yoke of cattle, because our leaders were in the water. William and Payson started into the stream with the one yoke only attached to the wagon. William wading in the water. When about ten feet from the opposite side, there they stuck. I then waded across with the remainder of the cattle, hitched them on and tried to pull the wagon out, but again we failed. Then we resorted to the more sure plan that is by carrying the load to the shore on our backs.

"Pull off your coat and roll up your sleeves,
For Jordan is a hard road to travel I believe."

This was no easy task, but we all worked with a will and soon had our task completed, after which the oxen easily pulled the wagon out. I rather guess they were waiting for us to unload the wagon so as to make it easier pulling for them, for it seemed no effort whatever for them to pull it out. Here we camped on the bank of the ferry. William felt somewhat sick from his experience in the cold water, therefore he went to the medicine chest and took out the brandy bottle. Now none of us were in the habit of taking a drink, yet we came to the conclusion that it would benefit us, keep us from taking cold, therefore we were a little sick and took some brandy all around. I want to say right here that we had agreed that no one was to have any brandy from that bottle unless we were sick, and then a little quinine must be added. Our campfire was soon burning brightly and in a few minutes we sat down to a nice warm supper prepared by Mrs. W. P. Burns, which was eaten with a relish—the brandy seemed to give us instantaneous relief. Supper over and all being tired, we very soon laid down for a night's rest. I slept very sound, supposing that the rest done the same.

April 22.—All well this morning, but a little stiff from yesterday's experience. We all partook of a hearty breakfast and were again on our way by 7 o'clock a. m. We halted at the little village of Monticello, Mo., where we obtained a piece of strap-iron with which we mended the hounds of the lone wagon. To all appearance the hounds are now about as good as new.

Note.—As Mrs. W. P. Burns was also keeping a record of our journey, I quit keeping my journal until May 19th following, at which time I took it up again. On March 2, 1905, Mrs. Burns informed we that she had lost her journal of our travels through Missouri and Iowa. Therefore this part of our journey must be supplied by memory only.

For the next four or five days we found the country quite flat and the roads very bad and miry, so much so that the mud was frequently forced along in front of the fore axle for more than 100 feet at a time, having to stop every few minutes to rest the cattle. Some say that we are traveling on the divide, but if this be the case, what becomes of those who are obliged to travel the roads on lower land? It has been hard to find a good dry place for camping.

April 24.—Today we have been blessed with better roads. Tonight we are camped at the foot of a long, steep hill. W. P. and Payson Burns went to a nearby house to obtain some feed for our cattle. They soon returned with about one and a half bushels of corn, very "small nubbins," mouldy and frost-bitten at that. They were accompanied back to camp by a full-fledged specimen of the Emerald Isle, who particularly made it his business to inform us that he was a friend of the "widdy" who was so kind to let us have some corn, and that her husband, who went to the California gold fields in 1849, had left him here to "proteck the widdy." After paying him at the rate of 40 cents per bushel for the corn, he soon disappeared from camp in the direction of the "widdy's" home. After partaking of a hearty supper and seeing that the cattle had the proper care and were all right, we soon lay down for another night's rest.

April 25.—Found us up early, and when breakfast was about over we discovered our Irish friend coming down the hill from the "widdy's." No sooner had he arrived in camp than he made his errand known by saying: "Kin eny af yese gintlemin be afther litting me hev the lone of yese pipe fur a few minits, whin oui kin be afther takin' a we bit af a smoke? Oui furgot

me pipe and ſift it at home." Now, Payson and myself both used tobacco, but that man's appearance was so repulsive. Dirt and rags covered him from head to foot, his eyes sore, swollen and covered with matter. His lips were in the same condition as his eyes, and he looked as though water had never touched him since his arrival in America. Just at that particular time neither of us had any use for pipe nor tobacco. No sir, we did not use the vile stuff. And I honestly believe that it would have been a splendid time to break off the use of tobacco for good. Today we joined company with a fraction of another Quincy company, they having crossed the Mississippi River at Warsaw, Ill., consisting of Joel Emery and wife and daughter, Miss Ellen Emery; a step-son by name of Jacob Johnson, and a son-in-law by name of R. L. Doyle, wife and three children. They have four wagons. Thomas Russell, Dr. Johnson Harris and George Cleveland, with one wagon. We now have six wagons in our company, all from Quincy, Ill., except R. L. Doyle and family, who are from Keokuk, Ia., and all bound for California. Note.—George Cleveland is a cousin of ex-President Cleveland.

April 26.—Road about the same as yesterday, with showers of rain. We camped early today in a lane near a farm house. During the night rain came down in torrents. Through the kindness of the farmer, Mr. Burns and wife were permitted to make their bed down on the floor in front of the big fire-place in the house. Payson and myself tried to sleep in our tent. We had a good large buffalo robe with us, which we always spread on the ground first and then made our bed on that. When the robe was pretty well soaked with water we came to the conclusion that it was best to make a change. We took what few dry pieces of bedding we had and went into the house where Mr. and Mrs. Burns were and remained there until morning.

April 27.—Soon as possible after breakfast we started on our way. They say that we are now actually on the divide—the old Mormon trail—but my, oh my, mud, mud, mud, nothing but mud! Frequently we are forced to double our teams to

get through the mud holes. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon we met a German on the prairie going to mill. He had his grist in a wagon drawn by one yoke of very large brindle-colored oxen. I said large. I believe they were without doubt the largest yoke of cattle I ever saw. Mr. Emery has been trying for the last hour to buy that yoke of cattle from the German, but all his talk seemed useless, until finally Mr. Emery took the money—$65 gold coin—from his pocket and held it in his hand in full view of the German. The sight of that gold proved too much of a temptation for the honest Teuton, who, with a broad grin on his face, jumped out of his wagon, unhitched his cattle and turned them over to Mr. Emery. He took the money and started for his home, about seven miles distant, on foot for another yoke of cattle, leaving his wagon and grist by the road to look out for itself.

Note.—Those same cattle were in good order at Green River, Utah, when we parted with Mr. Emery, and he had very strong hopes of getting them through safely to California without much trouble.

April 28.—We arose quite early this morning and started on our way by 7 o'clock a. m. The weather cleared up and the sun shone brightly. Today we arrived at the old Mormon trail, which we expect to follow to Kanesville, Ia., at which place we expect to cross the Missouri River. This looks more like a divide than what we have been passing over, and we observe quite an improvement in the roads. Drinking water is also much improved. The grass is about five inches high. Plenty of wild onions, or "ramps," as they are called, are to be found in abundance in the swales.

April 29.—Another good day, and roads drying up. Today we passed a little place called Mount Pisgah. Here we found an old resident of Quincy—name forgotten—who with his wife had wintered here and expected soon to start on their way for Salt Lake City. Both are Mormons.

April 30.—Weather good, roads drying up. We had to cross several narrow and very sideling bridges on our way today, but drove over all of them safely, nothing unusual happening.

May 1.—Today we passed over a very good farming country and many nice looking farms. The country is more rolling and but little mud. Today W. P. Burns bought himself a horse to ride.

May 2.—Today being Sunday, we laid by to rest and wash up.

May 3.—Today, or about this time, W. B. Burns bought a yoke of oxen and as we were driving them away the lady of the house gave us a charge in regard to them. One of the oxen was about 7 or 8 years old, which they called Dick, and he was a favorite of the family. She said: "Now, I want you fellows to take good care of poor old Dick, and, mind, don't you drive him too hard, for he is a powerful good ox." Payson, who was driving them, answered back: "Yes, we will be sure to take good care of poor old Dick, and will drive him clear to h—l."

Note.—Old Dick proved to be a good, trusty old ox, and now I will tell you how near the prophecy of Payson's words, although spoken lightly, proved true. On July 2d we came to what is called "the Devil's Gate" on the Sweetwater. Poor old Dick had drank a little too much alkali water that morning before we started and was very sick when we arrived at the Devil's Gate. We drove on just through the gate, but old Dick was too weak to go any further. There poor old Dick passed in his checks. And had we known the address of his former owner, she certainly would have received the following note: "Dear Madam—We remember you very kind charge to us in regard to poor old Dick, whose tragic end also brings to memory a prophecy made by one of our party. This is to inform you that poor old Dick arrived safe at the Devil's Gate on July 2, 1852, but he was quite sick and we assure you that it required a great effort, yet we managed to get him through the Devil's

Gate, where he gracefully passed in his checks in the place they call h-e-l-l. Very truly yours."

From today on we had good weather and good roads until we arrived at Kanesville, Ia., which was about May 9th. We camped about three miles below the town, recruiting up for our trip beyond the Missouri River. Whilst here we made frequent trips to the town. One day while on my way to camp from town I met an old friend by name of Murdock McKenzie from Quincy, Ill., who had come here with his family the fall previous and was on his way to Salt Lake City. He was the only one of his family, consisting of wife and five children, that had joined the Mormons. He informed me where they were living, which was right on the way to our camp, and requested me to be sure and visit them, which I did, and they were indeed rejoiced to see me and expressed themselves quite freely in regard to going to Salt Lake City. They declared most emphatically that they were not Mormans. And, in fact, they naturally hated the very name of Mormon, and, were it possible, they would go no further. I remained and took supper with the family, and when we parted each expressed the wish that, should they go on, we would have the pleasure of again meeting somewhere on the plains. Some one of our camp makes daily trips to the different ferry landings to see what chance there will be for us to cross the Missouri River and resume our trip across the continent. They report that there are but two small scows that are now ferrying. Two wagons make a load for either scow, and they are propelled by two men using oars, and they charge $4 per wagon, and we swim our own cattle. Only think of it! Two small scows only to transfer this great emigration across the Missouri River, and only two wagons can be taken at one time by either scow. The current is very swift in the river and accidents happening every day to one or the other of the scows. The emigrants are pushing and crowding and frequently quarrelling and even fighting to get aboard of the scows as quick as they touch the shore, so great is their haste to resume their trip across the continent. Our chances for crossing with such a crowd looks very slim indeed.

May 18—Tuesday.—This morning a steamer was seen coming up the river, and a crowd of emigrants rushed to the landing to be in readiness to board her as soon as she touched the shore, with the intention, if possible to induce the captain to ferry them across the Missouri. W. P. Burns being one of that number and on going aboard was met by the engineer coming towards him with a "Halloo, Burns; how are you?" He was an old friend and acquaintance from Quincy, Ill., by the name of Turner. The emigrants soon had the captain cornered, pleading with him to ferry them across the river. After some little talk he finally agreed to commence ferrying tomorrow morning at the rate of $10 per wagon and four yoke of oxen included, and $2 for every extra yoke. There was great rejoicing in camp when Mr. Burns returned and made his report. Tomorrow we are to drive down to the steamer's landing so as to be on hand when our turn comes to go aboard. The steamer's name is the El Paso. Have forgotten the captain's name.

May 19—Wednesday.—We were all up early this morning. Breakfast over, we started for the steamer's landing, about three miles distant. At the sight of the steamer our joy was unbounded to know that we will now escape the danger of crossing the Missouri in one of those miserable little flatboats, for some accident happens to them nearly every trip they make, and frequently, being so heavily loaded, they sink. We waited patiently until 5 o'clock p. m. for our turn. We then drove aboard and were soon across the Missouri. They crowded the cattle on the steamer so closely that one of our oxen had his horn broken off. This was our only accident. Whilst waiting our turn to board the steamer, one of the ferry flats just below the steamer landing sunk. One man was drowned and two others barely escaped with their lives. This evening we learned of another accident which happened to this same ferry flat this afternoon a little while after we crossed. At the time of the accident there was but one wagon and several yoke of cattle on board the flat. This team and wagon were owned by a young man and his sister—name unknown—and at the time of the accident they were both in the wagon, which, as usual

with all emigrant wagons had a river in it. When the ice had reached near the center of the river the cattle became uneasy and began crowding to one side of the boat, so much so that the boat tilted and the wagon and cattle all went overboard. The boat righted as it was filled with water. The wagon was rolling and tumbling up and down in the current carried down the stream just at the time under the water and just at the time the top of the water only was to be seen. The emigrants on shore were frantic with excitement, women running up and down the shore screaming and wringing their hands, children crying, men hallowing at the top of their voices for the ferryman to go and rescue those in the wagon. Finally the wagon brought up on a sandbar about fifty yards below. So, one that witnessed the accident believed it possible that either of the occupants would be found alive, but to the great surprise and joy of all, the young man through great exertion succeeded in extricating himself from under the contents of the wagon and crawled out on top of the wagon cover. He immediately turned his attention to the condition of his sister and soon brought her alive to the surface. Some Indians who were standing on the shore, witnessing the accident and seeing the perilous condition of the young man and his sister, plunged into the stream, swam out to them and brought them both safely to the shore. This accident is only one of the many perils that confront the emigrant in crossing in crossing the continent with an ox team.

Note.—Miss Hannah Bryant, who afterwards became the wife of the writer, was an eye-witness to the above recorded accident, whilst her father and family were waiting at the landing for their turn to ferry the Missouri on this same flat.—E. W. Conyers.

Tonight we are encamped one mile below the steamer landing. There is but one house on this side of the river—a two-story frame building, with green blinds, built on the bluffs just below where the steamer El Paso lands her emigrants. We are told that it is a mission house. My watch tonight.

May 20—Thursday.—We started at 8 a. m. for the cross-roads, fifteen miles from this place, where we intend waiting for the remainder of our company. Those who are with us now are Joel Emery and family, George Cleveland, Thomas Russell and Dr. Johnson Harris. Good grazing for the cattle by going half a mile from the road. Wood and water scarce.

May 21—Friday.—Weather cloudy and raining a little. We started at 7:30 a. m. and drove about two miles and stopped, unyoked our cattle, pitched our tents, when it commenced raining quite hard. We stayed here about one hour, and at the suggestion of Mr. Emery, who had traveled the road once before, we again yoked up our cattle and started on our way for Elkhorn Creek, which Mr. Emery stated was only six miles distant, and only one small ferry flat there for the accommodation of all this great emigration. Of course, we did not wish all day. All that walked got wet through. Oilcloths and to be handicapped, therefore we immediately started on our way so as to cross Elkhorn as soon as possible and avoid the great rush of emigrants at the ferry. It has been raining hard rubber goods prove worthless in such a rain. We came twelve miles today, and yet we are ten miles from Elkhorn Creek.

May 22—Saturday.—Cold and cloudy; has the appearance of more rain. We started at 7 a. m., came ten miles, arriving at Elkhorn Creek at 12:30 p. m. and found about 150 teams ahead of us. But as luck would have it, we got across the Elkhorn at 7:30 p. m. The Elkhorn is about forty feet wide and seven or eight feet deep. Mrs. Burns has the sick headache tonight. The cattle are all scattered, and my watch tonight. A few Indians are seen passing along the road, all on foot.

May 23—Sunday.—Found all our cattle this morning without much trouble, yoked up and started on our way at 7 a. m., came two miles, found good grass and laid by for the day. Atmosphere clear and beautiful. Tonight it is clouding up; has the appearance of more rain. We are surrounded tonight by a veritable city of tents. There may be a few Indians found lurking around in the suburbs, but none can be seen here in

the heart of the city. A policeman patrols every camp in the city.

May 24—Monday.—Morning clear and quite warm. We started at 11 a. m., our cattle traveling well until about 3 o'clock; the sun came out very warm and it went hard with our cattle. Their tongues are hanging from their mouths. We came twelve miles and camped on the banks of the River Platte. Beautiful place for camping, but the Pawnee Indians are plenty and the Italian Gypsy cannot beat them in begging. We are expecting a scrap with this tribe within the next few days. They tell us we cannot pass through their country without giving them one steer out of every team, and this is impossible. Therefore, guess we will have to fight. We have joined with twelve other teams, making in all twenty-four teams, and we number sixty-five fighting men, if none runs. Hope for the best. Tonight we are again encamped in the midst of a large city, dwelling in tents. Music, singing and merrymaking can be heard in all directions. At one camp they are dancing after the inspiring strains of the violin. At the adjoining camp they are holding a religious meeting. And still at another many families are seated around a large campfire, prepared by the young men of that train, for a special evening chat. Everybody seemingly happy. No fear of being attacked by Indians in such a crowd as this.

May 25—Tuesday.—Clouding up this morning and a drizzling rain falling, and the great city of tents are momentarily disappearing. It is quite amusing to note the different mottoes on the wagon covers, such as "From Danville, Ill., and bound for Oregon," "Bound for California or bust." One wagon just passing, their team consisting of four yoke of two-year-old calves, with the motto, "Root, little hog or die," scrawled on both sides of the wagon cover, and on another wagon cover is written, "Bound for Origen," etc. Soon after we struck the road and got into line, where we join the great multitude moving slowly onward toward the setting sun. We observe a splendid four-horse coach in which is seated four richly dressed young ladies and two young girls, aged about 10 and 12 years, and a

young man who was handling the lines. I think their name was Lee. One of the young ladies was making music on an accordeon, another was playing on a guitar; all were singing as they trotted past. gay as larks. It cleared off about noon and the sun came out very warm. We came seventeen miles today and camped on a slough near the Platte River. Grass not very good; wood plenty. We observe that the emigrants are digging wells in the low lands for water, which they obtain by digging from eight to ten feet, rather than drink the muddy water of the Platte. We were advised not to drink this water, as it is strongly impregnated with alkali.

May 26—Wednesday.—Last night we elected John Julian, of Columbus, Ill., as our captain. He having crossed the plains once before, therefore we consider him the more eligible for that position. Ae we are expecting to have trouble today with the Pawnee Indians, our captain requested every man in our company to see that his gun was in good order and where he could lay his hands on it at a moment's warning. And those who did not have to drive a team were to carry their guns in their arms. These men he divided into two squads scattered along on either side of the train. In this position we made our day's journey. We started at 7 a. m. Atmosphere clear and warm. Came about one-half mile to where the road forks, the left-hand road bearing to the southwest, running near the River Platte not very far from the Pawnee Indian village, which is situated on the bluff just across the Platte River and can plainly be seen from the road. The reason for traveling this fork of the road is the emigrants believe they will have better grass, which is quite an item. The right-hand fork is the one our captain chose for us to travel, which is more direct. Wagon trains on one of the roads can plainly be seen by emigrants traveling the other road. After traveling about four miles we heard several shots fired in the direction of the other road. A few minutes later our captain rode along our train, saying: "The emigrants on the other road are having trouble with the Indians. Be ready, boys, that they do not take us by surprise." We see quite a number of Indians along the road, all dressed up in war paint and having bows and arrows; their hair cut

very short, except one small bunch on the crown of their head, which is allowed to grow its full length. In with this little bunch of hair they had stuck a lot of quills. Their quivers were full of arrows all ready for use. The Indians were all on the beg, pointing over towards their village, saying, "Help Pawnee; all hungry." They wanted to exact one steer from each team for the privilege of passing through their country, which, of course, was refused. The Indians become more plenty and threatening the farther we go, therefore our captain has ordered the company to keep our teams as close together as possible. It is our turn to drive in the lead of our train today and tomorrow we will fall back to the rear and let the next wagon take the lead. As we now have sixty-five fighting men in our company, we could put up a pretty good fight, and all we are now waiting for is for them red devils to endeavor to put their threats into execution. We certainly would very soon make a small starting for a good-sized Indian graveyard. We came six miles further to the creek where we expected to meet resistance from the Pawnee Indians. This creek runs through a low, flat prairie country. The bed of the creek was cut down into the soil by the freshets to the depth of about eight feet and about twelve feet wide, with abrupt banks and bordered with a narrow strip of willows. These willows the emigrants cut and piled into the creek level with the surface, thus forming a temporary bridge for their teams to cross. The company that done this work on the willow bridge, after crossing laid by and collected toll at the rate of 50 cents per wagon until they had received what they considered sufficient pay for the labor performed, then left the bridge and went on their way. After they left, the Pawnee Indians took possession of the bridge and demanded one steer from each team that crossed the bridge. This demand was refused. We offered to give them some flour, rice and sugar, but these articles they indignantly spurned, saying, "Help Pawnee; much hungry," and pointing to a steer in the team to give us to understand that was what they wanted. So many of the emigrants had already crossed this bridge the dirt and willows were pressed down so close that it had made the bridge almost waterproof, therefore by the time our turn came to cross the water was packed

up almost on a level with the banks, and it seemed about ready to go out and dangerous to cross. Nevertheless cross we must, and cross we did. Our captain gave the order to proceed, and I started our team on the bridge, whilst the Indians on the opposite side were taking off their blankets, intending to shake them in front of our cattle to run us off the bridge into the water. Noticing this maneuver, our company made a demonstration with small arms. The Indians, seeing our determination, resisted, saying, "Pawnee heep good." Then the old chief pointed to the sun and following its course to the west laid his head on his hands, thus giving us to understand that we would all be dead men by the setting of the sun. But we took no stock in these gyrations. After crossing we came about one mile and stopped for lunch and to let our cattle graze. After lunch we came on eight miles and camped on the prairie near a frog pond. Very good grazing and any quantity of warm water, but no wood except a few small green willow bushes about the size of one's finger. We have no more trouble with the Pawnee Indians.

May 27—Thursday.—We started at 6 a. m. Cattle moved off quite brisk; roads very good. Came eight miles, and here we found one of the worst places to cross since we left Quincy, Ill. It is about thirty feet wide and the water comes up into the wagon bed, and it is very miry. We had considerable trouble in getting our wagons through. In getting Mr. Emery's wagons through, of which he had three, he broke six chains. With considerable trouble and with much labor all passed through safely. Our captain was just in the act of straightening out our train for starting on our way when two horses broke loose about 100 yards below us and came directly towards us with all the vim there was in them. The foremost horse jumped over a yoke of cattle and caught his forefoot in a chain that doubled his head under, which caused him to fall flat on the ground and came very near killing him. He was hurt so badly that his owner gave him away. At this place we grazed our oxen, ate our lunch and then traveled on ten miles to the Platte River. Here we found good water and plenty of wood, but the grass is not very good.

May 28—Friday.—We started at 6 a. m. Atmosphere clear, with a cool southwest breeze. Roads very good. Came one and a half miles and crossed Looking Glass Creek. Very good fording. Came on ten miles to Beaver River. Fording not very good. One of our company, a Mr. Martin from Indiana, broke the fore-wheel of his wagon. As good luck would have it, we had a good wagon-maker in the person of W. P. Burns. With his aid the wagon was very soon repaired and ready for the road again. Beaver Creek is about three and a half feet deep. After crossing we stopped to eat our lunch. After lunch we came eight miles and camped on Plum Creek. Here we found the charred remains of a mission house, burned by some Indians, perhaps three or four weeks before we came along. The banks of Plum Creek are very steep on either side and very miry. Grass not very good, but plenty of wood. Clouding up this evening and has the appearance of rain. We do not hear quite as much music now nor as much merrymaking as we did the first few days. The emigrants are beginning to get down to business and not spend their strength so much in merrymaking.

May 29—Saturday.—Atmosphere clear. We started at 6 a. m. Road is very good. We came two and a half miles to Cedar River, which is about thirty yards wide and from two to three feet deep. The banks are steep and quite hard getting down them; sandy bottom; very good coming out. We came on eight miles and stopped to graze the cattle and eat our lunch. After lunch we came on fifteen miles to the upper ford of the loop fork of the River Platte. We arrived here at 7:30 p. m. and forded the river the same evening, which took us until 9:30 o'clock to accomplish. There are three fords—the lower, middle and upper ford. We crossed at the upper ford, which is said to be far the best. It is not so deep as either of the others. We were obliged to keep our oxen in a fast walk to prevent the wagon from sinking in the quicksands. There is a very sharp curve in the road on coming out of the stream, and one wagon just ahead of us tipped over just at the edge of the water. A woman with a small babe was in the wagon at the time of the accident, and although there was considerable

excitement among the emigrants, the bystanders extricated the woman and babe from their perilous position in a very short time. Neither was hurt very badly. The course that the ford runs, we were obliged to go one-half mile down stream before we came out on the other side. Here we found plenty of wood and water and good grazing. My watch tonight.

May 30—Sunday.—Atmosphere clear and beautiful. Today we laid over to arrange little sundries and keep the Sabbath.

May 31—Monday.—We started this morning at 6 o'clock. Roads are very heavy and sandy. We came seven miles in the forenoon. Roads not so bad this afternoon. Came twenty miles today and camped on Prairie Creek. No wood, and water not good.

June 1—Tuesday.—Atmosphere clear and beautiful this morning. We started at 6 a. m. Roads good. Came fourteen miles to Wood Creek. Here we had our lunch. Grass all been eaten off. Came three miles more and camped on the main Platte River. Grass not very good.

June 2—Wednesday.—Atmosphere clear. We started at 6 a. m. Came eighteen miles and camped on a slough. The water is strongly impregnated with alkali. Here we dug our first well to obtain water, which is no better than the slough water, only a little cooler.

June 3—Thursday.—Last night a young man by the name of George Mossman from Indiana and myself herded the cattle, and during the night it rained very hard. I took an umbrella out with me, which came in very good play during the storm, at least keeping us partially dry. About 12 o'clock in the night young Mossman took sick with symptoms of cholera. I tried to get him to return to camp, but without avail, until about 3:30 a. m. he became so weak that he could scarcely stand on his feet. He finally gave up and went to camp. I remained alone with the cattle until morning. On arriving in camp I learned that Dr. Miller, who is from Indiana, and Mrs. Smith, of Columbus, Adams County, Ill., had been taken with the

same symptoms of cholera during the night. All brought on, as I verily believe, by drinking water from the well that we dug last evening, it being strongly impregnated with alkali. We started at 6 a. m. this morning and came twenty miles and camped on the prairie. We have nothing but standing water to drink and use for cooking, and very scarce at that. Perhaps it is best for us that it is scarce. Only small green willows to cook with tonight. Roads were good today, except some few deep ravines or cuts made by freshets, all dry except two, and we very soon put bridges across them. Mrs. Smith and the other sick are somewhat better tonight.

June 4—Friday.—Atmosphere clear and very warm. Not much air stirring. Came eighteen and three-fourths miles and camped on Buffalo Creek. The sick friends are about the same. Very little wood at this place.

June 5—Saturday.—Atmosphere clear, cool and pleasant. We started at 6 a. m. and came one mile. George Mossman was so very sick that our train called a halt. A few minutes after we stopped, George Mossman breathed his last. He was from Fulton County, Indiana. We laid him out in his wagon and came on about nine miles and stopped to bury the young man and eat our lunch. This is our first misfortune, and I hope it may be our last. We dug his grave on as high ground as we could find, wrapped him in his comfort and blanket and consigned him to the silent grave. The ceremony was conducted by George Cleveland, who read a chapter in the Holy Bible and then read the Lord's Prayer, adding a few words of exhortation. Sorrow was depicted on every countenance, as though he had been our own brother. The attention paid him while sick was very good under the circumstances, and we gave him a Christian burial. After this sad service was completed, we came on five and a half miles and camped on the Platte River. Soon after we pitched our tents it began to rain. Wind from the north. Tonight we are obliged to obtain our wood from an island, wading in the water about three feet deep. Grass very scarce; all been eaten off within two miles of our camp.

June 11—Friday.—Atmosphere clear and warm. We started at 6 a. m. Came twenty-one and one-fourth miles over a very heavy, sandy road and camped at Pickaninny Creek, or Negro Baby Creek. Good water and plenty of fine buffalo chips, but grazing not very good. The sound of the violin and merrymaking has been seldom heard during the past week, and pleasure has given way to mourning and lamentation and many new-made graves are to be seen by the roadside as we pass along. About 2 o'clock this afternoon we passed a small band of Indians, said to be of the Sioux tribe. They had a very large white dog along with them, supposed to be a mastiff, but nearly as large again as any I ever saw of that breed. They had him packed with about 100 pounds. These are the first Indians that we have met with since passing through the Pawnee country. They seem to be traveling and on the lookout for something or some person. One squaw in particular, who was dressed gaudily in her tribal costume, scrutinized every countenance. Finally she came across a man in a company back of our train that she apparently was well acquainted with. This man, whose name was Morgan, could talk with her in her native language and was seemingly very glad to see her. With this man's family she remained whilst the balance of the band soon disappeared.

June 12—Saturday.—Atmosphere clear, cool and pleasant. It has clouded up for several nights past and threatened us with a heavy storm, but finally passed over with but little rain. We came twenty-three miles today and camped on Camp Creek. Water good and very cold. Grazing fair. Buffalo chips scarce and in good demand. Many of the ladies can be seen roaming over the prairie with sacks in hand, searching for a few buffalo chips to cook their evening meal. Some of the ladies are seen wearing gloves, but most of them have discarded their gloves and are gathering the buffalo chips with their bare hands.

June 13—Sunday.—Atmosphere cloudy and has the appearance of more rain. We started at 6:30 a. m. One of our oxen, Old Duke, sick this morning. It cleared off about 11 a. m. Sun came out very hot, which makes it quite hard for our cattle;

they drag along like snails. We crossed west foot of sandy bluffs; hard pulling. These bluffs seem to be nothing but sand—a kind of quicksand. We came fifteen miles today and camped at Ash Hollow. The water here is very strongly impregnated with alkali. Very poor grazing for our cattle. Good buffalo chips are very scarce. This afternoon we saw our first buffalo. It was across the river on the south side of the Platte. Some emigrants, some afoot, others on horseback, were in hot pursuit. We heard several shots fired, but they did not bring him down. Both buffalo and men very soon passed out of sight behind the hills.

June 14—Monday.—Atmosphere clear and cool. We started at 6 a. m. Came twenty miles and camped on the Platte River. Grazing very poor. The water in the Platte River, although very riley, is much better than the water obtained from the wells dug by the emigrants. Some of the emigrants throw a handful of cornmeal in the bucket of water to cause it to settle, but the best way is to let the water stand in the bucket over night. By morning the water will be nice and clear. Nothing of importance transpired today.

June 15—Tuesday.—Atmosphere cloudy and cool. Rained a little but cleared off about noon. We started this morning at 6:15 a. m. Came twenty-three and a half miles and again camped on the River Platte. Grazing not good. Buffalo chips exceedingly scarce. All the sick of our company have regained their usual health and are in good spirits. No more alkali wells are being dug by the emigrants. We arrived in view of the Courthouse Block and Chimney Rocks about noon today while crossing the ruins of the "ancient bluffs." We have a splendid view of those noted rocks from our camp tonight, which brings to memory some verses composed by "the Platte River poet," one verse of which runs thus:

"The next we came to was Platte River.
Great sights there we did see.
There was Courthouse Block and Chimney Rock,
And next Fort Laramie."

June 16—Wednesday.—Atmosphere clear and cool. We started at 6:30 a. m. Came twenty-three miles and camped on Platte River. Grazing good. Have to go one and one-half miles this evening for buffalo chips, and very scarce at that. Am rather inclined to think that they are a little too fresh to be the genuine buffalo chips, but they answer all purposes. Tonight we are encamped opposite to Chimney Rock, of which we have a splendid view; also a much better view of Courthouse Block.

June 17—Thursday.—Atmosphere clear and warm. We started at 6 a. m. Came twelve miles and stopped for lunch opposite to Scott's Bluffs on the Platte River. After lunch we came on five miles, when it commenced raining and blowing a perfect hurricane and we were obliged to stop. We formed a corral with our wagons for the purpose of preventing a stampede of cattle. The storm had spent its force in about twenty-five minutes without any damage being done. Here we camped for the night. Grazing very good, but no buffalo chips tonight, but plenty of mosquitoes.

June 18—Friday.—Atmosphere clear. We started at 6 a. m. Came twenty-four and a half miles and camped on a slough of the Platte River. Wood and water in abundance. Grazing very poor, and mosquitoes plenty.

June 19—Saturday.—Atmosphere clear and warm. We started at 5:30 a. m. Came twenty miles and camped on the Platte River, about six miles from Fort Laramie. Wood and water good and in abundance. Grazing just tolerable. We have traveled over very sandy roads all day; hard on our cattle. The sun sets clear tonight.

June 20—Sunday.—Nothing doing. Laid over to rest our cattle and wash and clean up generally.

June 21—Monday.—We started this morning at 6 o'clock. Came six miles to Fort Laramie, or rather about a quarter of a mile from the fort. W. P. Burns accompanied several others of our train to the fort and purchased several little articles

needed in camp. We remained here till 2 p. m. After lunch we came eight miles and camped on the Platte River. Wood plenty. Grazing very good by going away from the road some distance.

June 22—Tuesday.—We started at 5:30 a. m. Came twelve miles before we got any water. Here we struck the Platte River. At this camp an emigrant, who with his wife was traveling with another family, murdered the man and his wife. He then took possession of the man's team, clothing and provisions and with his wife started on their return trip for the Missouri River. They reported to the emigrants who inquired of them the reason of their turning back that he and his wife had become discouraged and concluded they would go no further. Within a day or two the dead bodies of the murdered couple were discovered in the brush near where they had camped. The officers at Fort Laramie were immediately notified of the murder. Suspicion rested upon the couple who had turned back, and the commander sent a squad of soldiers in pursuit, who soon overtook and apprehended the murderers. We heard later that they were tried at Fort Laramie on the charge of murder, convicted and hanged. We did not learn their names. About 200 yards beyond where we struck the Platte is Spring Creek. Good water. We traveled on eight miles and camped on Dry Creek. No water to be found. Grazing very good and plenty of dry red cedar and scrubby pine. This cedar and pine is found growing on the side of the hills and is quite small and scattering. Some of the emigrants tried their hand at manufacturing a small quantity of tar from the pine knots with very good results. Road not very good today. We are now crossing the Black Hills. The road is very stony and some very steep places and short turns to make.

June 23—Wednesday—We started at 6 a. m. Traveled twelve miles before we struck water. It has been raining all day. We traveled on sixteen miles and camped on a small creek. Grazing not very good. Plenty of wood.

June 24—Thursday.—We started at 6 a. m. Struck the river in one and a half miles. Came on ten miles, when it com-

menced raining. Here we stopped till 2:30 p. m., when it quit raining, and we came on eight miles and camped on the River Platte. Road generally good today. One very bad hill to descend about three miles back from camp and great danger of tipping over. Grazing just tolerable and wood scarce. All we could get was driftwood picked up along the bank of the river.

June 25—Friday.—We started at 6:30 a. m. Came ten miles over a very rough and mountainous country. Some very steep places to ascend and descend. Constantly in danger of capsizing and breaking our wagons, but we have not as yet had occasion to let our wagons down hills with ropes. Here we stopped for lunch, after which we came eleven miles over a tolerable good bottom road and camped on Platte River. Wood plentiful, but to obtain good grazing we have to herd our cattle about two miles from camp. The grass has all been eaten off within that distance. It has rained more or less every day for the past week.

June 26—Saturday.—Today we have laid by to wash and rest our cattle. We notice that it has become general for the stock to begin to suffer and lag. It is more noticeable among the horses than with the cattle. We saw several bands of buffalo today, but got no meat.

June 27—Sunday.—We started at 6 a. m. Came nineteen miles over a heavy, sandy road and camped on the River Platte. Grass very scarce and seems to be getting more and more scarce the further we go. We were obliged to drive our cattle three miles from camp tonight to obtain any grass whatever for them. All well this evening.

June 28—Monday.—We started at 6 a. m. and came eight miles over a rough, hilly and very sandy road. Drove out one side of the road and stopped for lunch and to let our cattle graze. Afternoon.—The road is slightly better, yet there is plenty of sand and dust left. We traveled seventeen miles today, and camped on the River Platte. Wood in abundance and grazing

just tolerable by driving our cattle one and a half or two miles from camp. A small band of Sioux Indians were seen today. These Indians all seem to be very friendly. This evening we have learned a little more in regard to the squaw spoken of in my journal of the 11th inst. We are told that the squaw remained with Morgan's family until Mrs. Morgan was delivered of a girl child, which the mother named Platte, that name designating the place where the child was born. The squaw acted as midwife. About one week after this child was born, this man Morgan and the squaw dropped out of sight and were not seen nor heard of any more. Some say that the squaw killed him, while others maintain that Morgan deserted his wife and family and willingly accompanied the squaw.

June 29—Tuesday.—We started at 6:30 a. m. and traveled twenty and one-half miles and camped at Mineral Springs. Here we found as good grass as we have had since crossing the Mississippi River. No wood, but we used wild sagebrush instead, which is indeed a splendid substitute, making a very hot fire and excellent for cooking purposes. This is our first day among the sagebrush, which grows here in great abundance. We have bid farewell to the buffalo chips and the ladies have discarded for good their buffalo chip gloves. These springs are considered poisonous, but by driving our cattle about two miles down the creek we hope to avoid the poisonous effect of the water, at least to a great extent, as the water runs principally through sand, which is supposed to neutralize the poison. Here we also find the best grass. Today was my day off; that is, I did not have to drive the team, as Payson and myself take alternate days in performing this task. I also wish to state here that it is generally considered one of the duties of the captain to go ahead of the train during the latter part of the day and look up a good location for camping where wood and water and grass are the best. As I was riding our horse this afternoon, Captain Julian invited me to accompany him in selecting our camp for the night. I accepted. We rode quite a distance ahead of our train and about 3:30 p. m. we turned to the left of the road on the lookout for a good camping place. We had not gone more than two miles when we discovered

some little distance ahead of us a small dog-tent. Two horses and a mule were grazing near by, but not a soul was in sight. We concluded to ride over and try to find out if possible who it was and why they had camped so far away from the other emigrants. On arriving within twenty or thirty paces of the camp we called a halt and Captain Julian called out "Halloo." In a moment or two an old gray-headed man with a long beard that covered his face came crawling out of the little dog-tent and asked, "What will you have, gentlemen?" His looks were those of an old mountaineer, strong and robust and standing as straight as an arrow. He had two revolvers and a big butcher knife stuck in his belt and a rifle in his hand, and looked as though he meant business in every move that he made. We asked him what he was doing there, and where he was going, and if he was a trapper. He answered: "No; I am no trapper. I am an emigrant. I started out with some of my children for California. We got as far as the Pacific Springs. There I got discouraged and turned back, but they would not agree to let me go until I promised faithfully that I would make another start for California next spring and bring the old woman with me." By this time I had recognized the old gentleman as a distant relative. Therefore I said to him: "Look here, old man, you are lying to us. I know you well. You are right from the California mines, and you are on your way back to the states. How much money have you got with you? Your name is Rollins. You can't fool us." By this time the old man had walked up to within three or four paces of where I was seated on my horse, looking me straight in the eye. I saw in a moment that I had gone too far without making myself known. That steady and searching gaze seemed to go clear through me, and I shook from head to foot. Rest assured I did not let a moment pass before I made myself known in no uncertain voice. I said: "Uncle Oscar, for God's sake do nothing rash. Don't you know me?" He hesitated a moment, then demanded in a very abrupt voice: "Who are you, sir?" I noticed the hesitation, yet I knew that voice would brook no delay. Therefore I laughingly answered: "Don't you know Enoch Conyers?" I know it was a dry, husky laugh, but it was the very best one that I had in the shop just at that moment, and I

was glad to bring that much out. When I gave him my name he gave me one searching glance. It satisfied him, and quick as a flash he had me by the leg and came very near pulling me from my horse, at the same time crying out, whilst the tears rolled down his cheeks: "Why, E-n-o-c-h Conyers, my God, oh my God, how near I came to shooting you, for I took you both for robbers. Thank God; oh, thank God that I did not shoot and that you are yet alive." It was several minutes before he could converse and his nerves were quited down. At last I inquired of him why he camped off by himself so far from the emigrant road, and wanted to know if he was not afraid that the Indians would take his scalp. He answered: "No, I am not afraid of them, but I am more afraid of these white Indians than I am of the red devils, although I had a very close call from the redskins since I left California. They were so close on my heels that I was obliged to leave my saddle horse and pack animals to rustle for themselves a while. Did they get my horses? Why, most assuredly they got them."

"Are those the same horses that they took from you? How did you get them back? Tell us all about it, uncle, and tell us how you got away from them alive and still retain your scalp."

"Yes, these are the same old horses, and if you will listen I will tell you all about it and how I got away from them. As I said, they were close on my heels. You see, I had just got over the Sierra Nevada Mountains into a pretty good sized valley. It was mostly prairie, dotted here and there with a strip of timber. The sun was shining down on us pretty hot, so I just let the horses take their own gait. Pretty soon I heard a noise behind me like the tramp of horses, and when I turned myself in the saddle to look back, there I saw about twenty or thirty of those red devils coming after me on a dead gallop. I was nearly a mile ahead of them, but I knew that I had no time to fool away if old Rollins saved his scalp. That old mule there knew there was trouble ahead just as well as I did. He just pricked up them long ears and gave

one snort and was off in a giffy. I tell you I didn't spare the whip on my saddle-horse nor that other one either. I made a run for a strip of timber about a mile ahead of me. They were gaining on me so fast that it made me begin to think that I would not make the timber, but I did. I kept my horse until I struck a creek that run through the timber. I was then out of sight of them red devils, so I jumped from my horse and lit right into that creek, and I waded down the creek about a quarter, and I wasn't very slow about it either. I was continually looking for a hiding place from them red devils, for knew very well they would not be satisfied just with my horses. At last I discovered a small log, the end of which stuck out over the creek. Just on one side of this log was a brush pile formed by another tree falling. I crawled along just as close to the log as I possibly could under that brush pile, and there I laid with my revolver in hand waiting for them red devils to discover my hiding place. I was just thinking about crawling out to see if I could hear or see anything of them, when to my surprise a big buck Ingin stepped up and stood right on that log about ten feet from my head. There he stood as still as a statue for about 15 or 20 minutes, his eyes prying in every direction, and all at once he looked directly toward me, and I thought to myself, good-bye, Old Rollins; you are discovered. But I had already made up my mind to sell my life as dearly as possible. It seemed to me that he stood there on the log over an hour, for I got most awfully tired lying there in my cramped up position, and once I made up my mind that I would try and finish him right there with my revolver; but on second thought I gave up that idea, for I was very uncertain about him being alone. But in a few minutes my mind was considerably relieved to see that Indian step off that log and take his back track. Then I was pretty well convinced that he had given up looking for me in that neck of the woods. It was not very long after he had disappeared when I concluded it was about time for me to change my position, for I was getting most awfully tired. Oh, my, but I was stiff. Why, I could scarcely move a limb. After a while I crawled out of my hiding place, and very cautiously looked around for those Indians are just like a cat watching for a mouse—you can't tell what moment they will

pounce upon you. I first stuck my old hat just above that log, so if any of those Indians were around they would take a shot at my old hat instead of my head. But I heard no shot. Then I shook my old hat so as to draw their attention if they were anywhere near around; but as I heard no shot, I ventured to stick my head above the log. I could see no sign of those Indians, so I concluded that they had about given me up. Then I began to examine my pockets to see if I had lost any of my gold dust. Look here, Enoch"—at this he took from his little dog tent and showed me three long buckskin sacks, all well filled with gold dust. "Do you see these? Well I had four of these when those red devils got after me, but I lost one, which was just as full as either of these. Well, I waited right there until night came, for I dared not stir outside of the timber any sooner, and then it was my turn to hunt them red devils. The moon went down about 10 o'clock, and then I started out on a still hunt. When I struck the road I got right down on my hands and knees and struck a match, holding my hat over it so they couldn't see the light. I soon found that they had taken the back track, so I just followed after them. About an hour after I had started back I saw by the glimmer of the skylight some horses that were grazing about one hundred yards out on one side of the road. Now I couldn't exactly tell if it was horses or not; but the thought struck me that this was the same band of Indians, and were camped there for the night, and perhaps they were on the lookout for me. But I said to myself, 'You red devils will have to be mighty smart if you catch Old Rollins a-napping.' So when I got sight of those horses I got right down on my belly and, snake-like, I crawled out to them, and would you believe it, I had crawled right up to my old saddle horse. They had him staked out. And that old mule—well, he was grazing around him just as though he was expecting to start on a long journey and needed all he could get before he started.

"I tell you what, Enoch, that is the most knowing mule that I ever saw. It's a wonder that he didn't come back to look for me. Well, I was mighty glad to see my old saddle horse once more; but the most ticklish part of my work had just commenced. I very well knew that they had a guard out watching

those horses; but how to find him before he discovered me and get clear of him without all the rest knowing it, was bothering my mind more than anything else just then. I couldn't pull up the stake from where I was, so I raised by head just so I could peep over the top of the grass and take in the surrounding country. I looked and listened for nearly half an hour, but could see nor hear nothing, except those horses nibbling the grass near by. About one hundred yards from my horse there was a clump of bushes, so I came to the conclusion that was where those Indians were camped. But for the life of me I couldn't see any Indian watching the horses, but I was quite confident he was there somewhere. After studying the matter over a while, I concluded that I would crawl on my belly to the end of the lariata, pull up the stake and get out of there just as easy as possible. Just as I got within about ten feet of the stake I saw something that looked very much like an Indian all rolled up in his blanket, lying there right close to the stake. I looked pretty close to see how many Indians were there, if any. I soon came to the conclusion there was but one Indian, for the lump was too small to be any more than one Indian. Pretty soon I heard him breathing—sort of half-way snoring. To make sure, I crawled a little closer. I could plainly see a pack saddle, and that Indian sitting there, leaning up against that pack saddle with his back right toward me, fast asleep. Says I to myself, 'Old Rollins, now is your time. This is your chance for your life.' So I quietly slipped up to him and drew this old butcher-knife quietly across his jugulars. He never woke up, but slept right along, and I didn't try to wake him up, either. Now I did'nt like the idea of killing him, and would not have done it if I could have gotten away without it; but it was a clear case of self-defense—it was either kill or be killed. To my surprise, there I found my saddle and also my two packs, just as them durned Indians had unpacked them. I tell you, Enoch, I wasn't very slow packing up those horses. No, sir; I never packed up them creatures so quickly in all my life. No, I didn't put spurs to my horse as soon as I got on, for that wouldn't do; but I kinder laid down on his neck and started off on a slow walk, keeping that clump of bushes at the same point of the compass until I got out of sight. Then I

kinder spurred up a little. I traveled all that night and nearly all of the next day. Then I went away from the road about a mile and there I camped for the night. That was the last that I saw of those Indians.

"Say, Enoch, did any of my folks start for California this spring? If so, do you know where they can be found?"

I informed him that his daughter, Mrs. Joseph Bowles, and family, also his brother-in-law, Michael Couchman, were in company with another Quincy train about one day back of our train.

As it was getting quite late, and our company would very likely be waiting for us to pilot them to camp, wishing him the very best of luck and a sound scalp, we bid the old gentleman good-bye and took a near cut for the emigrant road in quest of our company. We had traveled about one-half mile, when our way was obstructed by a deep, dry gully, cut by freshets to a depth of about ten feet, and twelve feet wide. Here was a dilemma for us to solve which we had not counted on. The question was, Shall we go back and around this gully the way we came, or, if it be possible, make our horses jump? If we should try the latter and fail, there was a possibility of killing a horse or ourselves, and perhaps both. And should we be lucky enough to fall into the gully without any damage to ourselves or horses, there was no telling how far we would have to travel before we could find a place where we could get out; and if we went around the gully by the way we came, we would be obliged to travel about four miles out of our way. We argued the case pro and con. Night was fast coming on, and we were in a hurry to reach our company. Finally the captain decided that he would make the first trial at jumping the gully, and if he succeeded in clearing it, I could, without a doubt, do the same. Now, his horse was of the Lumix tock; in fact a draft horse, large and quite a clumsy looking animal, whilst the horse that I was riding was of trim build and more of a race animal. We chose a suitable place for the trial. When Captain Julian rode back about twenty-five yards from the place where we were to make

our trial jump, and walked his horse up to the gully. He then returned to the same place and came a second time on a full trot, but did not try to jump. He went back the third time and came on a full gallop. His horse cleared the gully about one foot. Then came my turn to make a trial. I followed the example set by our captain, and came on a walk the first time, and the second time I came on a trot. But by this time my horse became restless and irritable. So great was her desire to be with the other horse that she reluctantly went back for the third time; she came with full speed, but, unfortunately, she started her jump about four feet back of where the other horse started his jump, and she lit directly in his tracks on the opposite side. The bank caved and let her hind feet down, but she quickly gathered. As a matter of course, I went on over her head on my hands and knees, scrambling to keep out of her way. On regaining my feet I saw the captain almost splitting his sides in laughter at my somewhat queer antics. He declared that the trick was so gracefully performed that I really ought to engage myself to some traveling show going to Europe and exhibit my American horsemanship. I informed him that this great feat was but a sideshow, therefore not any part of the general programme. Once on the other side, we soon found our company and went into camp for the night.

Our camp tonight is a few miles above the crossing of the North Platte, where the emigrants who traveled on the south side of the river crossed over to the road of those who traveled on the north side of the Platte. We understand that there is a bridge at this crossing of the Platte. Many of the emigrants crossed the Platte to the north side, just below Fort Laramie.

June 30—Wednesday.—We started at 10 a. m. and traveled over a very hard, rough road for sixteen miles and camped near a spring of clear water at the foot of the hill. The second spring quite swampy. Not much water for the cattle, but plenty of good, dry willow wood. Grass not good. Quite a number of cattle in our company are getting lame by traveling over hot, sandy and stony roads, but we very soon cure them up in the following manner: We cut a piece of hide from a

dead ox by the roadside; making small holes in the border of this piece of hide; through these holes we run a string or a narrow strip of hide for a drawstring: we then put this piece of hide on the lame oxen's feet, flesh side out, drawing the string tight enough to hold it on the foot, and then tie it fast. This completes the job. Two days' wear is sufficient for a cure.

July 1—Thursday.—We started at 7:45 a. m. and traveled about nine miles to a running stream of clear water. Here we stopped for lunch. After lunch we came twelve miles and camped on Sweetwater, on the east side of and near by the "Independence Rock." No wood to be had. We were obliged to drive our cattle seven miles, and then did not get very good grass. Hope we will get some soon, for our cattle stand in great need of some kind of feed, or we will soon be obliged to leave some of them by the roadside. Why this stream is called Sweetwater I know not, but after traveling over this road from the Missouri River to this stream, being obliged to drink alkali water or the roilly water from the River Platte, most all the way, it certainly causes this water to taste very sweet indeed; therefore the name, "Sweetwater," is quite appropriate.

July 2—Friday.—Before starting on our way this morning the most of our company visited the summit of "Independence Rock." The trail leading to the summit is very narrow, and in some places quite dangerous, at times barely enough room for a foothold; but by steadying ourselves with our hands on the projecting rocks we succeeded in reaching the summit without any accident. From here we had a splendid view of the surrounding country for miles. We found the rock literally covered with the names of emigrants. We found some names that were recorded there in 1843. Some of these names were written with white or red chalk; some were cut in the rock with a cold chisel, whilst others were written with tar—and, in fact, were written in every conceivable manner. From the numerous names found written upon this rock, one would naturally suppose that every man, woman and child that ever passed this way had succeeded in writing or having their names written on this rock. We noticed a number of emigrants searching the rock for the names of relatives and friends who had passed this

way in previous years, and the thought came to my mind: "How will it be in future years with emigrants traveling this way, who will be expecting to find the names of relatives and friends recorded upon this rock, and how sad their disapointment when finding the names of those loved ones carved with a pocket-knife upon a small board placed at the head of some grave in a lonely spot by the roadside?" Independence Rock stands alone out on a level country, hence is peculiarity. Of course, all our names were added to the great multitude. Its name, as we understand it, was given by a party of emigrants who traveled this way many years ago, and celebrated the Fourth of July on the summit of this rock, and gave it the name of "Independence Rock." We started on our way at 7 a. m., came five and a quarter miles to the "Devil's Gate," which is something grand—perpendicular rocks of granite formation touring up 400 feet high on either side of the river, and the Sweetwater running between, having cut its way through this granite formation for about 1,000 feet in length, and about 130 feet in breadth. After passing through the Devil's Gate, poor old Dick—one of our oxen purchased in Missouri—passed in his checks. Here we met with a Frenchman by the name of Schambau, who, by the way, was with Colonel Fremont during his notable trip through this country in the '40s. About fifteen minutes before old Dick died, this man, Schambau, stepped up and inquired: "Who does that ox belong to?" On being informed that he belonged to Mr. Burns, he said: "Well, had I been here twenty minutes sooner I would have saved that ox for you. He has been alkalied." Then he added: "When I was with Fremont, we lost quite a number of our oxen before we discovered a remedy, but afterward we never lost a single head by poison or alkali." The following is the remedy he gave us: "Take one-half pint each of lard and syrup; warm just sufficient to mix good, and if the animal is bloated, add to this one-half pint of good vinegar and drench them immediately." This recipe proved a sovereign remedy, and we lost no more cattle.

Note.—This remedy I have tried after arriving in Oregon, on cattle that were poisoned by eating wild parsnip, and also larkspur, with the very best results, never having lost a single head on which this remedy was tried.

This man Schambau was building a trading post near the Devil's Gate with timber hauled from the mountains about six miles distant. He informed us that if we wished to lay over until after the 4th we would find plenty of good grass and water by driving away from the road about four miles south. After lunch, following his directions, we drove south about four miles, where we found the very best of grass, over knee high, and a creek of splendid, ice-cold water. Here we camped and intend staying until after the glorious 4th. This is a beautiful little valley, almost surrounded with mountains, with a rich, fertile soil, and room enough for four or five good farms. No sickness in our train now, the water having become too pure for that. Mr. Gay and family, formerly or Payson, Ill., joined our company today. He had been out to California, and now was returning overland with his family. He made the statement that he owned a farm near Oakland, Cal.

July 3—Saturday.—We are now camped in a beautiful valley of the Sweetwater Mountains. Last night we permitted our cattle to feast on this good grass only for a few minutes at a time, for fear they would kill themselves if permitted to remain longer. We now can drink this good, cold mountain water to our hearts' content. It seems to give up a new lease of life. The nights are quite cool and chilly. Several of the boys started out this morning for a hunt in the mountains for the purpose of obtaining some fresh meat, if possible, for our Fourth of July dinner. Those who remain in camp are helping the ladies in preparing for the banquet. A number of wagon beds are being taken to pieces and formed into long tables. A little further on is a group of young ladies seated on the grass talking over the problem of manufacturing "Old Glory" to wave over our festivities. The question arose as to where we are to obtain the material for the flag. One lady brought forth a sheet. This gave the ladies an idea. Quick as thought another brought a skirt for the red stripes. Now we have the white and the red for the stripes, but where will we get the blue for the field? Another lady ran to her tent and brought forth a blue jacket, saying: "Here, take this; it will do for the field." Needles and thread were soon secured and the ladies went at their task with

a will, one lady remarking that "Necessity is the mother of invention," and the answer came back, "Yes, and the ladies of our company are equal to the task." Some of the boys were gathering wood to cook the dinner, and others went after a liberty pole. In fact, every member of our company took hold with a willing hand to make our celebration on the plains a grand success. The boys who went out hunting early this morning returned to camp about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, some loaded with antelope, somt with sagehens, and some with jackrabbits. Others brought a huge snowball, inserting a pole through the center the easier to carry it. The game was quickly dressed and made ready for the cook, and the cooking was carried on to a late hour in the night. All being in readiness for the morrow, we retired to rest.

July 4—Sunday.—The day was ushered in with the booming of small arms, which was the best that we could do under the circumstances, so far away from civilization. Although the noise was not so great as that made by cannon, yet it answered the purpose. Just before the sun made its appearance above the eastern horizon, we raised our forty-foot flagstaff with "Old Glory" nailed fast to the top, which waved as majestically and graceful as though it had been made of the best Japan silk. After the flagstaff was raised to its position our company circled around the old flag and sung "The Star Spangled Banner." Then three rousing cheers and a tiger were given to "Old Glory." The question came up, To whom should the honor be given to deliver the oration? This honor fell to the lot of Virgil Y. Ralston, a son of Dr. J. N. Ralston, of Quincy, Ill., and an old schoolmate of vour humble servant. Unfortunately he, with several other young men of our company, went this morning to the Devil's Gate, where they obtained a little too much "firewater," and by the time they reached the camp were considerably under its influence. But this was the glorious old Fourth, therefore the oration we must have. The Declaration of Indpendence was read by R. L. Doyle, of Keokuk, Ia., after which several of the boys gathered around Virgil, lifting him bodily upon the end of one of our long tables, where they steadied him until he became sufficiently braced up, and then let go of him.

He spoke for over half an hour, and delivered, off-hand, an excellent oration. Just after the oration there came up a storm that threatened to spoil all our fun, but fortunately it lasted only a very short time. All gathered around the tables loaded with refreshments, beautified and decorated with evergreens and wild flower of the valley, that speak volumes in behalf of the good taste displayed by the ladies, both in the decorative and culinary art. The following is our bill of fare in part:

MEATS.

Roast Antelope, Roast Sagehen, Roast Rabbit. Antelope Stew, Sagehen Stew, Jack-Rabbit Stew, Antelope Potpie, Sagehen Fried. Jack Rabbit Fried.

VEGETABLES.

Irish Potatoes (brought from Illinois), Boston Baked Beans, Rice, Pickles.

BREAD.

White Bread, Graham Bread, Warm Rolls, fresh from the oven.

PASTRY.

Pound Cake, Fruit Cake, Jelly Cake, Sweetwater Mountain Cake, Peach Pie, Apple Pie, Strawberry Pie, Custard Pie.
(A dozen or more varieties, both of cake and pies not enumerated.)

DRINKS.

Coffee, Tea, Chocolate, and Good, Cold Mountain Water, fresh from the brook.

The snowball was brought into use in making a fine lot of Sweetwater Mountain ice cream.

No person left the table hungry. After our feast patriotic songs were indulged in, winding up with three cheers for Uncle Sam and three for Old Glory. Of course, the ladies were not forgotten, and three rousing cheers were given for them. Take it altogether, we passed an enjoyable day—a Fourth of July on the plains never to be forgotten.

July 5—Monday.—We started on our way at 6:30 a. m. Leaving Old Glory nailed fast to the masthead; with three rousing cheers to the old flag, we again started on our way to the setting sun. Our cattle, being refreshed by their rest, started off quite brisk. At about 11 a. m. we passed the camp where on Saturday, July 3, some emigrants hung a man for murder. We did not learn the names. The company chose a judge to preside over the trial, and a sheriff, who empaneled a trial jury of twelve men, who heard all the evidence, after which the judge charged the jury. The jury retired a short distance from camp, under the charge of the sheriff chosen by the company for the emergency, for their deliberation. In about twenty minutes they returned and informed the court that they had decided on a verdict. The foreman then handed their written verdict to the court, which read as follows: "We, the jury, do find the defendant guilty of murder in the first degree, as charged." Signed by all the jurors. The court immediately passed sentence on the defendant, to be hanged by the neck until dead, dead, dead, and may God have mercy on your soul. The company ran two wagons together, elevating the tongues in the shape of the letter "A," tying them together. On this improvised gallows the defendant was hung until life was pronounced extinct. Near by two graves were dug, one for the murdered man, the other for the murderer. Their burial being completed, the company started on their way. We traveled twenty-two miles today over a heavy, sandy road, and camped on Sweetwater. No wood and grass very scarce.

July 6—Tuesday.—We sarted at 6:30 a. m. About noon we passed a train that had stopped for lunch by the roadside. Just as we came abreast of them we observed three men seated on the tongue of one of their wagons, when a large-sized woman, weighing something over 250 pounds, with sleeves rolled up above her elbows, stepped out in front of the three men, smacking her fists and shaking them under the nose of the little man seated in the center, as though she intended to leave nothing but a greast spot after she got through with him. Then she commenced a harangue of abusive language that ought to shame the most profane person on the face of the earth. This little

man she dominated was her husband. She berated him for everything that was good, bad, or indifferent, charging him with bringing his wife and children out into this God-forsaken country to starve and die. To the honor of the little man, I will say, that he sat there like a bump on a log, seemingly taking it all good-naturedly, without making any answer whatever. Perhaps he was afraid to open his mouth in self-defense, and that silence was the better part of valor. This much I have learned since we started across the continent. That if there is anything in this world that will bring to the surface a man's bad traits, it is a trip across the continent with an ox team. In honor and justice to our little family, I must say that we have thus far gotten along together splendidly, without any display whatever, more especially such scenes as we have witnessed by the roadside today. And the school of experience which we are daily passing through, witnessing scenes so repulsive and disgusting, would almost drive one to believe that the whole human race, with but few exceptions, were hypocrites. We traveled twenty miles today, and camped on the Sweetwater. We crossed this stream three times today. The last two crossings were the worst, on account of the rock or boulders that were in the river. Grazing is very poor, and no wood tonight. William has been very sick all day. We had quite a hard frost this morning.

July 7—Wednesday.—We traveled twenty-six miles today. and camped on Sweewater. We crossed this stream five times today, and the fording was some better. Roads also better. No grass can be found tonight, nor any wood. Monday was quite cool, but today is much cooler. Near where we are camped and about twenty feet from the bank of the Sweetwater, we found plenty of ice, by digging about ten inches below the surface.

July 8—Thursday.—We started at 7:30 a. m. Atmosphere clear and cold. We traveled twenty-two miles today over a very rocky and mountainous road. We notice quite a contrast in regard to the dust. Heretofore the dust was from four to six inches deep, and almost unbearable; but today it has been too rocky to raise a dust, as the roads are quite gravelly. We

are now on the first bench of the Rocky Mountains. Water has been very scarce today. Tonight we are camped on the north fork of the Sweetwater. About fifty yards from our camp is a snowbank five feet deep. Grass just tolerably good; no wood. At this place some person, in years gone by, built a small cabin out of poles brought down from the mountain, which is now being used for a blacksmith shop. We understand this cabin was built for the benefit of the Mormon emigration. Their charges for shoeing cattle are $16 per yoke, and $8 per head for horses.

July 9—Friday.—We started at 6:30 a. m. Traveled eighteen miles today and drove three-fourths of a mile to the right of the main road and camped on Sweetwater. Here we found plenty good dry willows and grass in abundance. Plenty of Snake Indians to be seen in this vicinity. They are the most thieving Indians on the road. Tonight we are supposed to be about three-fourths of a mile from the summit of the south pass of the Rocky Mountains.

July 10—Saturday.—We have concluded to lay by today for the purpose of recruiting up and resting our cattle for the trip of the balance of the way over the Rockies. We came to this conclusion because we have had no good grass for several days past, and during the last two weeks a great many cattle and horses have died, being daily forced to pull heavy loads without that much needed nourishment to sustain life. Today we have shortened our wagon bed by cutting off two feet and have also taken off the side projections. This lightens up our load about 100 pounds and yet we have about 1200 or 1300 pounds left, consisting of bedding and provisions.

July 11—Sunday.—We started at 7:30 a. m. Traveled twenty-seven and three-fourths miles over a very good road and camped on Little Sandy. No grass. Some few small dry willows to cook with. We passed the Pacific Springs about 9 o'clock this morning. This is no good place for camping, the springs covering about half an acre and are very swampy, and a great deal of alkali. At the springs I could shake the

surface for a distance of forty feet all around me, which consists of nothing but a tough sod that has grown over the water. Many cattle have ventured out in this sod and a number of them have broken through and drowned. No wood here. We passed the junction of Sublets cut-off this afternoon about 4:30 p. m. and came on the Salt Lake road seven and a half miles to Little Sandy, as above mentioned. We intend taking Kinney's cut-off for Fort Hall, as we have decided to go to Oregon instead of California to avoid any trouble with the Mormons.

Note.—W. P. Burns had command of an artillery company during the Mormon war—that is, when the Mormons were driven from Nauvoo, Ill., in the spring of 1847. Captain Burns was ordered to shell a cooper shop in which the Mormons, armed with rifles, had taken shelter and by their sharp-shooting were doing considerable damage. The house stood on the corner of the block, therefore had a commanding view of four different directions. Captain Burns placed his cannon in the middle of the street two blocks away, and whilst the bullets were playing hide-and-seek around his head he calmly busied himself in aiming his cannon for an effective and final shot, which was to decide the day in favor of the state. His orderly—a man who stood six feet four inches in his stocking feet—and several men of his company stood back of the building at the corner of the street, prepared a lighted match to fire off the cannon. When all was ready the orderly rushed out to the cannon, gave the match oue twirl around his head and was just in the act of touching off the cannon when a bullet struck him through the heart. He made a leap high in the air, at the same time throwing the match with all his power directly towards the cooper shop, exclaiming, "God damn the Mormons," and dropped dead in his tracks. Captain Burns called upon one of his other men to prepare another match and come out and touch off the cannon, but no volunteers could be had from that quarter. He then left the cannon, ran the gauntlet for the corner and there he prepared another match, returned through a hail of bullets and with his own hand fired off his cannon. A moment later the Mormons poured out of that shop like bees out of a bee-hive. This shot

won the day. At the time we were camped near Kanesville, Ia., Mr. Burns one day while visiting Kanesville ran across Colonel Babitt, of Mormon fame. Colonel Babitt was over-friendly with Mr. Burns that day and asked him many questions—where he was going, and at about what time he intended starting across the continent, and if he intended passing through Salt Lake City on his way out—and extended to Mr. Burns a very cordial invitation to call on him when he arrived at Salt Lake City. He said he was himself intending to start for Salt Lake later on this spring, and expressed the hope that they would meet again on the plains. Colonel Babitt overtook and passed us on the Platte River, near Scott's Bluffs, seated in a fine two-horse carriage and dressed equal to a Spanish grandee, with a silk plug hat on his head and a servant on the front seat handling the lines. He did not stop but simply waved his hand in recognition as he passed by on a full trot. Some day in the near future, I think, will disclose the sequel. Good night.

July 12—Monday.—We started at 8 a. m. Traveled eight miles and camped on Little Sandy. Grass is tolerable, but we are most too late to get good grass anywhere near the road. About all eaten off. Plenty of sagebrush, but no wood.

July 13—Tuesday.—We started at 7 a. m. Came two miles and crossed Big Sandy. We followed this stream down for fifteen miles and camped. Roads very good today. Grass just tolerable. Wood not so very plenty. Today we took what is called the new cut-off to Salt Lake. We ought to have kept on the old Salt Lake road. I think we are about six or eight miles out of our way. (Only we are not.) It was quite warm today to what it has been; far better than it has been for a week past. We had two or three showers today, which laid the dust and made it quite pleasant, more especially for our eyes because of the strong alkali dust which at times fills them to such an extent that it almost puts them out. Just think of washing your eyes every few minutes through the day with strong saleratus water, and it will give you a very good idea of what alkali dust consists of.

July 14—Wednesday.—We started this morning at 8 a. m. Came ten miles to Green River, which is about seventy-five yards wide, sand and gravel bottom, with a current of about four miles an hour. There are two ferrys for crossing Green River. We came to the lower crossing and crossed over about noon. Their charge for ferrying is $3 per wagon, and we swim our own cattle. We traveled about one mile after crossing the river to the forks of the road. Here our train separated, part of the train going to California and part to Oregon. One might imagine that it was quite easy for us to part company, yet it was right the reverse. do not believe there was a man, woman or child in the company but what shed tears. We had traveled so far together that we had become attached almost as one family. The teams that went to California were Captain John Julian and family, Mrs. Smith and family, Joel Emery and family, George Cleveland, Dr. Johnson Harris, Mr. Gay and family, Thomas Russell and Mr. Edwards from Ohio. Those who are in our company and bound for Oregon are Dr. Miller and family, a Mr. Martin and family (both families were from Indiana); R. L. Doyle and family from Keokuk, Ia. (Doyle is a newspaper man); Mr. I. A. Clarke, a man named Goodnough, John and James Jones (the two last were brothers), and all were from Wisconsin; two brothers by name of Cal and John Swindel, from North Carolina; Mr. W. P. Burns, wife and child; Miss Laura Burns, Edward Bayson Burns, and your humble servant, E. W. Conyers. After separating we traveled on up the Green River seven miles and camped. Plenty of wood and grass. The road has been very good today. Our guns and ammunition are handy and in good trim this evening for any emergency that might arise.

Note.—Several men were seen just before and at Green River inquiring very particularly for a man by name of W. P. Burns, who was supposed to be on the road with a Quincy company and bound for California, and at the same time exhibiting an ambrotype which was a perfect picture of W. P. Burns. Nearly every person inquired of knew Mr. Burns personally, but thought that the person of their inquiry would be found in a Quincy company which was at least three or four

days back of our company. There were three Quincy companies on the road and ours was the leading company. Those men who were making the inquiry, no doubt, were the "Destroying Angels" of the Mormon Church, or perhaps only a portion of them, and, if possible, were bound to get their man, but we slipped through their trap. I have no doubt but what these men who were sent out on the road to apprehend Burns were sent on account of the information given by Colonel Babitt.

July 15—Thursday.—We started on our journey this morning at 6:30 a. m. and traveled five miles up the Green River. Here we left the river to our right and came five miles to Slate Creek, where we were obliged to water our cattle from our buckets. We then came on seven miles, where we struck Slate Creek again, followed it up three miles and crossed. Here we camped for the night. The best grass we found on the bluffs east of the road and is what they call out here "bunch grass." Slate Creek water is excellent. Sagebrush for wood. Roads today very rough and hilly.

July 16—Friday.—We started at 6:30 a. m. Came ten miles to a clear and very cold spring of water, which to us seemed as cold as any ice water that we ever drank. We traveled one mile further and stopped for lunch at the foot of a very long hill that we have to ascend. After lunch we came eight miles to where the Kinney and Sublett cut-offs join. Just before we arrived at Sublett's cut-off we had to descend a very steep hill about half a mile long. We traveled on the Sublett cut-off two miles and camped on a small, clear, cold stream of water. Grass is very good, and in fact the grass is getting much better. Plenty of sagebrush for wood. The road today has been very bad, rough and narrow. Kinney's cut-off is thirty-three miles nearer than Sublett's cut-off and a much better road.

July 17—Saturday.—We started at 7:30 a. m., and traveled ten miles to Ham's fork of Green River. This stream is about three and one-half feet deep and thirty-five feet wide; the water very clear and cool. We came seven miles further and

camped on a small stream of water on the right-hand side of the road. Plenty of wood and grass very good. The road today has been exceedingly rough; escarcely a foot of anything like a piece of level road. Always going up or coming down hill, and the word steep does not begin to convey an idea of the roads. I should say that they were at least a "half pitch," and if a tin cup should accidentally fall out of the front end of the wagon it would fall over the heads of the tongue yoke of cattle before it would reach the ground. Several times I felt sure that the wagon would tip over on the tongue yoke of cattle. It is my impression that any person who can ride in a wagon over such terrible roads could safely ride the worst bucking Indian pony that ever roamed the Western prairies. And yet Mrs. Burns has the honor of performing this most difficult feat. Today was my turn to drive the team, and it seems to be my good fortune (?) to be driving whenever we come to a very bad piece of road. It has rained every day for the last week. As yet nothing has been seen or heard of the Destroying Angels since crossing Green River, and I hardly think that we will have the pleasure of exchanging shots with them on this trip.

July 18—Sunday.—We started at 8 a. m. Came nine miles over one of the worst—no, not one of the worst, but the very worst road since we started across the continent. We are now passing over the Bear River Mountains. About 11 a. m. we passed through a beautiful grove of poplar, interspersed with cedars on the side of the mountain. We came on two miles to the summit. Here we caught up with a widow woman who had buried her husband back on the Platte. She had four or five little helpless children to care for. All the rest of her company had gone on, leaving her alone with her team and little ones to get over the mountains the best she could. She had three yoke of cattle to her wagon. When we overtook her she was driving wooden wedges between the fellows and the tire of the wagon wheel. Mr. Burns offered the lady his services. The wheels of the wagon had shrunk so much that it required wooden wedges three-quarters of an inch thick driven under the tire all around the wheel to keep the tire

on, and then there was no assurance of it lasting until she got down the first hill. After the wheel was repaired Mr. Burns offered to drive the team and help her get down the mountain, but she very kindly declined the offer, picked up her whip, gave it a whirl and a crack and started on down the mountain. We did not see or hear anything more of her after leaving the summit. That company should have seen to it that this poor woman had all the assistance she reqùired to take her safely through to her journey's end. But such is life on the plains. Here it is every one for himself and the devil take the hindmost. After passing the summit we came six miles and camped on a small creek running directly west. This is the first stream we have seen running west. Here is a small spring of good cold water. Any quantity of sagebrush, and grazing good. The roads today, without any exception, are the worst that we have passed over since crossing the Missouri River, and the water has been very scarce.

July 19—Monday.—We started this morning at 6:30 a. m. Came twenty-two and a half miles over a beautiful road; just enough descent to take the wagon along with but little pulling. The first five and one-fourth miles from our last night's camp brought us to Smith's fork of the Bear River. At this place we saved four miles—that is, if we can believe the toll man. Here we paid 50 cents for crossing a bridge only about eighteen feet long. We traveled fourteen and three-fourths miles further on, which brought us to Thomas' fork of the Bear River. At this place we saved eight miles' travel by taking the left-hand road and crossing two very bad and marshy streams on bridges; toll $1. After crossing we traveled two and a half miles over a very steep hill, both in ascent and descent, and camped on a small stream. A good spring of water 200 yards up the creek. No wood, but plenty of bunch-grass. On the bottom lands of Bear River is found the best grazing that we have had on the whole journey. Plenty of water today all along the road. Atmosphere tonight cloudy but very pleasant.

July 20—Tuesday.—We started at 7 a. m. Traveled three-fourths of a mile to a better camping place, and also better grazing than we had last night. Came on three miles over a

very rough mountain road, both ascending and descending. This brought us into the valley of the Bear River again. Came eight miles further and crossed a creek with very steep banks. Hard to get into or out of the stream. Bear River now is far to our left. We traveled on eight miles and camped at a good cold mountain spring. Wood and grass in abundance, also mosquitoes. Water this afternoon along the road plenty and good. Nothing unusual has happened the last few days.

July 21—Wednesday.—We started at the usual hour and traveled sixteen miles and camped on Bear River three-fourths of a mile from the road. Today we have passed a great many good cold springs of water, which take with the company like hot cakes. Wherever you observe willows growing you are sure to find a good cold spring of water. Grazing tonight just tolerable. Plenty of wood, but watch out for alkalai in the low, marshy places. At this camp we met with a Mr. Atchison, a lame man, from the State of Kentucky, who was well acquainted with my father and mother's people in the early thirties. We had quite a long and very pleasant chat, which ended by Mr. Atchison remaining all night with us.

July 22—Thursday.—We started at 7 a. m. and traveled eight miles to Soda Springs. These springs are indeed a great curiosity—hollow cones nearly three feet in diameter and four feet high are formed by the mineral water. At times these cones will be filled with water and strongly impregnated with soda; in a short time the water in the cones will disappear, leaving nothing but a reddish-colored sediment in the bottom of the cone. There are over twenty of these cones in this vicinity. A number of them are extinct. Fremont in his works gives a splendid description of these springs. On the right-hand side of the road is a small grove of timber and near the edge of this grove is located a clear, cold spring of water. It has no taste whatever of soda. All the other springs are strongly impregnated with soda. Many of the emigrants relish the taste of this sodawater and drink freely of it, but I cannot endure it. After remaining here for about thirty minutes we came on one mile to a point of land jutting out into the Bear

River, where, a short distance from the trail on the right-hand bank of Bear River, is the famous Steamboat Spring, which can be seen from the road. This spring is also strongly impregnated with soda, and, in fact, the Bear River itself is strongly impregnated with soda at this place. The water from this spring is emitted through an oblong crevice in a large, flat rock of basalt formation. The water in this spring recedes for a few minutes until no water can be seen in the crevice, and within a few minutes more the water begins to flow again, continually gaining in force and finally emitting the water with great force to the height of about four feet and making a noise resembling steam escaping from an exhaust pipe—hence called Steamboat Spring. One of our company, R. L. Doyle, made a wager that he could stop the flow of water from this spring by sitting on the crevice. He waited until the water began to recede, then took off his pants and seated himself on the crevice. In this position he waited for the flow. He did not have to wait very long for the flow. It came gradually at first, but increased in force every moment. Doyle soon began bobbing up and down at a fearful rate. At this stage of the fun several of the boys took hold of Doyle and tried to hold him on the crevice, but in this they failed, for the more weight they added to Doyle the more power the spring seemed to have, and Doyle kept on bobbing up and down like a cork. Finally Doyle cried out: "Boys, there is no use trying to hold the devil down. It can't be did, for the more weight you put on the more the devil churns me. I am now pounded into a beefsteak." From here we traveled four miles to Myers' cut-off, leading into the Humbolt Valley. On our left is an abrupt termination of the mountain range in a rocky peak, around which Bear River makes a sharp curve to the left, the Oregon trail turning to the right around the point of the mountain. Four miles further we came to a pool of water strongly impregnated with sulphur. One mile on from this pool is a good spring. But we did not let our cattle drink, for when the water is riled up it is considered poisonous. One mile further on is another good cold spring of water, but has that same soda taste. Good chance here to water the cattle. We traveled three-fourths of a mile from the last spring and camped. No water. Good red

cedar wood on the side of the mountain near by. Grazing is very good tonight. We found in this vicinity several crevices in the earth formed by volcanic eruptions. They were from two to three feet wide and no knowing how deep. A rock the size of one's fist dropped into one of these crevices could be heard for hundreds of feet as it struck the walls of the crevice on either side. These crevices were nearly covered by the growing grass, and it is a great wonder that our cattle escaped falling into one of them.

July 23—Friday.—We started at 7 a. m. Came seven miles and camped on Port Nueff Creek. We crossed two poisonous streams today—at least were called poisonous by our guide book. However, we did not let our cattle drink from those streams. Wood is scarce tonight. Only a few small green willows. Grazing very good. Water was very scarce all day.

July 24—Saturday.—We started at 7 a. m. and traveled twenty-three miles over a rough, ragged, mountainous country. The hills were very steep. Water quite plenty along the road today. One good spring of water two miles after gaining the summit. Plenty of service berries to be found near the road on this mountain. Several of our company made themselves sick by eating too many. Small green willows for wood tonight. Grazing tolerable good. Good spring of water at the foot of the mountain.

July 25—Sunday.—We started at 7 a. m. and traveled eight miles over a very good road, but as usual it was very dusty. We drove out to one side of the road and stopped for lunch and to let our cattle graze. Soon after we had stopped, a couple of ladies came riding along the road driving some loose cattle. No sooner were they opposite to us than their cattle broke into a run for our cattle. One of the ladies stopped her horse out in the road, but the other lady put whip to her horse and pursued their cattle on a full gallop, but perceiving that her effort would prove fruitless without more help she called to the other lady (who we took for her sister) for assistance. The answer came back from the lady seated on her horse out

in the road: "Let 'em rip, I tell you; let 'em rip. You very well know that we can't get them cattle past this train. Let 'em rip, I tell you." And they did "let 'em rip." We soon drove up and yoked our cattle and started on our way, while the ladies followed after, having no further trouble that day with their cattle. After lunch we traveled seven miles over a very heavy, sandy road, the dust flying so thick at times I could not see my head oxen. We are camped tonight on a beautiful clear stream of water and a good cold spring of water is near by. Grazing very good. Wood scarce. But the mosquitos—my, oh my, they are in great abundance. I can scarcely write for the pesky little cousins.

July 26—Monday.—We started at 7 a. m. and traveled four miles to an old house made of sun-burned brick. This house is supposed to be built by some old trapper so as to be near the fort. There is a good cold spring near this old house. From here we traveled on one mile to Fort Hall, which also is built of sun-burned brick. We came to a halt for a short time to give the opportunity to those who desired it to visit the fort. Here we found a few of Uncle Sam's soldiers under the command of a sergeant, and saw about 100 large wagons standing outside of the fort rotting. They were marked "U. S." in large letters. Some of the emigrants who were short of provisions purchased a few necessary articles of food at this place, but it was dealt out very sparingly. After visiting the fort we traveled on three miles to a large stream of water. (I cannot name it.) We traveled on three miles further to Port Nueff River, which is about sixty feet wide and between five and six feet deep, with very steep banks on both sides and very hard for the cattle to climb out. There is a small ferry at this place, but the man in attendance seems to be too lazy for anything. This stream was ferried. Toll, $1 if we ferry ourselves or $2 if they ferry you. All the rest of our train forded the stream, the water coming into the wagon beds over one foot. We traveled on four miles and camped on this same stream. Plenty of sagebrush for wood and any quantity of good soft water to drink. Excellent bunch-grass, and mosquitoes by the millions. Yesterday we passed several very

large herds of black crickets about one and one-quarter inches long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter. These crickets are used by the Digger Indians in making their bread. They first dig holes in the sandy loam about three feet across and two feet deep, then fill them with sagebrush or willow wood, making a good hot fire, more fuel being added at intervals until the furnace reaches the desired heat. Then all of the old bucks, squaws and kids, provided with brush to whip the surrounding grass and soil, circle around a drove of these large, black crickets and make a drive for the heated holes in the center. Very few crickets escape being caught in the furnace. There they sizzle and fry until they swell up and burst like a roasted chestnut. The squaws take these cooked crickets and mash them fine, mixing a quantity of roots and herbs and finally rolling them into flat cakes and baking or drying them in the hot sun, thus completing the work towards furnishing the winter supply of bread for the family use.

July 27—Tuesday.—We started at 7 a. m. After leaving Port Nueff River the road runs over a broad plateau covered with bunchgrass and sagebrush. Here the road makes a half circle and within about four miles strikes the low lands of the Snake River. Thomas Smith and myself, noticing the circle that our train was making, concluded to make a cut-off in this part of the road and thus save a couple of miles travel and at the same time quench our thirst from the waters of the Snake River that run along at the foot of the hill at our right. No sooner proposed than we started across lots. When arriving at the river I was about 200 yards ahead of Tom. I jumped down the bank, walked out on the beach to the river, lying down on my stomach for a good drink. When I had regained my feet I cast a casual glance down stream. There about 150 yards from me I saw two Snake Indians seated on an old tree top that had lodged there on the beach during some freshet. They seemed to be fishing with a hook and line. Seeing me there all alone, one of them left his fishing and started up to where I was standing. When I observed him start towards me I called Tom's attention to the fact and asked him to hurry on down. Neither of us had any firearms with

us for our protection, not even a pocket-knife. The Indian arrived where I was standing a few minutes before Tom. He was a young Indian about 20 or 21 years of age. I saw that he had no gun nor bow and arrows. I stood there until the Indian came up. He had in his hand a green cord such as we use on a powder horn. I had hooked my watch chain to the upper buttonhole of my pants, and it being brass it caught the eye of the young Indian. Just at the moment that the Indian was pointing towards the brass hook and muttering something in Indian I put my hand in my pocket for a chew of tobacco. Supposing that I was going to draw a gun, the Indian turned and ran like a streak of greased lightning for about fifty yards. Did I laugh at that Indian? Well, I just laid down and hollowed. When the Indian saw that I was laughing at him he turned and very cautiously returned to where I was standing, watching every move that I made for fear I would shoot him. He noticed a pin sticking in the lapel of my coat and offered to swap the green string for it. I gave him the pin and also a piece of the tobacco with which he thought I intended shooting him. He laughingly accepted the prize and started back for his companion, and we soon rejoined our company again. We traveled sixteen miles today. Good roads, but dusty as usual. Water has been very scarce all day. Tonight we are camped at the American Falls on Snake River, or, as our guide gives it, "Saptin River," and known as Lewis' fork of the Columbia. They have a fall of forty feet. It has been exceedingly warm for the past week.

July 28—Wednesday.—We started at 7 a. m. and traveled eight miles over a very rough, hilly country and stopped for lunch at the summit of a very steep hill, hard either to ascend or descend without accident to wagon or cattle. Beautiful cedar shade trees growing here, but quite scattering. After lunch we traveled three miles further and camped on Snake River. Wood scarce. The road runs a half mile from the river at this place. Good grazing about half a mile up a ravine. Very warm today.

July 29—Thursday.—We laid by today to wash and rest our cattle. This afternoon quite a number of the boys went

in bathing. James Bozwell struck out to swim across the river and dared any one to follow him. Being somewhat of an expert at swimming, having swam the Mississippi River at Quincy, Ill., where it was over one mile wide, I struck out to follow him. The Snake River at this place is a little over half a mile wide. On arriving at the opposite shore, having swam the river with ease, on looking back we saw some one else following us, he being about three-quarters of the way across. Jim asked who that fellow was, and said: "He will never be able to make it back; he swims too low in the water, and oh, so slow." I answered that I did not know who it could be, but one thing sure, we will have to walk up the bank of the river quite a distance before we strike across and swim, quartering down stream, or he would never make the other shore. We waited until the man arrived, who proved to be Tom Smith. Bozwell and Smith were traveling together across the plains and took alternate days in driving the team of R. L. Doyle. After resting a few minutes we started to walk up the river beach. We had gone but a short distance when we got into a patch of wild rose briars. We either had to start in to swim the river at this point or make our way around and above them. Jim declared there were too many briars for his feet and started from this place to swim the river. But being very dubious of Tom being able to make the other shore from this point, I told him that we would try and walk further up the stream before we ventured to cross. This proposition met with favor with Tom, and we continued our walk up the river among the briars. At last Tom declared that he could stand the briars no longer, and that he was quite certain that he could make it all right from this point, and emphatically declared that he would go no further among the briars. Therefore we started in to swim, taking our course quartering down stream. When we got about one-third of the way across I noticed Tom making very short strokes but no headway. I then asked him what was the matter, when he answered: "Enoch, I am going to drown. I can never make the other shore." Here was a dilemma, and one that required quick action if anything was to be done towards saving Tom's life. I saw at a glance that

nothing was the matter with Tom only he was badly scared. Being above and close to him, I floated down and almost directly under him, at the same time telling him to take hold of my shoulders with his hands and I would take him safely to the other shore. This he refused to do, saying: "No; you go on and leave me, for I might be the means of drowning both of us." At this point I spoke very abruptly, saying: "Oh, pshaw, Tom, there is nothing the matter with you only you are badly scared. Take hold of my sholders for a while until you get over your scare." He then took hold of me as I requested. I could feel him trembling from head to foot as I swam leisurely along. After resting for about five minutes in this position Tom said: "I feel all right now and believe I can make the shore safely." He then started to swim alone, but this did not last more than a minute or two, when he commenced the same old jerking movements. I quickly noticed this and once more floated down stream under him and ordered him in no uncertain tones to take hold of my shoulders again. This he did, but his fingers seemed to go right through my flesh he was so badly scared. I said: "Look here, Tom, you can squeeze me just as much as you please after we get on shore, but I want you to let up on this kind of squeezing out here." At this he loosened his hold a little. By talking with him and telling him how easy it was for me to swim with him on my back, he soon recovered from his scare. But I refused to let him try to swim alone any more. When we had arrived near the middle of the stream I was getting quite tired of my load, yet I dared not let him know it. I was studying some plan whereby we might obtain help without giving Tom any scare when Tom relieved my mind by saying: "Don't you think it would be well for us to call Jim Bozwell and get him to swim up this way and help us out a little?" I told him that would be a very good idea, for if he could only stem the current for just a few minutes we could soon swim down to him. Tom made the attempted call for Jim, but his own voice scared him so badly that his words were scarcely audible to myself. I then volunteered to call Jim, who on hearing of our plight changed his course and commenced trying to stem the current. But fearing that Tom would drown all three of

us, he very soon turned his course toward shore again, saying that he would swim to the shore, obtain a chunk of driftwood and come to our help. Seeing this, I said to Tom: "Well, Tom, I see that we are in for it. Don't get scared any more, hold lightly to my shoulders and we will make it all right." A few minutes later Tom urged me to call for help from the shore. This I was perfectly willing to do, for I was indeed getting very tired of towing a man weighing 165 pounds so far in a cold, swift stream of water. I called to those on shore and told them to obtain a piece of driftwood and swim out and help get Tom ashore. The answer came: "W-h-a-t d-o y-o-u w-a-n-t?" I then informed them the condition we were in. Cal Swindel, hearing the call, ran along the beach lacking every chunk of driftwood that he came to until he found one that he thought would answer the purpose and threw it with all the force he had out into the current. Then he commenced undressing himself. He got his pants pushed down below his knees, and all at once he pulled them up again and hallowed to us: "What do y-o-u w-a-n-t?" Then he would run along the beach again, pick up another chunk, throw it into the river and go through the same motions, pushing his pants below the knees, pulling them up again; then would come the sound of the chunk as it splashed in the water, and the voice: "W-h-a-t d-o y-o-u w-a-n-t?" He went through this same [illegible] [illegible] These maneuvers looked so [illegible] that Tom commenced laughing and said: "Just look at that [illegible] [illegible] It is so badly scared that he does not know what he is doing." This was a good opportunity for me to put in a few words, and I said: "Tom, now you can see how you look and get where you are scared. Now you can see how much dependence can be put in a man that is scared towards helping others who are in trouble, and more especially in helping himself when he is in trouble." We worried along to within 10 yards of the shore, and I had just about given up any hope of obtaining any help. I was puzzled to know what I did. My strength was just failing me, and should I give Tom the slightest hint he would get wild and probably [illegible] [illegible] The [illegible] thought of slipping from Tom's grasp and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

my mind, but my conscience would not harbor such a terrible thought. At last I concluded to tread water for a few minutes to rest myself for the final struggle and I informed Tom of my intention. He was agreed. I stopped swimming and commenced treading water. I felt my feet strike something. Again my feet struck something. What was it? I was surprised to find that it was a gravel bar; yet it was too deep to get a foothold. I glanced up stream and saw a point of land jutting out in the stream, and the swift current striking that point was the cause of the gravel bar being formed and we were on the outer edge of this bar. I informed Tom of the good news and with renewed courage immediately began swimming towards shore. Again I felt for the gravel bar. The water just came to my armpit, but the current was too swift for me to retain a foothold. Again I swam towards the shore for a few strokes and tried the depth of the water. This time I found the water only came up to my waist. I could keep my footing, but the current was too swift to make much headway. I dared not let Tom try to walk, therefore I requested that he bear all the weight possible on my shoulders, which would make it easier for me to keep my footing and stem the current. I continued my course towards shore, but finding the water getting deeper I turned my course up stream and found that the water was getting more shallow the further we proceeded. I concluded to give Tom a trial at walking, but still retained a good grip of his hand. The water soon became only knee deep. Then Tom wanted me to let go of his hand, saying: "I am all right now." I granted his request, but the poor fellow immediately commenced backing down stream, his arms extended and his eyes bulging from his head. He seemed perfectly dazed. I caught him by the arm and gave him a good shaking and roughly commanded him to come with me. As we proceeded up stream the water became deeper, and once more we changed our course towards the shore. We waded until the water came to our waists, then I swam the rest of the way with Tom on my back., it being about 150 feet. There was gladness in two hearts—yes, all the rest of the company as well—when our feet touched terra firma once more. I have saved several persons from drowning in

the Mississippi River in years gone by, but this was the hardest swim of my life.

July 30—Friday.—We started at 8 a. m. and traveled four miles down the Snake River to a creek about three and a half feet deep. Hard to get in and out of this creek. We traveled two miles furthed down and stopped for lunch. And here we left the river on our right and traveled seven miles to Raft River, where we watered our cattle and took on a good supply of water and traveled three miles further and made a dry camp. Grazing not very good. A few sagebrush for wood. The road today has been very rough and rocky. Hard on our wagons. Has the appearance of rain tonight.

July 31—Saturday.—We started at 7:30 a. m. and traveled twelve miles over an exceedingly rough, rocky road to Marsh Creek. This is the first water since leaving Raft River. Stopped for lunch. We had a good shower while here, which laid the dust. It is the first rain we have had for a long time. We traveled this afternoon down Marsh Creek for three miles and camped. After lighting the fire I dipped up a vessel of water from the creek and put it over the fire for our coffee. In the meantime William was up the creek prospecting. On his return he informed us there were eight or ten dead cattle lying in the creek just above our camp. As a matter of course we emptied out the water that we were heating for our coffee. As William knew exactly where to get good water we let him take the bucket and go after the water. William was very careful to go above those dead cattle that he had seen so as to be sure and get good water. He soon returned with a supply of good cool water from which we made our coffee, and we ate our supper with a good relish. The next morning I took the pail and started up the creek in search of the place where William had procured the water on the evening before. I saw where he stood and dipped up the water, but my curiosity led me further up the creek. Did I get above all the dead cattle? No; I went over one-half mile up that creek and every few steps I either found a horse, mule or an ox, and in some places I found three or four in one pile. A scum consisting

of all the colors of the rainbow was oozing from them and floating down stream for the benefit of the emigrants. The water from that creek tasted very sweet on the evening before, but this morning—oh my! Well, you can rest assured that I returned to camp with an empty bucket and that we used no more water from that creek. We counted over fifty head of dead oxen, horses and mules lying in the creek above our camp. No, thank you! No more wanted, unless sweetened. At this camp we bored the horns of all our cattle and found that every one had the hollow-horn.

August 1—Sunday.—We started at 7 a. m., traveling eight miles to Snake River. We crossed Marsh Creek three times since we started this morning, but you can bet your last button that we drank no more water from that creek. Four and one-half miles further brought us to Goose Creek, and in seven miles more we reached Snake River, where we camped for the night. The grass has all been eaten off anywhere near our camp. We are obliged to drive our cattle about one mile from camp, and then not get very good grass. Plenty of willow wood. Road today has been fairly good; some deep rut-holes made by the wagon wheels. No chance to evade them.

August 2—Monday.—We started at 7 a. m. Traveled thirteen miles to Cut-rock Creek. Here we camped. The first five miles were very rough and rocky. No running water in this creek; only water standing in pools. By driving our cattle nearly two miles up the creek we found very good bunch grass. We are now in the Digger Indian country, and we have to keep a sharp lookout for them and have doubled our guard.

August 3—Tuesday.—We started at 7 a. m. Traveled twelve miles to Rock Creek. Road unusually level, but the last part was quite rocky. We traveled down this creek about one mile from where we first struck it. Here we stopped for lunch. Fine bunchgrass and plenty of sagebrush. As we have a desert to cross within a few days, we have concluded to lay over at this place and rest up and recruit our cattle. Our guard is again doubled on account of the Digger Indians.

August 4—Wednesday.—We started at 7:30 a. m. Traveled nine miles over a very rough road to the crossing of Rock Creek. The banks of the creek at this place are very rocky, steep and ragged. Very little grass or fuel. We watered our cattle and traveled on one mile and stopped for lunch. We found very little grass at this place. After lunch we traveled six miles over a good road and camped on the same creek. Hard in getting down to the water; more so, it seems to us, than at any other place since crossing the Missouri River. Very little grass tonight for our cattle. Small switches of willow, and that green, is our only chance for wood tonight.

August 5—Thursday.—We started at 7:30 a. m. We traveled ten miles over a very rough road and stopped for lunch. No water and but little grass. After lunch we traveled three miles. Snake River is about 300 yards to our right and we have concluded to try and water our cattle at this place. We were obliged to descend a very rough, rocky and steep hill to reach the river, not knowing if we would be able to get our cattle back up the hill or not. Of course, we left our wagons on the hill. It requires from three-quarters' to one hour's time to water our cattle and return to the place where we left our wagons. It is so steep and bad that many cattle are too weak to climb the hill, therefore are left at the foot of the hill to perish among the big basalt boulders that cover the narrow buottoms of the Snake River. After watering our cattle we traveled on three miles and made a dry camp. Very little bunchgrass but plenty of sagebrush for fuel. We have scarcely enough water with us to make our coffee and tea. Clouding up tonight and looks very much like rain.

August 6—Friday.—We started at 7 a. m. and traveled seven miles over a very good road and descended a very long and steep hill to the Snake River. Here we watered our cattle and traveled on three miles over a heavy, sandy road to Snake River again. Here we stopped for lunch. After lunch we came two miles to Salmon Creek. One and a half miles further down a very steep hill brought us to Snake River again. Grass all eaten off; has the appearance of not being very much

grass at any time. We traveled on three miles to Bannock Creek. A very good camp for this country There is good grass about three miles up this creek. Road today very sandy.

August 7—Saturday.—We started at 9:30 a. m. Here the road leaves the river and rises to the table lands. Five miles' travel brings us to the Snake River again at Saimon Falls. Very little grass or sagebrush at this place. Again we ascend to the high table lands and came four miles over a very dry, sandy road and camp. We found very little grass at this place for our cattle and no water. We are now on the desert, on which our guide-book (Walker's) says it is thirty-three miles without water.

August 8—Sunday.—We started at 2 a. m. this morning and traveled thirteen miles over a very good road. Here the river runs one-half mile to our right. At this place we stopped to water and graze our cattle. We were obliged to descend another very steep hill to get down to the river. Like the other places just back of here, many cattle that go down this hill for water never return, being too weak to make the ascent. It took us three hours to water our cattle and return. We arrived here at 7 a. m. and laid by until 4:30 p. m. to favor our team, it being very warm and the road very sandy. We traveled on six miles further and camped for the night. We Sho-Sho-Nee Falls. The road was mostly down grade but sandy. found a little grass for our cattle but no water. The whole country around here is covered with wild sage.

August 9—Monday.—We started at 6 a. m. and traveled seven mile to Snake River and about forty rods above the Sho-Sho Falls. The road was mostly down grade but sandy. We have concluded to cross the river at this place for the purpose of avoiding the desert and also expecting to find better grass for our cattle. We calked two wagon beds and used them as a ferry to cross the river, one tied before the other. In this manner we safely crossed the same evening without any accident. We soon found plenty of good grass for our cattle on Dry Creek just over the bluffs. Plenty of wild sage and green willow wood.

August 10—Tuesday.—As we have good grass at this place and our cattle need rest, therefore we have concluded to remain here until tomorrow and put in the day ferrying emigrants. Our charge is $3 per wagon and 50 cents per head for stock swimming alongside of our improvised ferry boat. After our day's work was completed we found that we had made $33.50, all clear gain, but it was an undertaking that was fraught with many dangers, especially so with our female passengers, who were frightened almost out of their wits and kept dodging from one side of our boat to the other and endangering our safety. And sometimes the cattle that were being led alongside of our boat would either want to turn back or would start to swimming down stream, towing the wagon beds with them. This would have to be stopped or we would be in danger of going over the falls. Therefore we concluded not to try our hand at ferrying the next day. Yesterday a number of our cattle and one wagon loaded with provisions and several women aboard escaped going over the falls just by the skin of their teeth. They hired some Indians to swim their cattle, but when about in the middle of the stream the cattle became frightened of the Indians and turned their course right down the stream. At this critical moment the Indians left the cattle to their fate and turned their attention to the wagon and the ladies, and with great effort succeeded in landing the wagon just before the falls were reached. The cattle made for the shore and succeeded in getting out on the same side from which they started, just above the falls.

August 11—Wednesday.—This morning we took our wagon beds out of the water and dried them, then loaded up and started on our journey at 2 p. m. We traveled three miles up Dry Creek to a small spring of good water running out from under some willows and about 300 yards to the right of the road. Here we turned to the left and gradually ascended a mountain for two miles, and three miles further brought us to Dry, or Poison, Creek. The water stands in pools and is strongly impregnated with alkali. We traveled on four miles to Willow Creek. Bad crossing. Here we camped for the night. There is a good spring about 200 yards above our camp. Just

after crossing the Creek and close to the road are seven newly made graves side by side and two other graves near by. Nothing placed to their graves to tell who they are or where they came from. We have often noticed since starting across the continent that wherever we find alkali there we invariably find a number of fresh made graves. At this camp we found plenty of good water, wood and grass.

August 12—Thursday.—We started at 7:30 a. m. and traveled six miles to a good cold spring branch. Here we stopped for lunch. Plenty of good grass up this creek. After lunch we traveled twelve miles to the creek called Spring Branch. After crossing we traveled up this same creek for one mile and camped. Here we find excellent grass, but wood is scarce; only a few clusters of very small green willows. There is a good but small spring up the right-hand hollow among some willows. Some alkali up the left-hand hollow. The last part of the road this afternoon was rough and very rocky. Our oxen are picking up quite fast since crossing to this side of Snake River.

August 13—Friday.—We started at 6 a. m. and traveled two miles to Hot Springs. There are some six of eight of these springs boiling up close to each other, hot enough to boil an egg. Mrs. Burns tried one of them by immersing her finger, but quickly removed it without being told, declaring it entirely too hot for washing dishes. This hot water issues from crevices in a large flat rock, basaltic formation, which covers about half an acre. There is one cold stream of water issuing from this same rock. I sat down on this rock, putting my right hand in a cold spring of water and my left hand in a hot spring of water, the two springs being only five feet apart. After satisfying our curiosity as to these springs, we traveled four miles to a good cold spring branch. But little grass. We came on half a mile to another very good cold spring branch. But little grass here. Here we stopped for lunch. After lunch we traveled twelve miles to Barrel Creek and camped. Here we find excellent rye grass five and six feet high, and it looks like a field of oats. Plenty of good dry

willows and good water. The road today has been exceedingly rough and rocky.

August 14—Saturday.—We started this morning at 8 o'clock and traveled eight miles to Dry Creek. The first four miles were very rough and rocky, but the last part was very good. No water to be found here, but plenty of good wild rye grass all along the road. Here we ate our lunch, after which we traveled six miles to another dry creek, but found three good cold springs of water on the side of the hill about 200 yards above the road. The water from these springs sinks after running from 50 to 100 yards. We traveled four miles further to Charlotte Fork and camped for the night. Plenty of good wood and good grass and the very best of good drinking water. This is the first time that we have seen "tall timber" (balm) since we left the Platte River. No sagebrush here, and God grant there may be no more on our journey. We have had about enough and are tired of seeing it, yet we must acknowledge that it is a very good substitute for wood.

August 15—Sunday.—Today we laid by to rest up, etc.; also to hear a minister of the gospel preach. But when the time arrived the minister complained of a very severe headache, therefore we had no preaching today. He is a Presbyterian preacher. Name not obtained.

August 16—Monday.—We started at 7 a. m. Traveled twelve miles over a very hilly country. We stopped on top of one of these hills for lunch. No water. After lunch we traveled three miles. Descended a long hill which brought us into the bottoms of the Boise River. Jackrabbits abund here in great quantities. They put me in mind of when I was a kid, of setting bricks on end about five inches apart and then starting the one at the end to falling, which in turn would fall against the next one and so on until the last one was down, the row reaching clear across the brickyard. And so it is with these jackrabbits. You just scare up one of them and that one will run a few steps when it will scare up another one and he in turn will scare up another one. This

will continue until finally you will see within a radius of 100 yards from the first jackrabbit started twenty-five or thirty all running. These rabits weigh from ten to twelve pounds each and the most of them are very good eating. Being fresh meat, they tasted very good to us emigrants. We came on five miles to the Boise River. The grass on the Boise River bottoms is a wild rye grass, standing from five to six feet high and first-class feed. You would think so if you could see our cattle wade into it. It is just like turning them into a field of oats. Good wood and water. Splendid place for camping.

August 17—Tuesday.—We started at 7 a. m. and traveled twelve miles before we struck the river again. Here we watered our cattle and traveled on eight miles, where we came to the river again. Here we camped for the night. Good wood, water and grass. We were blessed with good roads today, except part of this afternoon the road was inclined to be quite sandy.

August 18—Wednesday.—We started at 7 a. m. Traveled sixteen miles and forded Boise River and came on three miles further and camped on Boise River. Plenty of wood and good grass from four to six feet high.

August 19—Thursday.—We started at 7 a. m. and traveled eight miles over a very good road and stopped for lunch. After lunch we traveled two miles to the crossing of Snake River at old Fort Boise. An old Scotchman of the Hudson's Bay Company is the only inhabitant of this fort. His name we did not learn. He went around among the emigrants begging fresh milk for an emigrant woman and her babe who was dumped out here by some human fiend to shift for herself. Inside of the fort are quite a number of Indian women ornamenting moccasins with bead work, for which they charge 25 cents per pair. There is an Indian village near the crossing of Snake River at this place. These Indians have been feasting on the dead carcasses of emigrant cattle. Some thoughtless emigrants whose cattle died near here cut the carcasses

open and put in a bait of strychnine, as they said, "to kill off some of those pesky coyotes," but the Indians happened to get hold of these poisoned carcasses and died by the hundreds. Their remedy was to put the patient into a sweat-house built with sticks and then covered with dirt. These sweat-houses are built near the bank of the river. When they imagined the patient had been sufficiently sweated, they would suddenly open the door, when the patient would make a desperate rush for the river, plunging into the cold water head foremost. Under this treatment the patient invariably died within a few minutes after coming from his cold bath. They kept up a continual pow-wow over their poisoned sick all night long. This afternoon we crossed Snake River in wagon beds for a boat. Toll, $3. We camped for the night near the river bank. Very little grass, but plenty of good wood.

August 20—Friday.—We did not get started quite as early as we usually do, as we left our cattle last night on an island where we found good grass. The island is just below the ferry where we forded our cattle. We got started on our journey this morning at 9 a. m. and traveled six miles over a very good road and stopped for lunch. No grass nor water. After lunch we traveled nine miles to Malheur River and camped. Good grass on both sides of the river and dry willows for wood. There are several hot springs along this river. One spring is about 100 yards below the ford. Temperature is 196. A German who was driving team for a man from Missouri could not be induced to remain near the spring for even a few minutes. It was enough for him to know that the water in that spring was very hot. "Coom avay, coom avay. I tells you vat it ish, hell ish not far from dis blace." This spring is near the water's edge of the Malheur River. The country still has that desolate and barren appearance. Plenty of sagebrush, but not quite so large as usual. Jackrabbits in abundance. We are in hopes that the scenery will very soon change.

August 21—Saturday.—We started at 7 a. m. and traveled about ten miles over a very good road and stopped for lunch. No water nor grass. After lunch we came two miles to Sul-

phur Springs, and six miles further on brought us to Dry Creek. No water nor grass. Finding no good place to camp, we traveled on four miles to Birch Creek and camped. Several good springs of water along this creek. The grass has been very good at this place but has been all eaten off by the thousands of poor and hungry cattle of the emigrants. Very little feed for our cattle tonight. Wild sage and willow wood plenty. Good road today but has been quite hilly.

August 22—Sunday.—We started at 8 a. m. Traveled three and a half miles over a very rough, rocky road to Snake River. Here our road turns to the right and we ascend a long, steep hill, and we see no more of Snake River after this. We traveled on four and a half miles to Burnt River. Very little grass. Willow wood plenty. Here we camped for the rest of the day and night. Has been very warm today. I was driving our team early today. William and Payson were somewhere back of us. We had not been in camp but a short time when here comes the boys, bringing with them Wilson Hess, a Quincy boy and a cripple. Quite a number of the emigrants took some discarded wagon beds at our last crossing on the Snake River, near Fort Boise, calked them with strips of rags, loaded their provisions and blankets and started down the river, as they said, for Oregon City. (At that time we knew the name of no other town within the limits of Oregon Territory, and, in fact, we supposed there was none other.—E. W. C.) Wilson Hess had cast his lot with these unfortunate emigrants. They reported the river as very swift and filled with large boulders, and perpendicular cliffs of rocks (basalt formation) touring up 400 and 500 feet on either side, and exceedingly dangerous to navigate. One of the wagon beds struck a rock and capsized. They lost all their provisions, bedding and clothing, the occupants barely escaping with their lives. They became frightened by their dangerous adventure down the Snake River in a wagon bed and concluded to desert their boats and take the emigrant road for the balance of the way. They packed their blankets and what provisions they had on their backs and traveled over the mountain about one mile to the emigrant road, where they left young Hess to shift for himself. When

we picked him up he said that he was waiting for his train to come along. We expect to do all we can for the unfortunate boy. Since arriving in our camp tonight Wilson Hess heard that his train was but one day back of us, and has come to the conclusion to wait at this camp for them to arrive.

August 23—Monday.—We started at 8 a. m. Traveling over a very rocky ridge for one and a half miles brought us to Burnt River again. This stream we crossed and traveled on seven miles over a very rough, dusty road, crossing this same stream twice more. Here we stopped for lunch. After lunch we traveled three miles—very hilly—to a cold mountain stream of water. Three miles and a half more brought us to another cold spring of water. Just below this last spring we found a family, consisting of husband, wife and four small children, whose cattle, as we supposed, had given out and died. They were here all alone and no wagon or cattle in sight, the husband sick and scarcely able to raise his head from the pillow, lying by the roadside in the shade of some small bushes to protect them from the burning rays of the sun. Several of our train stopped to talk with the family for a few minutes, endeavoring to find out the cause of their misfortune, but on that subject they were very reticent. We came on a short distance to Burnt River and camped. Our company held an informal meeting and immediately sent a committee of four back to confer with the distressed family and make all necessary arrangements to care for them during the remainder of their trip, for we were determined to do all in our power that they should not be left alone to suffer and perish by the roadside. After we made known the cause of our visit, the lady said in part: "The man to whom the team belonged seemed, before we started from home, to be one of the most generous, kind-hearted Christian men in the world. Having plenty of money, he fitted up several more teams than were needed for his own family use. These teams he let his neighbors and friends have to haul their provisions and their little ones across the plains, with this understanding, that the teams and wagons were to be turned over to him as his property when they arrived at their destination. Everything went along all

right until my husband took sick and unable to walk, and then everything went wrong. I tried to do the very best I could under these trying circumstances. I took the whip and drove our team and made my sick husband as comfortable as possible in the wagon, with our four little children, praying God to give me strength that I might be able to hold out and save my sick husband and little ones alive to our journey's end. But the owner of the team, Mr. ———, became very cross and irritable, and said a great many hard things, and did not want me to let my little children ride in the wagon, saying: "The cattle and wagon belongs to me, and if you let them young ones ride the cattle will very soon give out and die." I tried to reason with him, and told him that my husband was too sick and weak to walk, and my little children were not able to walk all of the time. But to all this he turned a deaf ear, declaring that the children should not ride. We had already thrown away every thing that we possibly could spare so as to lighten our load and favor the cattle to satisfy him; I even carried my youngest child in my arms part of the time and drove my team and made the other children walk, and yet he was not satisfied, but threatened to set our things out and take the team and wagon from us. What to do, more than I had already done, I did not know, for my husband was too sick to walk even for a few steps, and yesterday he carried his threats into execution. Do you see this?" Here she exhibited her feet and those of her four little children. We were indeed surprised and horrified at the sight which met our eyes when that poor, grief-stricken mother tenderly removed the rags from those little feet and also those from her own. It would have softened even the savage heart of Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily. The sole of each little foot was covered with sores, and swollen to nearly twice their natural size, caused by their long and continued walk over the rocks and hot sands of the plains. Their shoes having given out, the mother had swathed their little feet in rags, and also her own feet, to protect them as much as possible from the sharp rocks and burning sand. A very poor substitute indeed for shoes. But all this did not soften the heart of the brute who claims to be one of the human family. "He became so enraged that he took what few things we had and set them

and one-half miles over a rocky hill and struck the same creek, and two and one-half miles brought us to Powder River, and eight miles further over a good road brought us to the bluffs. Here we camped. Good spring water and willow wood. The grass is very good, that is, what there is left, it having been burned over lately. We pity the last part of this year's emigration—not much grass left for them.

August 28—Saturday.—We started at 7 a. m. Here the road rises the bluffs again. Two and one-half miles over an exceedingly steep and rocky ridge brought us into a beautiful little valley called "Clover Valley," and probably derived its name from the wild clover found growing in the valley. There are many fine cold springs of water to be found in this valley. We came up the valley about one-half mile, and then we traveled three miles more over hills and hollows, and a very rough and rocky road. And dust! Well, we have become so used to the dust, which generally is from two to six inches deep, that we do not think of making any mention of it. This brought us to the summit of the mountain, overlooking the Grand Ronde Valley, one of the prettiest and most welcome sights seen on the whole route. Two miles more down a long, steep and rocky hill brought us into the valley. We crossed a nice, cool spring branch just at the foot of the mountain, and the entrance to the valley. Here we laid by and camped for the night. Here we found plenty of good wood, water, and the best of grass. At this camp we obtained our first ripe cherries—choke cherries. We are now said to be in the Lapawa tribe of Indians. They are a very friendly tribe, religious, and have learned to observe the Sabbath. They have any quantity of fine-looking ponies. Shortly after camping two men came into the camp with a good supply of bear meat. They had taken an old Indian trail about four miles back, near Clover Valley, which was a cut-off leading into the Grand Ronde Valley. On their way they had to pass through a strip of pine timber, where they run onto a large black bear, which they killed, and brought some of the meat to camp with them. They took supper with us and gave us a piece of the meat, and also informed us where we could find the balance of the carcass.

Mrs. Burns cooked some of the meat for our supper, of which we all partook with a good relish. After our bear-meat feast several boys of our camp went back to where the bear was killed and brought in the remainder of the meat. We had bear meat for several days. When they went after the bear meat Mr. Goodnough took his dog with him. The dog became so frightened at the sight of that dead bear that he took sick and died in about one week afterward.

August 29—Sunday.—We laid by today until noon, letting our cattle rest and feast on the good grass that abounds in great abundance in this vicinity. At 1 p. m. we started on our way, and traveled eight miles across this beautiful valley, to the Grand Ronde River. Here we camped. Good grass and water, and the best of wood, and plenty of it, close at hand. While camped at this place we had a great many Indian visitors. One tall, slim young squaw, daughter of a chief, dressed in a black velvet dress, who claimed to be the wife of a Hudson's Bay man by the name of McClane, who, she said, had deserted her. A short time afterward another lot of Indians came riding up on horseback to our camp. Among them was one small-sized squaw with light auburn hair, and her features that of a white woman. She had a small papoose strapped to her back. While standing out a few feet from our wagon, viewing the arrival and departure of the different squads of Indians, I noticed a small-sized Indian riding towards our camp on a full gallop. Just then I heard some one just back of me exclaim: "I wonder where that d—d Indian came from." On looking around I saw that it was a full-blood Indian that had made this remark. I said to him, "You seem to talk the white man's language quite well. Where did you learn it?" He answered that he had lived with Mr. Whitman a long time, and he had taught him to speak and read the white man's language. He told me that his name was "Dick," and that Mr. Whitman was a very good man. While at this camp we lost our horse. Mr. Burns, being fearful that the Indians would try to steal her, had tied her with a strong rope to the back end of our wagon and only a few feet from the head of his bed, thinking that no one could take her away without him knowing it, but the cunning

red man was a little too foxy for us. They stole the horse, rope and all, without us knowing anything about it until the next morning. William and two or three others from our camp went out in the valley looking for the horse, but naturally failed in their efforts. While out in the valley they heard a number of persons singing an old Methodist hymn. Thinking it was some emigrant company that was holding a meeting, they approached the grove where the meeting was being held, and, to their surprise, discovered that it was a large body of Indians who had met in the grove for the purpose of holding a religious meeting. I suppose they had heard "the good news of the gospel" from the lips of the Rev. Whitman. Not desiring to disturb the services, the boys withdrew and returned to camp, minus the horse.

August 30—Monday.—We started on our way this morning at 7 a. m. and traveled up the Grand Ronde River a short distance and commenced the ascent of the Blue Mountains. We came eight miles over a very rough and hilly country and came to the Grand Ronde River again. Here we stopped for lunch. Plenty of wood, but no grass. Very little grass here at any time. After lunch we traveled nine miles up the mountain and camped. We found good water in a deep ravine on our left, standing in pools. We found some little mountain grass on the hillsides. We have had a drizzling rain all day long.

August 31—Tuesday.—The rain continued throughout the whole night. Soon after going into camp two Indians of the Nez Perce tribe visited our camp and, without any invitation, concluded to remain with us all night. They had traded a pony to some emigrant for a steer, and some one had taken the liberty of confiscating the steer for their own use, and these two Indians, who were well armed, were on the hunt for the thieves. We gave them their supper, which seemed to please them very much, and by the way they caused the food to disappear one would think that this was their first meal for a month past. They both had the appetite of a hungry bear. It had the appearance of trying to fill a barrel which had no head in it. They consumed one pint of sugar each with their meal. After supper

was over all had to partake of the pipe of peace. Finally, the pipe was passed to Mrs. Burns, who was rather inclined to rebel, never having smoked tobacco, and then the very thought of putting the stem of that old pipe in her mouth was to her worse than taking a dose of castor oil. She gently took her apron and with it wiped the stem of the pipe, and then merely touched the stem to her lips. This act of hers caused a smile to come over the countenance of both Indians, but it seemed to satisfy them. Suffice it to say, we kept a close watch all that night. The Indians were up and off quite early this morning, before breakfast, on the hunt for the emigrant who had stolen their steer. We started this morning at 8 a. m. and traveled nine miles to a creek, where water was standing in pools. Here we stopped for lunch. After lunch we came eight miles and then camped. We found water standing in pools, also very good mountain grass in a deep ravine to our left. It was very steep, and hard getting our cattle in and out of this ravine. Here we found an ox that had been driven into this ravine for grass, but, being too weak to climb the steep hill, the owner had left him behind. We took the ox along with us, calling his name "Lazarus." He took the place of "Old Bill," the ox that we left by the road several days back. We are now near the summit of the Blue Mountains.

Setpember 1—Wednesday.—We started at 7 a. m. and traveled fifteen miles to the foot of the Blue Mountains. There is a fine spring at this camp, but no grass. The Indians have so many ponies herded in this vicinity that they eat the grass clean as they go. At this camp is the principal village of the Cayuse Indians. We traveled on three miles further to the Umatilla River and camped. Our cattle were forced to browse the small willows for food. Just below camp the Indian women had erected a great many scaffolds for drying berries for their winter's use, and the men were spearing salmon on the riffles. Am not feeling very well tonight. This is the third day that I have been troubled with dysentery, contracted while a soldier in the Mexican war.

September 2—Thursday.—We started at 7 a. m. and traveled nine miles to the crossing of the Umatilla River. Here we

stopped for lunch, but no grass for our cattle. After lunch we took on a good supply of wood and water, as there is a seventeen-mile stretch ahead of us today without either wood or water. After lunch we came three miles before we left the river, and then six miles and camped. We found a little bunch grass, and a few twigs of greasewood, but no water. Am not feeling any better tonight.

September 3—Friday.—We started at 7 a. m. and traveled fourteen miles. Here we found a good spring on the right-hand side, and about twenty steps from the road, and here we stopped for lunch. No grass. After lunch we traveled five miles and camped on the bottoms of the Umatilla River. Good water, but standing in pools. Good grass and plenty of good wood. Am feeling better tonight.

September 4—Saturday.—We started at 7 a. m. and traveled three miles, to the crossing of the Umatilla River, at the Indian agency. Here we saw the first frame house since leaving the Missouri River. This house is about eighteen or twenty feet square, and one story high. The sight of this house, although standing all alone out here in this wilderness, proved to be a great stimulus to the poor emigrants, worn out by their long trip across the continent, who received new encouragement, believing their long and tiresome journey was nearing its end, and trudged along. After crossing the river we traveled on ten miles, to Alder Creek. Here we camped. Good water, but wood is very scarce. Some few green willows just above our camp. The country around here has a barren appearance. The grass near has all been eaten off and we are obliged to drive our cattle over two miles from camp, out on the hills, where we found a little dry bunch grass. This dry bunch grass does not look very inviting, yet it must be very good, as our cattle seem to thrive on it. Am feeling quite well tonight. We met some men this afternoon who were from The Dalles. They said they were carrying the United States mail to Salt Lake City. They had ten or twelve pack animals with them. Nearly every person they met had a lot of questions to ask in regard to Oregon. Of course we were no exception, and when we met

them many questions were asked. Finally some one in our party asked about the size of Oregon City, and how far it was to that place. This question about Oregon City seemed to ruffle his feelings somewhat, and he answered, "You emigrants seem to think that Oregon City is the only town in Oregon. Why, there is Portland, that is about twelve miles below, which is twice the size of Oregon City, and does ten times the business. You fellers must be a set of damned ignoramuses to think that Oregon City is the only town that is in Oregon." We readily came to the conclusion that we were somewhat ignorant concerning the geography of the great Northwest, and asked no more questions.

September 5—Sunday.—As we have some long drives to make without water we have concluded to lay by today and rest our cattle. It is about one hundred miles from this camp to The Dalles. You see that we have lately learned that there are other towns in Oregon besides Oregon City.

September 6—Monday.—We started this morning at the usual hour and treveled twenty miles over a very good road, except being somewhat sandy, to "Well Springs." This spring is about a quarter of a mile from the road, to the left, and is very strongly impregnated with sulphur, and only fit for the cattle, and hardly fit for that. Some danger of the cattle getting mired at this spring. There is another spring at the side of the road, and the water is a little better. At this last spring we camped. We were obliged to clean out the spring before we could obtain any water. We shoveled out over a wagon load of filth before we got down to any good water that we could drink. These springs are on top of small mounds, and the water oozes up through the soft earth. No wood, except a little greasewood, for tonight. Very little grass.

September 7—Tuesday.—We made out to get enough water for our cattle this morning and started on our way at the usual hour and traveled fifteen miles to Willow Creek. Good camp, but the water at this place stands in pools. We traveled down this creek and to the right of the road about one mile and

camped. Here we found running water, which has a better taste. Good grass just below our camp. Dry willow wood tonight. Our cattle lag today, and seem to be pretty well worn out.

September 8—Wednesday.—We laid by today until 12 o'clock and then started out, traveling thirteen miles over a good road, except a little hilly, and made a dry camp. Very poor grass. We brought sufficient wood with us from Willow Creek to cook our supper and breakfast.

September 9—Thursday.—We started at 6 a. m. Quite cool this morning, and the cattle move off briskly. We traveled one mile and descended a short hill, which brought us into a small valley. We traveled on eight miles up a ravine—good road—to a good spring of water. We did not stop at this spring to water our cattle, as there was not sufficient water—it would take us too long. We ascended a very long hill about two miles to the table lands, and traveled on three miles further and descended a very steep hill. Here we forded the John Day River and traveled down the river one-half mile and camped. There has been very good grass in this valley, but the ground is now barren, the grass having been eaten off. We drove our cattle to the table lands back of our camp, where we found good bunch grass. Wood tonight is very scarce; have to use small, green willows. It is now about 5 o'clock p. m. A woman died, a few minutes ago, in the next train to our camp. About five or six days since she gave birth to a child, and traveling over rough roads in her condition was too much for her. She died with puerperal fever. It is hard, indeed, to see a young mother go down to the grave under such circumstances, but this case is only one of the many which has happened this season among so many emigrants. Many of the emigrants will without doubt suffer for want of food if help does not reach them in time.

September 10—Friday.—We started at 7 a. m. Here the road turns to the left and rises to the table lands up a long, narrow, sandy, and very rocky road, and very steep. It is

two miles to the top of this hill. Here the road forks, the right-hand road leading to The Dalles and the left-hand road over the Cascade Mountains, by way of the Barlow road. At this place we parted company with R. L. Doyle and family, his wife being sick, he concluded not to try crossing the Cascades, the rest of our train crossing the mountains, believing our cattle strong enough to stand the trip. We traveled on four miles further and stopped for lunch. Plenty of good bunch grass, but no water. After lunch we traveled on nine miles to "Mud Springs." Water in this spring is not very good, and very little of it, and a very poor place for camping. We came on two miles to a good mountain spring on the left-hand side of the road. Here we camped. Plenty of the very best of grass but no wood. There is wood about three hundred yards ahead, but we did not know of this until the next morning. It is very mirey around this spring. One of our oxen got mired here, but, being quite strong, he got out quite easy.

September 11—Saturday.—We started at 7 a. m. Traveled ten miles over a very good road to a good, but small, spring on the left-hand side and about half-way up the hill. Good bunch grass. Wood about two hundred yards up the left-hand ravine. We laid by here for the rest of the day.

September 12—Sunday.—We laid by at this camp until noon, and started, winding our way up ravines and over hills and hollows towards the mountains. We traveled one mile to a good, cold spring of water on the right-hand side of the road. Plenty of water here for the stock. We traveled ten miles further and camped. No water, but plenty of the very best bunch grass.

September 13—Monday.—We started at the usual hour, traveling over the table lands thirteen miles, to the Deschutes River. A long, steep hill to descend just before arriving at the river. The Deschutes River has cut its way through a layer of basalt rock at this place, leaving perpendicular banks of basalt on either side. The river is about sixty feet wide and from ten to fifteen feet deep. Here we found a good ferry,

kept by a Mr. Olney. Toll, $3 per wagon—and we swim our own cattle. At this place we heard our first talk in the Chinook jargon: "Mika klatawa kopa sahale illahe isskum nika kuitan." This was said by Mr. Olney to an Indian in his employ, and who wanted the Indian to go back to the table lands and bring his horse to him. The Indian answered: "Nawitka kloshe kahkwa nika isskum"—Yes, very well, I will go and get him. After crossing we ascended a very steep, rocky and difficult hill, one and a quarter miles to the summit, and almost a half-day's drive. After gaining the summit we traveled on one and a quarter miles further to a good spring in the ravine at the left of the road. Here we camped. Good grass back on the table lands, and up the ravine is very good willow wood.

September 14—Tuesday.—We started at 10 a. m. and traveled four miles to a large-sized creek, or river, as they call them here, and which is as muddy and sandy as the Platte River. Here we stopped for lunch. Good spring on left side of the road. After lunch we traveled two miles to Tyghe Valley. Here is quite a good-sized Indian village; one log house of two stories; some few whites among them. At this place we bought one peck of potatoes at the rate of $4.00 a bushel, and two pounds of fresh beef at 75 cents per pound. We crossed the creek in Tyghe Valley and ascended a long and very steep hill; one mile to the summit. We came on two miles further over a very good road, to a small creek. Here we camped. Good water and grass; wood plenty.

September 15—Wednesday.—We started this morning at about 10 o'clock, and traveled six miles over a very good road, to a creek in a deep canyon, the valley being about one hundred yards wide. Here we camped. Grass and water good, and wood in abundance. We passed a few oak trees yesterday and today. We are now camped at the foot of the Cascade Mountains, and three miles from the "Barlow Gate," where toll is supposed to be taken for the great benefit to be derived by the poor emigrant, worn out by his long trip of two thousand miles across the continent with an ox team, who now has the privilege of paying a few paltry dollars for crossing the last

range of mountains that lays between him and civilization. At this camp we met with an enterprising emigrant, who was lucky enough to arrive at civilization some two weeks since. He sold his outfit and purchased a supply of the necessaries of life and, returning to this place, had set up a small trading post for the benefit (?) of the poor emigrant. As he said: "All those traders that we met out here skinned us emigrants for all we were worth, and now I have come back here to skin all the balance of the emigrants." And I rather think that he made good his word. This afternoon while on our way to this camp we witnessed a very pretty little race between a coyote and a jackrabbit. It was either life or death for the rabbit, but not so with the coyote. He entered the race for a nice, good, fresh meal which he expected to receive at the end of the race. The race took place near the summit of a mound and about fifty yards to the right of the road, and was in a circle of about three hundred yards. The rabbit first came in sight from behind the mound, running for dear life. Taking a circle, he soon disappeared from our sight behind the knoll. Just after the rabbit disappeared the coyote came in sight, putting in his best licks to overtake his intended victim. He, too, disappeared behind the knoll. Soon after the coyote's disappearance, to our surprise here came the rabbit again for another round. Some of the boys declared that the rabbit was after the coyote, and offered to wager that he would catch the coyote on the next round. By this time the excitement was running high. The whole train was stopped to witness the finish of the race. Before the rabbit disappeared the second time the coyote hove in sight. It was quite plain to be seen that the coyote was gradually closing up the gap between them. At this stage of the race many wagers were offered as to the number of rounds it would take for the coyote to close the gap between them. The rabbit made his appearance in the third and the fourth rounds, with the coyote closely following and gradually closing the gap. Finally they both came in sight for the fifth and last round, the coyote about twenty feet behind his victim. At this stage of the race the whole train, with one voice, gave the racers three rousing cheers, but neither rabbit nor coyote flew the track, nor

seemed to pay the least attention whatever to the noise, but silently and steadily pursued their course, the rabbit putting in his best licks to save his bacon, and the coyote straining every nerve in his last effort to obtain a good, fresh meal. They quickly passed from sight the fifth time. As they did not appear any more in the race we came to the conclusion that the rabbit had thrown up the sponge. While at this place many Indians visited our camp, and it is surprising what loads their ponies can carry and keep their feet. Only a few minutes ago two large-sized Indians, riding one little bit of a pony, came down that steep hill, under the whip and at full gallop. The hill is thickly covered with cobblestones from the size of one's fist to the size of one's head. Each Indian must have weighed at least one hundred and sixty pounds; that is, three hundred and twenty pounds all told. Every moment we expected to see the pony stumble and fall, killing the riders and perhaps the pony also. It certainly would be a miracle if he did not, but, to our surprise, the pony made the camp safely without a stumble. They certainly have won, and deserve the appropriate name of "rough riders."

September 16—Thursday.—Today we laid over to rest our cattle for the trip over the Cascade Mountains. Weather clear and beautiful.

September 17—Friday.—We have concluded to lay by at this camp until after dinner. After dinner we started on our way, traveling three miles to "Barlow's Gate," where we camped. Good, cold mountain water at this place, but are obliged to drive our cattle about one mile to obtain any grass, and then we find it is very close picking. Beautiful place for camping. Great, tall fir and hemlock, interspersed with cedar trees standing very thick, and from two to three hundred feet high, and many of them eight and nine feet in diameter. Very little underbrush. It is indeed a wonder how such great, tall trees can stand against the wind; but they stand here, straight as an arrow, as living witnesses. We find no one here to take toll, and the poor, worn-out emigrant is not one bit sorry. This afternoon I took a book and went out from the camp about one

hundred yards, finding a cool, shady place under a large fir tree. I seated myself, leaning my back against the tree, and thus I prepared myself for a couple hours of enjoyment in reading. After remaining in this position for a little over half an hour I found it necessary to move a little if I wished to keep in the shade, for I find that the sun is not quite as accommodating out here in Oregon as it was with Joshua and the Israelites in the wilderness, when he commanded. "Sun, stand thou still upon Gideon" (Joshua, 10:12). Therefore I made the effort to rise, but failed. Again I made the effort, but met with the same success as before. By this time I was becoming somewhat nervous and very inquisitive to learn what it was that held me down so firmly by the seat of my pants. What was it? It certainly could not be the sting or bite of some reptile, for I felt no pain whatever; could see no coils of a reptile around my person, and yet it held me firmly to the surface of the ground. Therefore it certainly must be an animal that was well supplied with suckers. Could it be possible that what they call a "devilfish" had crawed out here from the Pacific Ocean and now, seeing an opportunity for a good, fresh meal, had fastened his many suckers to the seat of my pants? I was about to alarm the camp when the thought struck me that I would play the Quaker trick on him; that is, with my pocket knife I would cut that part off of my pants and tell Mr. Devilfish, as the Quaker told the pirate, "Friend, if thee wants that part of my pants thee can have it." While endeavoring to obtain my pocket knife I accidentally laid my hand on the ground close to my side, and there it was tightly held by the same mysterious green-eyed monster having sufficient suckers to hold an elephant. I succeeded in releasing my hand, but to my surprise found it covered with a mixture of soft pitch, loose ashy soil and the small leaves of the fir tree, this mixture making a formidable cement. Knowledge dispels all mystery, and the mystery of the green-eyed monster being driven away, I set to work extricating myself from my predicament. I did not play the Quaker trick, but just crawled out of my pants, like a snake that was shedding its skin, and with my knife skinned the stuff from the seat of my pants. **Moral: Be careful where you sit.**

September 18—Saturday.—We started this morning bright and early to cross the Cascade Mountains, traveling fifteen miles to Little Deschutes River, over a very good mountain road, except one very steep hill called "Little Laurel," which we were obliged to descend to reach the river. We locked both wheels and then rough-locked with chains, and then came very near killing one of our wheel oxen. Something had happened to one of the teams ahead of us, which caused a stoppage of all the teams on the hill back of them. When our leaders stopped, and the hill being so very steep, the other oxen in the team telescoped them, caused by our wagon running onto them. In the mixup one of our wheel oxen had his neck so wrenched that a stream of blood about the size of a lead pencil spurted from his nose. The stoppage was only for a minute or two, when the other wagons ahead of us started on, then I straightened out our team and started on down the hill. The blood soon stopped running from his nostril and he seemed none the worse for the mixup. At the top of this hill we observed several trees that were considerably worn by the ropes used by former emigrants in letting their wagons down this hill, but we used no ropes on the whole route for that purpose. We followed up this stream for three miles, crossing it six times, and camped. Nothing but alder browse for our cattle tonight.

September 19—Sunday.—We started very early this morning and traveled about fifteen miles over some awful roads, and camped. Many stumps and large boulders in the road. Tonight we are camped about two miles past the summit, and about four and one-half miles south of Mount Hood. Very little good grass for our cattle tonight, but plenty of sour mountain grass. John Jones brought in a lot of blue huckleberries this afternoon. We find the nights very cool here in the mountains.

September 20—Monday.—We started as early as usual and traveled eight miles to the Laurel Hill. The road on this hill is something terrible. It is worn down into the soil from five to seven feet, leaving steep banks on both sides, and so narrow that it is almost impossible to walk alongside of the

cattle for any distance without leaning against the oxen. The emigrants cut down a small tree about ten inches in diameter and about forty feet long, and the more limbs it has on it, so much the better. This tree they fasten to the rear axle with chains or ropes, top-end foremost. This makes an excellent brake for the wagon, especially in going down such hills as this one. When he arrives at the foot of the hill he will take off his lead yoke of cattle, hitch onto the tree left in the road by the man that came down just in front of him, haul it out of the way, and he will then leave the tree in the road that he used on his own wagon for the next fellow to look after. Our wagon was in all shapes coming down this hill; sometimes one fore heel would drop nearly three feet from a boulder in the road, while at the same time the opposite rear wheel dropped two feet or more into another hole. Bad as the road was we succeeded in getting down this hill in safety. We traveled seven miles further and camped at the second crossing of the Little Sandy. No grass; nothing but browse. One of our oxen gave out this afternoon, and we had to leave him behind for tonight. Today we passed a number of trees that were cut down, leaving a stump thirty to thirty-five feet high, and wondered how the person ever managed to fell the tree and leave such a high stump. But all was made plain when we were told that the trees were cut down when the snow was on the ground.

September 21—Tuesday.—Atmosphere this morning cool and cloudy, and a drizzling rain is falling. We traveled ten miles and crossed the Big Sandy. Here we camped. Nothing but browse for our cattle tonight. It has rained all day. Yesterday we met a man on the road by the name of "Emery," who lives on the Tualatin Plains, in Oregon. He was driving eight or ten head of loose cattle, and was on his way to meet some of his relatives, who were coming across the plains. Last night they all got away from him and started back for home. We saw them coming and headed them off. Two of them were well broke to the yoke. These we yoked up and worked them in place of our tongue yoke. Just after lunch Mr. Emery and his man rode into camp, on his way back, looking for his

cattle. We told him what we had done, thinking to save him a long trip after his cattle. He thanked us very kindly and said by so doing we had saved him a good long ride back to his home in the Willamette Valley. Kindly thanking us again, he rounded up his cattle and started back on the road to meet his relatives.

September 22—Wednesday.—This morning we started as early as usual, traveling twelve miles, and crossed "The Devil's Backbone." We have arrived at the conclusion that the much-dreaded place that the world calls "hell" is no more to be dreaded, for on our trip across the continent we have safely passed through "The Devil's Gate," and witnessed a great many of his works while reviewing his grand estate, and at at last, after arriving away out here in Oregon, we have had the exquisite pleasure of driving our team over the old man's backbone. That is, "The Devil's Backbone." Here we will leave the old man's carcass to be wet with the mists of an Oregon winter. We came down a very steep hill and crossed the Big Sandy. This crossing we found was very hard to make on account of the many big boulders to be found in the stream. To get across safely we were obliged to travel a zig-zag course. After crossing we ascended a very long, steep hill and camped by a small spring of good, cool water on the left of the road. Grass is fairly good tonight. Tonight Mrs. Burns made bread from the last of our flour; also, at this meal we consume the last of our meat, and, in fact, we are about out of everything eatable. We live in the hope that there will be plenty for all when we arrive at our destination. My! Oh, my! what a hungry crowd the people of Oregon will have to feed during the coming winter, and the great majority of them have no money to buy with.

September 23—Thursday.—We started early this morning for Foster's ranch, which we are told is only six miles from this camp. Very good road. We arrived at Mr. Foster's about 10 a. m., and camped by a creek near the Foster home. We put our cattle in a pasture and bought a cut of hay for them, and then engaged dinner at the house at the rate of fifty cents per

meal. Our dinner consisted of hot biscuits, cold slaw, fresh beefsteak, and boiled potatoes, served with hot coffee or tea. This meal tasted very good and sweet to us after our long trip of five months across the continent with an ox team, yet we considered it poor fare for the price. One young man took a chair at the table with us and continued eating after the third table was served. Finally Mr. Foster, fearing the young man would kill himself by eating too much, ordered him from the table. He very reluctantly obeyed, went out to his camp, which was just above ours, and laid down on the grass. He soon became a very sick man, and for the next three hours writhed in great agony, coming very near passing in his checks. We will leave for Oregon City early in the morning, which is about twenty miles from Foster's.

September 24—Friday.—We started bright and early this morning for Oregon City, traveling fourteen miles over good roads and through beautiful valleys, passing several farmhouses, neatly finished and painted white, that gives an encouraging appearance to us poor worn-out emigrants. We camped to-night by a small, cold mountain stream. Grass is very good, wood—My! Oh, my! it is in great abundance, such as pine, fir, hemlock, ash, maple and white oak. Our cattle are feeling fine tonight. They seem to realize, with us, that our journey's end is near at hand, and, thank God, only one day more, and then—

September 25—Saturday.—We started early this morning, our cattle traveling off well. We came five miles, which brought us to the Clackamas River, a beautiful, clear, cold stream of water, about one hundred yards wide and about three or four feet deep. We forded this stream and came about one mile further, which landed us in the heart of Oregon City and ended our journey across the continent, consuming five months and five days in the trip from Quincy, Illinois, to Oregon City. We pitched our tent on the south side and close to the Methodist church, remaining at this camp for about one week, feasting on watermelons and good fresh vegetables, right from the garden, which are brought in by the Clackamas County farmers in great abundance. Being a bricklayer by trade I looked

enough for two persons and all the others were single bunks. Our, being the upper bunk, was only twenty-two inches wide, and for this bunk we paid $1 each per night. We laid there all night straight as a shingle, but very little sleep for either one. We were both glad to see the dawn of another day and were up very early. We took in the sights of the city long before the landlord of our hotel called us for breakfast, for which we paid 50 cents. After breakfast we bid good-by to our friends and started on the road for the Tualatin Plains. As Payson Burns had not found any work to do, I told him that I would take him along to make the mortar and carry the brick, to which he agreed. We traveled on what is called the Canyon Road. On arriving at Mr. Steward's we found a bricklayer there who had just commenced laying the foundation for the chimney. Supposing there was no use for us to remain any longer, we made a start towards the road for Portland. Standing near the gate was a gentleman—I have forgotten his name—who had crossed the plains with Mr. Steward and family but was no a resident of California, but was on a visit to his Oregon friends. This gentleman spoke and said: "Boys, there is no use of you going back to Portland. This young man will give you work for a day or two. After that you will find plenty to do around here in the country." The bricklayer answered: "Certainly I will give him work if he wants it." Payson Burns obtained work for a few days from an adjoining farmhouse. He then went back to Oregon City. I worked that afternoon on the chimney. The next morning the boss went to Portland with Charles Steward, leaving me alone to work on the chimney, which I finished about the middle of the afternoon. Having nothing more to do that afternoon, I wandered around the farm looking at the different crops that Mr. Steward had put in on the place and was surprised to note the wonderful productive qualities of the soil. Such crops I never witnessed before. On my return to the house I passed through the garden, and being a great lover of turnips I looked around to see if I could find any. I saw some kind of a vegetable in the garden with a leaf similar to that of a turnip. But, my, I could not believe that it was a turnip, for one would fill a bushel measure. When I went to the house I asked Mrs.

Steward if they had any turnips. She replied: "Why, yes; there is plenty of them out in the garden." I told her that I had looked all through her garden but could find no turnips. At this she said: "Come with me and I will show you where they are." To my surprise she went straight for those large vegetables and in a moment had one of them turned over on its side. I carried it to the house, put it on the scales, and was more surprised than ever to find that it brought down twenty-one and three-quarters pounds. I cut a small slice from it and found it crisp and sweet. The next morning I started for Hillsboro to see Dr. Wilcox, as I was told that he wanted a chimney built in his new house that he was just finishing up. I met the doctor at the fence in front of his house and informed him what I was after. He asked no questions, but very kindly asked me in the house and told his carpenter—a Mr. Brown—to cut the hole in the floor for the chimney. Then turning to me he said: "Come in here and get your dinner while Mr. Brown is cutting that hole in the floor." After dinner I soon commenced work on the doctor's chimney. Before the sun went down I had two other jobs engaged—two chimneys for Wheelock Simmons in the south part of town and two large flues that William Caldwell, the County Clerk, engaged me to build in the new courthouse at Hillsboro. After this I had no trouble in getting all the work that I could do. The price that I received for building a single fireplace for a one-story house was $16 and for a double fireplace two stories $32. In the spring of 1853 I started on a visit to W. P. Burns and family at Oregon City, after which I intended returning to Quincy, Ill. On my arrival at Oregon City I met with Thomas Pope and family, who had just arrived by way of the isthmus route from Quincy, Ill. Here I also met with Payson Burns, who was working at the Oak Point Mills on the Columbia River, but had come up for a few days' visit with his brother-in-law, Mr. Pope, and family. I informed Payson that I was on my way back to Quincy. He said that he had not quite enough money to carry him through, but if I would go down to Oak Point and work with him a month or so he would accompany me back home. To this I agreed. Soon after coming to Oak Point I met with a Miss Hannah Bryant, who had

crossed the plains with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Bryant, and family in the year 1852. On October 12th following we were married. I remained in Oregon, taking up a donation claim in the Clatskanie Valley, where we have resided ever since. Payson Burns returned to Quincy, Ill., was with the Union Army all through the War of the Rebellion, returning to Oregon with his family in the year 1904. There were five persons with our wagon who crossed the plains in 1852, consisting of W. P. Burns, Mrs. W. P. Burns and their daughter, Miss Laura Burns, who in after years married a Mr. James Fuller at Oregon City and is now living at Portland, Or.; Edward Payson Burns, now living at East Portland, Or., and E. W. Conyers, now living at Clatskanie, Or.

Very truly yours,

E. W. CONYERS,

Clatskanie, Or., September 27, 1905.

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

Thirty-Second Annual Reunion

OF THE

OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION

FOR

1904

CONTAINING THE

ANNUAL ADDRESS BY CHARLES B. MOORES, 1852,
OF SALEM

AND

OTHER MATTERS OF HISTORIC INTEREST

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MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Portland, Oregon, March 15, 1904.

The Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met at the rooms of the Oregon Historical Society, at 3 P. M., to arrange for the Annual Reunion of 1904—the thirty-second.

Present: William Galloway, 1852, McMinnville, President; W. T. Wright, 1852, Union, Vice President; George H. Himes, 1853, Portland, Secretary; J. E. Magers, 1852, Portland, and Thomas J. Hayter, 1850, Polk County, Directors.

The minutes of the last annual meeting were read and approved.

An order of business was submitted and, upon motion of Mr. Himes, was adopted, as follows:

1. Selection of place of meeting.

2. Selection of speakers; (a) for the annual address; (b) for the occasional address.

3. Selection of Grand Chaplain.

4. Selection of Grand Marshal.

5. Appointment of Committees: (a) committee of arrangements; (b) finance committee; (c) committee on building and music; (d) committee on invitations; (e) committee on transportation; (f) reception committee; (g) selection of Chairman of Woman's Auxiliary Committee.

On motion of Director Magers, Portland was chosen as the place for holding the next reunion.

The selection of speakers was referred to the President and Secretary.

The matter of securing reduced rates of transportation was referred to the Secretary.

Rev. John Flinn, 1850, was chosen as the Grand Chaplain.

Joseph Buchtel, 1852, was selected as Grand Marshal, with power to choose his own aides.

Mrs. Charlotte M. Cartwright, on motion of the Secretary, was selected as Chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary, with power to select her own assistants.

On motion, it was voted that the President and Secretary be the Committee on Invitations; they were also chosen as the Committee on Finance.

All other matters, on motion, were referred to the President and Secretary as the Committee of Arrangements.

The Secretary was authorized to have 1,000 copies of the Transactions of 1903 printed, and also such letter heads and envelopes as might be needed.

No further business appearing, the board adjourned.

GEO. H. HIMES, Secretary

THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL REUNION.

Portland, Oregon, Wednesday, June 22, 1904.

The thirty-second annual reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association has become a part of the history of the state. It was memorable from the standpoint of attendance, and the spirit of good fellowship which prevailed. The books of the Secretary showed that it was the largest meeting of the Association ever held.

From all over the great state which they have builded came the good, gray pioneers of Oregon to Portland for their annual reunion, an occasion always looked forward to with eager anticipation, which is heightened by each recurring year. Through the streets they marched, a meager remnant of the serried host which made its valiant way across the great rivers, burning plains, and the forbidding mountains of the unknown to the land which destiny called them to come into and possess. All over town flags were flying, and the streets were thronged with those who turned out to do them honor. In the van of the proud little army of aged men and women, work-worn, bent, grizzled and scarred from the long battle, a band played martially and brave old arms bore banners.

In addition to Oregon, Washington, Idaho and California were well represented by pioneers of early Oregon, now residing in those states. The rule of the Oregon Pioneer Association is once a member always a member, regardless of change of residence.

It was an inspiring sight to those who looked upon it, those of the later generation, who are reaping the sowing of the pioneers. It must have shown them something of the high courage which made these heroes and heroines to hew and raise and dedicate the structure of civilization in the heart of a trackless wilderness. For the veterans it was a gala day, and their old eyes sparkled with the glow of youth, their voices were vibrant and their limbs strengthened with the zest of older days.

At the Armory, where the day's exercises were held, Portland's grand old pioneer Mayor, Hon. George H. Williams, 1853, welcomed his fellow pioneers to the city, and tendered them the hospitality always in store for them. Other addresses were made, songs were sung and stories of the tense, momentous '40s and '50s told and retold again. Old comrades and neighbors of the pioneering time met again and clasped hands, many of them for the first time in many years, some for the last time on earth. There was much feasting and decorous good cheer. Much joking and laughing and gossip with now and then a tear for the departed and the dear old, old days.

Each year there are fewer who answer the roll. A lamentably large number are missing since last year. The good, gray army is rapid in its passing. It is marching beyond, out into a new land which it is to come into and possess, a better land even than their beloved Oregon. A land where there is no pioneering, no wild alarm of war, no hardship in the beginning, and in the end no tottering limbs, no failing sight, no tired, palsied hands and no sorrow of partings, but only peace and rest and pleasant memories.

The parade was like the unrolling of a panorama, like turning the leaves of an ancient record. Away up in the lead marched a sturdy old lady carrying a banner marked "1839." She was Mrs. N. A. Bird. By her side walked John Long, of Sauvies Island, a pioneer of 1837, too feeble to carry a banner, but marching in the parade just the same.

At the rear of the procession, behind the youngsters of 1859, the time limit for admittance to the Association, slowly moved two automobiles. In the autos were members of a family which crossed the plains in ox-carts in 1848, while one member, Joseph Watt, came to Oregon in 1844. These pioneers were Werner Breyman, of Salem, and his wife; Mrs. B. H. Bowman, Mrs. J. M. Morton, Mrs. R. White and A. S. Watt, of Portland, all but Mr. Breyman being members of the Watt family. They had lived to see the change in vehicles for travel and pleasure from a cumbersome ox-cart to an automobile, which, gently puffing steam, crept along behind the old-timers' steps, but always ready to burst out into a speed that would have left even a runaway ox-team far in the dust. This was the first time that an automobile ever appeared in a pioneer procession in Oregon.

Without a hitch of any kind the parade was finished at the Armory doors, after half the city, so it seemed, had looked with reverence upon the old settlers as they marched by.

For an hour before the parade time the veranda of the Hotel Portland, the court in front, and Sixth street outside, swarmed with pioneers, all talking, congratulating one another, and preparing for the parade, the great test of their remaining strength. And the old-timers, the men who

were first, and their wives who had made their early homes livable, seemed determined to show one another that they were still a long way from dead, so they put their best foot forward when the parade was called, and marched sturdily along.

Joseph Buchtel, 1852, acted as Grand Marshal of the procession, assisted by numerous aides. The banner-bearers started from the court of the hotel, and as they passed out of the gateway those in waiting fell in behind the banners for their respective years. A number too feeble to endure the tiresome march were taken in carriages to the Armory. When fully lined up, the parade extended from Yamhill street to Washington, and the cars had to wait until all was ready, and the procession, headed by four mounted policemen, a squad of fourteen officers, under Captain Moore, and De Caprio's band, marched north on Sixth street to Ankeny, where it turned, and going up Ankeny to Seventh, turned again and proceeded up Burnside street to Tenth, where it disbanded in front of the Armory.

By actual count taken on Burnside street 525 pioneers marched in the parade. By years they were numbered as follows: 1837, 1; 1839, 3; 1840, 2; 1841, 2; 1842, 3; 1843, 12; 1844, 17; 1845, 31; 1846, 15; 1847, 60; 1848, 26; 1849, 32; 1850, 54; 1851, 31; 1852, 140; 1853, 80; 1854, 54; 1855, 12; 1856, 5; 1857, 16; 1858, 18; 1859, 11.

Mayor Williams apparently forgot all about his 81 years, and marched in the 1853 ranks with a livelier step than some much younger men. Ex-Governor Moody, Judge Dean Blanchard, of Rainier, and other law-makers were also in line. One of the oldest was Augustus C. Wirt, 1844, of Skipanon, bent with the weight of 90 years. His wife, also

a pioneer of the state, is one of the survivors of the Whitman massacre. A child at the time, she was carried off by an Indian and kept with the tribe for some time.

The dance hall was hardly large enough to seat all the guests, and the ventilation was far from good, but the pioneers, who had seen Indians in their war paint and had heard their cattle stampeded by them in the dead of night in the long journey across the plains, were not to be dismayed by a matter of that kind. The opening speeches were short, leading up to the able annual address of Hon. Charles B. Moores, 1852, of Oregon City, who was lustily cheered with voices that had been cultivated on the mountains and plains.

The music was exceptionally well chosen. "Ben Bolt," as sung by Miss Marguerite Wiley, reminded many men and women present of the early 60's, when they were young and the song was an air of the day. De Caprio's "Old Kentucky Home" and "Dixie" appealed strongly to those pioneers who had come originally from south of Mason and Dixon's line, and they were not a few.

President William Galloway made the following address:

Pioneers: We meet to-day in the spirit of love and good cheer. Then let us turn back the pages of the past forty, fifty or three-score years, when a few of us were children, when many were entering on the joyous state of manhood and womanhood, and when more were in full fruition of all the higher attributes of sterling manhood. Thence in retrospection let us note each milestone in that unparalleled development of this great Northwest, under the magic touch of the pioneer's genius, his energy, and his indomitable perseverance. Nor let us forget to place a wreath and drop a tear over the bier of that grand army of out brothers and sisters who have passed

beyond the bounds of finite existence. Do this and you will realize that your lives have been cast among moral, intellectual and physical giants. Then on this, the thirty-second anniversary of our organization, let us rejoice that our lifework has not been in vain, and that while our bodies are frail and bowed with age, yet the spirit of eternal youth and faith in the future inspires our souls.

After prayer by Chaplain Rev. John Flinn, 1850, Mayor Williams followed with his address of welcome:

Pioneers of Oregon: It affords me great pleasure as Mayor of Portland to welcome you to this city.

You are entitled to be welcome everywhere and to be respected and honored by everybody in this state. You are the foundation builders of the growth and prosperity of Oregon. You are the living representatives of the most interesting period in our history. You have come down to us from a former generation full of years and full of recollections of the good and useful work you have done for your country.

Kind heaven has graciously permitted you to come together on this beautiful day in this beautiful city from which you can look back with pride and satisfaction to the trials and triumphs of pioneer life. I greet you each and all with my best wishes for your future health and happiness. I hope that you will enjoy this reunion and many others to come, and that your future days may be days of pleasantness and all your paths of peace.

President Galloway responded as follows:

Mr. Mayor and Honored Pioneers: Your words of welcome touch our hearts. We know your city is great, magnanimous and generous. For many years the pioneers have gathered here, and we have partaken of your hospitality; your men of means have bestowed with an unsparing hand; every citizen of your city has vied with his neighbor in kindness and courtesy to the visiting pioneer; yet above all have the filial attention and kind treatment of the noble women of Portland,

on each annual reunion, touched most deeply our hearts and endeared your people to us.

Fifty years and more have passed. Then we were young and strong. Where your wonderful city of 130,000 inhabitants now rests, a dense forest then stood. The beautiful Willamette, now spanned with steel girders, flowed undisturbed to the sea. Now all is changed—the Oregon pioneer has cleared the forests; he has laid broad and deep solid foundations for the great states of the Northwest; he has left the impress of his high character for commercial honor and integrity upon the great cities of the interior—on Puget Sound and your own Portland. In return, your warm welcome in this hour of our failing strength amply compensates for all we have done, and from the fullness of our hearts we thank you.

The remainder of the program was as follows:

Appointment of committee on resolutions, by the President.

Music by the band.

Annual Address—Hon. Charles B. Moores, 1852, Oregon City.

Song—Miss Marguerite Wiley.
Song—Judge F. D. Hennessey.
Music by the band.
Announcement by the Grand Marshal.
Benediction—Chaplain.

At the close of the program the annual banquet was served in the drill hall of the Armory under the direction of Mrs. Charlotte M. Cartwright, Chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary, assisted by Miss Mollie Burke, Secretary, and Mrs. Benton Killin, Chairman of the Committee on Tables, and her assistant, Mrs. D. P. Thompson, cordially aided by every one of the ladies who had charge of the booths

and tables, doing their work most cheerfully, impressing all with the feeling that "there was nothing too good for the Pioneers."

The great drill room of the Armory looked like a mammoth flower garden. Sixteen long tables, reaching entirely across the big room, had a seating capacity of 804. The decorations, provided by the ladies in charge of the various tables, were striking and beautiful, and characterized by individuality.

The tables were presided over and decorated as follows:

Table No. 1—Mrs. J. M. Freeman, Mrs. A. B. Croasman; assistants, Miss Daisy Belle Freeman, Mrs. W. W. Harder; Paul Neron roses.

Table No. 2—Mrs. W. S. Sibson, Mrs. W. E. Robertson; assistants, Miss Alice Sibson, Miss Nan Robertson; blue larkspurs.

Table No. 3—Mrs. J. C. Moreland, Mrs. W. D. Fenton; assistants, Mrs. Willard Jones, Mrs. Arthur Tifft; Red Ramblers and Jacqueminots.

Table No. 4—Mrs. J. Allen Lewis, Mrs. J. Wesley Ladd; assistants, Mrs. Helen Ladd Corbett, Miss Sallie Lewis; pink and white carnations.

Table No. 5—Mrs. I. W. Pratt, Mrs. M. C. George; assistants, Miss Gertrude Pratt, Miss Florence George; La France roses.

Table No. 6—Mrs. J. W. Cook, Mrs. Pierce Mays; assistants, Miss Clarissa Wiley, Miss Jessie Farrell; blue Canterbury bells in brass jardinieres.

Table No. 7—Mrs. W. R. Sewall, Mrs. Charles T. Kamm; assistants, Mrs. Russell E. Sewall, Miss Caroline Kamm; La France roses and maidenhair ferns.

Table No. 8—Mrs. W. L. Brewster, Mrs. S. B. Linthicum; assistants, Miss Clementine Wilson, Miss Emma Failing; sweet peas.

Table No. 9—Mrs. P. L. Willis, Mrs. M. J. Marsh; assistants, Mrs. D. F. Sherman, Mrs. M. A. M. Ashley; California poppies and ferns.

Table No. 10—Mrs. John McCraken, Mrs. George W. Weidler; assistants, Miss Kate Sherlock, Miss Hazel Weidler; silver maples.

Table No. 11—Mrs. Harriet K. McArthur, Mrs. George Taylor; assistants, Mrs. I. L. Patterson, Miss Margaret Catlin; Viscountess Folkestone roses and greens.

Table No. 12—Mrs. J. K. Gill, Mrs. John Gill; assistants, Mrs. Frances Gill, Mrs. T. T. Strain; Red Rambler roses.

Table No. 13—Mrs. Grace Watt Ross, Mrs. George H. Lamberson; assistants, Miss Agnes Watt, Miss Helena Humason; yellow nasturtiums and ferns.

Table No. 14—Miss Frances Warren, Miss Clara Teal; assistants, Miss Grace Warren, Mrs. Robert Lewis; Baroness Rothschild roses.

Table No. 15—Mrs. H. H. Northup, Mrs. P. J. Mann; assistants, Miss Mayanah Woodward; Mrs. Harold G. Rice; Red Ramblers and ferns.

Table No. 16—Mrs. H. S. Gile, Miss Kate Holman; assistants, Miss Hannah Connell, Miss Jean Slauson; Testout roses and ferns.

Reserve Tables—Mrs. Charles Holman, Mrs. O. M. Moore, Mrs. H. K. McCully, Mrs. Robert Porter, Mrs. T. T. Struble, Mrs. L. M. Parrish.

Committee on Bread and Cake—Miss Nannie E. Taylor, chairman; Mrs. Clara Watt Morton, Miss Anna Cremen, Miss Hildegarde Plummer.

Committee on Meats, Salads and Fish—Mrs. John W. Minto, chairman; Mrs. E. E. McClure, Mrs. D. McLauchlin, Mrs. Nichols, Mrs. E. W. Cornell, Mrs. T. H. Crang.

Committee on Cream, Milk, Etc.—Miss Mary McKay, chairman; Mrs. C. Vantine, Mrs. D. S. Stimson, Mrs. R. S. McLeran, Mrs. I. G. Davidson.

Committee on Ice Cream—Miss Helena Humason, chairman; Miss Myrtle B. Moffett, Miss Abbie L. Atwood, Mrs. J. F. Griswold.

Committee on Decorations—Miss Abbie L. Atwood, chairman; Miss Weidler, Miss Hazel Weidler, Miss Myrtle B. Moffett, Miss Marguerite Wiley.

Woman's Reception Committee—Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway, chairman; Mrs. P. Selling, Mrs. June McMillen Ordway, Mrs. A. Meier, Mrs. Wm. M. Molson, Montreal; Mrs. George A. Harding, Oregon City; Mrs. Elizabeth M. Wilson, The Dalles; Mrs. C. A. Coburn, Mrs. Wm. Grooms, Mrs. Frankie Helms, Mrs. B. H. Bowman.

The greatest profusion of large flags had been lent by citizens for the occasion, and were suspended from the ceiling and balconies. Beautiful palms were lent by George Otten to bank in the corners of the large room.

The tables were loaded with good things to eat when the guests came into the hall after the formal exercises of

the afternoon, and the immense crowd was handled most admirably. Mrs. Cartwright and her assistants received them at the door, and they were shown to tables without delay, the oldest being put together as far as possible. When the tables had been filled there was still a large crowd at the doors, it being estimated that fully 1,000 partook of the banquet. The sight was an impressive one. People who have helped make Oregon history chatted with each other and greeted old friends. F. X. Matthieu, 1842, had a crowd around him while he ate, and Mrs. DeWitt, 1847, was also a center of attraction. The granddaughter of Jason Lee was present, and several survivors of the Whitman massacre were there. Mrs. Stephen Coffin, 1847, came in on the arm of Captain Powell, 1852, her son-in-law, and astonished her friends by her activity. Mrs. Eva Emery Dye, who has immortalized in her books the days of which these pioneers love to talk, mingled among them and was greeted with welcome on all sides.

Many gathered around that board who will never come again, but until the last call comes they will never forget the day spent so happily. The note of pathos which ran through the festivities could not be overlooked. The young women waiting at the tables to serve them were suddenly grave when the throng of whitened heads appeared. Many walked with canes, many had trembling hands and eyes bedimmed with time. But they were strong and sturdy fifty or sixty years ago, and they have made this beautiful Northwest what it is—the garden spot of the country.

Long after they had all been served, and the second tables had been cleared away, groups of old folks lingered to have one more talk about early days. They seemed to dread the partings with old friends and acquaintances. But

whether they live to see another Pioneer day or not, this one was a happy one, and they all enjoyed every minute of it.

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING.

In the evening the annual business meeting was held and officers elected as follows:

President, W. T. Wright, 1852, Union county; Vice President, John W. Minto, 1848, Portland; Secretary, George H. Himes, 1853, Portland; Treasurer, Charles E. Ladd, 1857, Portland.

Directors—W. E. Magers, 1852, Portland; William Galloway, 1852, McMinnville, and J. C. Moreland, 1852, Portland.

The evening opened with the reading of the following telegram from Governor Chamberlain, addressed to Secretary Himes:

"Express my regrets to the pioneers at my inability to meet with them. I hope all may be spared for many such reunions and continue to be loved and honored by the people of a state which their prowess founded."

The usual votes of thanks being extended to the retiring officers and the Woman's Auxiliary, which had done most to make the reunion a pleasant gathering, there was an informal program, in which the Veteran Double Quartet, composed of men all with gray and white heads, took the leading part. They were: S. Bullock, W. S. Powell, J. S. Hamilton, first tenors; C. C. Pratt, R. V. Pratt, second tenors; George Buchanan, H. A. Keinath, first bassos; Dr. H. R. Littlefield, A. M. Cummins, second bassos; accompanist, Miss E. C. Felt.

Then the old pioneers, as if they had been too staid, brightened up, showing that boyishness never dies out in men of their broad caliber. Several of them, all of whom had seen 60 years behind them, and some of them three score years and ten and almost four-score years, came upon the platform, and in short, informal talks told what they thought of the State of Oregon and recounted the funny little things that made for mirth when each man had to find his amusement in his own home. These speakers were: Roswell C. Shelley, P. H. D'Arcy, J. E. Magers, Dr. T. V. B. Embree and David J. Holmes. At the close President Galloway introduced Almora Hill and wife, 1843, of Washington County, both past 80, saying as they rose:

"This is what sixty-one years of married life in Oregon does for Missourians."

The meeting closed with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and "America" by the entire body of the pioneers assembled.

NOTES.

In the crowd which collected in the courtyard of the Portland Hotel and on the sidewalk in front to take places in the procession early in the afternoon, many old friends met and many got sight of friends they could not reach, so closely was the crowd packed. As the people surged to and fro, many brief but interesting remarks were heard in regard to bygone days.

"Why, there is Van B. DeLashmutt," said one. "I have not seen him since '61 or '62, when we took part in a Fourth of July celebration in Salem. He took the part of old Brigham Young, and I was one of his gang of wives, and we were all packed into a wagon together."

A ruddy-faced, jolly old lady, with the dimples still in her cheeks, leaning on the arm of a stalwart middle-aged man, introduced him to an old friend they were crowded against as "my son."

"He is the baby, I suppose?" queried the friend.

"Oh, no," replied the old lady. "The baby got married, and has a wife and babies of his own to look after, and," with a wink of her eye, "he has no time to look after his mother now."

Several persons, wearing 1852 badges, came together in the crush, and after glancing over the lot one of them said: "Eighteen fifty-two was a mighty tough year for Oregon."

"Yes," said one of the others, "it was a bad year for the state, but there was no help for it. We came to stay, and we are here yet."

"Yes," said another of the '52 men, "and we have been here so long we feel that we have a right here. Why, I went to school in the old Central School, which stood where this hotel stands."

"So did I," said another, "and many's the good licking I had to take there. And well I remember the sport we had with a 'flying Dutchman' made with a piece of scantling on the top of a stump over where the postoffice stands. The block was owned then by Harry Leland's father, and his house, on one corner, was the only building on it."

"Why, there is Richardson, of Columbia County," said another, pointing to a man wearing a badge of 1846. "His hair is as black as a raven's wing, not a gray one to be seen, and the other '46 man he is talking to has only a few gray hairs."

"Do you know me?" asked a middle-aged lady, so well preserved as to appear much younger than she was, extending her hand to Uncle John Cogswell, of Eugene, a pioneer of 1845, almost ninety years old.

"I can't remember your name," said the old gentleman.

"Well," said she, "I am Mary Ellen Gaines, and I was one of your bridesmaids when you were married. I rode fifty miles on horseback that day in order to be present at your wedding."

"What year was that in?" she asked, but the old gentleman could not recall the date. (Mrs. Gaines was a Miss Looney, who came in 1843, and was accompanied by her sister, Pauline.)

Another lady, accompanied by a man wearing an 1850 badge, stopped in the jam to introduce him to a friend as Samuel Swift, 1850, the first warehouseman of Oregon City.

Dr. Cox, the dentist, was crowded against a man who, after examining his badge, remarked: "You did not come so soon as I did, Cox, why was that?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Miles," said the doctor, "I took the first opening I struck, and got here as soon as I could."

Here a group on the curb began talking "jargon," which is now a dead "wawa" to most people, and they were saying something amusing, judging by the laughter, but the fun, whatever it was, was lost to most within hearing. A little farther on, two men with long gray beards were gravely discussing agriculture.

"After a certain time," said one, "potatoes need no more cultivating."

"Yes," said the other, "but you can keep a-stirring the ground around corn, and it will keep a-coming."

"That's so," said the first, "but you must not stir it too deep."

OLDEST PIONEER IN PORTLAND.

Cleve S. Silver, the oldest of the pioneer residents in Portland, was born in North Bend, Ohio, November 4, 1814, and is now in his 89th year. He arrived in Portland in the spring of 1850, and until 1873 conducted a general merchandise store, which was destroyed by the big fire that year. He served a term as County Commissioner, and also as a member of the City Council, and as weigher and gauger at the Custom House. Of recent years Mr. Silver has been engaged in the real estate business. Mr. Silver shows no signs of mental failing. He remembers all of his acquaintances and converses freely upon all subjects of personal interest, and reads the daily newspapers regularly. His physical condition is good and he walks around the city daily, and is as active as many men much younger than he.

PIONEERS IN ATTENDANCE.

Those who registered with Secretary George H. Himes as follows:

1837.

Mrs. Harriet P. Harger, Newberg.
George Long, Sauvie's Island.

1839.

Mrs. E. Florey, Gaston.
Napoleon McGillivray, Portland.

1840.

Mrs. Wiley Edwards, Newberg.

1841.

Mrs. S. H. Elliott, Holbrook.
Mrs. L. E. Bowie, Portland.
Captain Thomas Mountain, Portland.

1842.

F. X. Matthieu, Butteville.
C. T. Pomeroy, Cedar Mills.
V. N. Perry, Coquille.

1843.

W. L. Higgins, Portland.
Mrs. Charlotte Matheny Kirkwood, Hopewell.
Mrs. E. J. Cornell, Salem.
Mrs. M. A. Hembree, Lafayette.
Mrs. Elizabeth J. Burton, Portland.
Mrs. Nancy J. Hembree, McMinnville.
Mrs. L. E. Wright, Portland.
*Mrs. F. Steiwer, Salem.
D. S. Holman, McMinnville.
Mrs. Frances L. Cornell, Salem.
W. H. Vaughan, Molalla.
James T. Hembree, Lafayette.
Mrs. Mary E. Gaines, Portland.
Mrs. Mary Garrison, Sellwood.
Mrs. Rebecca Griffith, Portland.
W. C. Hembree, McMinnville.

1844.

Mrs. Lizzie Bedwell, North Yamhill.
John Minto, Salem.
J. C. Nelson, Newberg.
Mrs. P. Sax, Portland.
M. C. Athey, Portland.
Mrs. Alvira Russell, North Yamhill.

Martin Gillihan, Sauvie's Island.
Green L. Rowland, North Yamhill.
H. Caples. Columbia City.
Joshua McDaniel, Rickreall.
T. V. B. Embree, Mount Tabor.
Mrs. Maria Baker, Portland.
William D. Stillwell, Tillamook.
Eli Perkins, Eugene.
A. C. Wirt, Warrenton.
Mrs. H. Carnahan, Astoria.
Mrs. J. H. Adams, Portland.
Mrs. Melissa Klinger, Dufur.
F. Lee Lewes, Portland.
Mrs. E. M. Helm, Portland.
Mrs. Mary Cline, Portland.
Mrs. E. A. Bellion, Portland.
James W. Welch, Astoria.

1845.

Mrs. Elizabeth Kenney, Jacksonville.
Mrs. Mary A. Hurley, Portland.
H. Terwilliger, Portland.
Mrs. Mary Moore, Hillsboro.
Mrs. Sarah M. McCown, Portland.
Mrs. A. E. Latourette, Portland.
Mrs. Mary J. Clymer, Portland.
Mrs. D. P. Thompson, Portland.
P. C. Perry, Molalla.
C. C. Bozorth, Molalla.
A. Condit, Seaside.
Mrs. M. Smith, Lafayette.
Noah Job, Hillsboro.
W. F. Helm, Portland.
Mrs. Elizabeth J. Perry, Houlton.
Reuben Gant, Philomath.
Charles Bolds, Portland.
George W. Morgan, Glencoe.
Mrs. C. J. Maple, Portland.
Mrs. Angeline F. Catching, Portland.
Mrs. Minerva C. Bowles, Portland.
Mrs. O. M. Moore, Portland.
Mrs. S. D. Meldrum, Oregon City.
Mrs. Sarah J. Henderson, Portland.
Mrs. Eliza Chambers, Portland.
Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, Portland.
Jonas Davis, Halsey.
Mrs. M. A. Frush, Portland.
Mrs. Emma C. Thing, Portland.
S. C. Simmons, Portland.
James C. C. Hall, Hillsboro.
Mrs. J. L. Williams, Portland.
Mrs. Willard H. Rees, Portland.
*Henry Wooley, Portland.
B. F. Bonney, Toledo, Wash.
J. P. Crabtree, Crabtree.
Mrs. Mary E. Ellis, Portland.
A. G. Lloyd, Waitsburg, Wash.
I. W. Foster, Clackamas.
R. V. Officer, John Day.

Mrs. W. J. Herren, Salem.
Mrs. Martha S. Wigle, Prineville.
Sol Durbin, Salem.
William Walters, Prescott, Wash.
Donald McPherson, Buxton.
Jabez Wilkes, Hillsboro.
H. C. Lamberson, Scappoose.
Mrs. Justina Newton, Portland.
J. W. Walker, Astoria.
Captain J. H. McMillen, Portland.
C. O. Hosford, Portland.
Mrs. N. A. Jacobs, Walla Walla, Wash.
John W. Meldrum, Oregon
Mrs. C. Cornelius, Portland.
D. E. G. Reuter, Portland.
Benton Killin, Portland.
Mrs. Eleanor Denny, McCoy. City.
Mrs. Mary A. Boynton, Woodburn.
John Cogswell, Eugene.
Mrs. Mary Miller, Salem.
W. H. H. Morgan, Portland.
Mrs. Julia A. Wilcox, Portland.
Mrs. R. Cornelius, Portland.
Mrs. Mary J. Lewis, Dayton.
J. P. Jackson, Hamilton.
Mrs. A. H. Morgan, Portland.
Mrs. Fannie W. Archbold, Hillsboro.

1846.

Mrs. Prudence V. Holman, Portland.
Mrs. R. L. Jenkins, Portland.
Thomas J. Kirk, Athena.
Mrs. O. G. Marks, Portland.
G. B. Riggs, Proebstel.
Mrs. Edward Failing, Portland.
Mrs. S. P. Laughlin, Portland.
Mrs. S. G. Wood, Walla Walla, Wash.
Mrs. Matthew P. Deady, Portland.
Miss Frances A. Holman, Portland.
David M. Guthrie, Dallas.
Alvin C. Brown, Forest Grove.
Mrs. Mary A. Apperson, Oregon City.
A. S. Cone, Butteville.
Mrs. Clementine McEwan, Portland.
Mrs. M. L. Myrick, Portland.
Timothy A. Riggs, Brownsville.
Mrs. Johanna Stuart, Portland.
Mrs. M. E. Davidson, Parker.
A. H. Garrison, Portland.
William Miller, Salem.
Mrs. Georgina Deardorff, Oakland.
Nathan Bird, Portland.
Mrs. Nancy C. Poppleton, Portland.
E. B. Church, Mount Tabor.
Mrs. N. J. Walker, Forest Grove.
J. D. Smith, Dallas.
Mrs. Eva Bartenstein, Sellwood.
Mrs. Mary Croisan, Salem.

Mrs. Sarah A. Smith, Rainier.
G. W. Richardson, Rainier.
Mrs. Marianne H. D'Arcy, Portland.
Mrs. Ellen Hackett, Oregon City.

1847.

J. T. Apperson, Oregon City.
Mrs. L. Coffin, Portland.
Mrs. Irene Everest, Newberg.
Lee Laughlin, North Yamhill.
R. V. Short, Portland.
Mrs. S. E. Harker, Palo Alto, Cal.
J. H. Bonser, Sauvie's Island.
Mrs. Emma R. L. Slavin, Hillsdale.
T. J. Gregory, Portland.
Mrs. Martha A. Jones, Portland.
Mrs. M. V. Howard, Spokane, Wash.
*Alfred Luelling, Oregon City.
Mrs. R. J. Cole, Portland.
Thomas Stevens, Portland.
Mrs. L. O. Cottel, Portland.
Mrs. Ruth H. Leonard, Dayton, Wash.
Mrs. Mary Wright, Portland.
Mrs. A. L. Stinson, Salem.
David D. Garrison, Sellwood.
Mrs. C. F. Kent, Portland.
Mrs. Mary H. Todd, Portland.
Mrs. L. M. Foster, Portland.
Mrs. Nancy Capps, Portland.
Mrs. R. H. Hopkins, Portland.
John Brush, Portland.
Mrs. E. E. White, Portland.
Mrs. Elizabeth Rolland, Fulton.
Mrs. S. S. Munson, Skipanon.
Mrs. Helen C. Powell, Portland.
Mrs. D. S. Stimson, Portland.
A. D. Findley, Cedar Mills.
Mrs. Otelia De Witt, Portland.
Mrs. Jane Kelty. McCoy.
S. D. Bonser, Portland.
W. M. Merchant, Carlton.
Mrs. Mary V. Howell, Oregon City.
Mrs. M. E. Walker, Astoria.
*J. Q. A. Young, Cedar Mills.
Mrs. N. E. Olds, McMinnville.
Mrs. E. B. Shane, Portland.
Mrs. O. N. Denny, Portland.
Mrs. Martha Johnson, Portland.
Mrs. R. S. Ford, Portland.
Mrs. Eliza Wooley, Portland.
L. J. Klinger, Dufur.
Mrs. Elizabeth M. Hayes, Portland.
R. Mendenhall, Portland.
Mrs. S. J. Perry, Portland.
Mrs. D. A. Smith, Portland.
William B. Jolly, Portland.
*Captain A. J. Apperson, Portland.
Mrs. Annie F. Webber, Portland.
Mrs. Virginia F. McDaniel, Rickreall.
Mrs. Phoebe W. McGrew, Milwaukie.
Mrs. N. J. Durgan, Ellensburg, Wash.

Mrs. E. J. Landess, Corvallis.
J. W. Gibson, Corvallis.
Mrs. Augusta V. Dolph, Portland.
W. T. Legg, Corvallis.
Mrs. Lucy E. Walker, Butteville.
Mrs. Nancy G. Starr, Dayton.
George Merrill, Deer Island.
Lyman Merrill, Woodlawn.
David Campbell, Oregon City.
O. H. Cone, Butteville.
Mrs. E. B. Fellows, Oregon City.
Mrs. N. J. McPherson, Corvallis.
*C. B. Bellinger.
Mrs. George L. Hibbard, Montavilla.
M. J. Kinney, Portland.
Mrs. M. Wright, Portland.
Mrs. Maria Cone, Butteville.
William Chapman, Sheridan.
Mrs. E. Thorpe, Woodlawn.
G. W. Riggs, Hood River.
W. E. Iler, Butteville.
W. H. Mattoon, Viola.

1848.

Plympton Kelly, Portland.
Mrs. Nancy L. Croxton, Portland.
N. P. Newton, Portland.
Mrs. J. K. Gill, Portland.
Mrs. Laura F. Turner, Berkeley, Cal.
Mrs. Jennie Nesmith Ankeny, Walla Walla, Wash.
Mrs. Roxana Watt White, Portland.
Mrs. Clara Watt Morton, Portland.
E. A. Slocum, Vancouver, Wash.
Mrs. Maggie Borger, Portland.
Mrs. M. C. Wehrung, Hillsboro.
Mrs. M. J. Hanna, Portland.
Mrs. E. A. Bushey, Woodburn.
F. A. Bauer, Irrigon.
Mrs. E. E. Morgan, Portland.
Mrs. Catherine Horton, Ilwaco, Wash.
Adam Catlin, Portland.
Mrs. Benton Killin, Portland.
Jonathan Beers, Portland.
Warren Merchant, Vancouver, Wash.
John W. Minto, Portland.
Mrs. I. B. Breyman, Salem.
Mrs. Aurora Watt Bowman, Terry.
Mrs. M. A. Chance, Portland.
H. E. Hinton, Portland.
A. S. Watt, Portland.
Mrs. Cordelia Bartlett, Vancouver, Wash.
Mrs. Lizzie Shute, Hillsboro.
Mrs. Elizabeth Miller. Lents.
Mrs. Annie M. Imbree, Hillsboro.
Fred Catlin, Catlin, Wash.
H. C. Morse, Woodstock.

1849.

Mrs. Alice T. Bird, Portland.
D. C. Coleman, Sheridan.
P. A. Marquam, Portland.
William McReynolds, Portland.
Mrs. M. A. Sargent, Belleview.
Mrs. Jane Dodge, Woodburn.
Mrs. Mary L. Edwards, Portland.
William H. Wood, Lostine.
Mrs. M. M. Taylor, Portland.
J. S. Backenstos, Portland.
John H. Baker, Portland.
A. B. Stuart, Portland.
Mrs. J. C. Fox, Astoria.
W. M. Powers, Albany.
Charles Mayger, Mayger.
Mrs. Annie Force, Woodlawn.
C. A. Reed.
R. Weeks Portland.
Mrs. E. M. Wait, Portland.
Erastus Rosencrantz, Troutdale.
John Thomas, Russellville.
A. P. Cheney, Portland.
Mrs. J. M. Freeman, Portland.
H. E. Hayes, Stafford.
Mrs. Nancy Caples, Portland.
P. F. Castleman, Portland.
*Hector B. Campbell, Portland.
Joseph Webber, Portland.
Mrs. Olivia R. Welch, Astoria.
J. B. Wyatt, Vancouver, Wash.
Mrs. Bessie White, Portland.
G. W. Force, Woodlawn.
Robert Pattison, Eugene.

1850.

Mrs. William Grooms, Portland.
E. L. Townsend, Woodburn.
John Simmons, Portland.
Mrs. H. C. Exon, Portland.
J. A. Slavin, Hillsdale.
John Welch, Portland.
Mrs. S. J. Epler, Portland.
Mrs. R. L. Henness, Mount Tabor.
J. P. Bartlett, Vancouver, Wash.
Mrs. Richard Williams, Portland.
Mrs. Annie E. Rhoades, Portland.
James Bybee, La Camas, Wash.
Werner Breyman, Salem.
W. R. Townsend, Woodburn.
William Hanna, Fairdale.
W. H. Rockfellow, Portland.
John Flinn, Vancouver, Wash.
Mrs. Jane Ferguson, Woodburn.
Mrs. J. A. Burk, Kalama, Wash.
Mrs. Susan Roberts, Vancouver, Wash.
William Kane, Forest Grove.
Mrs. Julia Gault, McMinnville.
J. W. Sexton, Portland.
G. F. McClane, Salem.
Mrs. McB. Brooks, Portland.
James R. Pinney, Boise, Idaho.
S. L. Brooks, The Dalles.
Mrs. Annie P. Brooks, The Dalles.

W. H. Livermore, Portland.
W. S. Chapman, Portland.
Mrs. Elizabeth Lord, The Dalles.
Mrs. L. E. Sanborn, Portland.
Robert McThaney, Wrenn.
Chauncey Ball, Portland.
C. S. Silver, Portland.
*Theodore Wygant, Portland.
Rev. J. W. Miller, Portland.
*H. R. Long, Portland.
J. H. Lambert, Portland.
John Lake, Portland.
Mrs. Celia Walling, Lincoln.
Sam A. Miles, St. Helens.
Mrs. Elizabeth R. Hendershot, Portland.
Mrs. James Dart, St. Helens.
D. W. Loughlin, Portland.
J. J. Haskins, Portland.
Sidney Root, Newberg.
R. B. Wilmot, Oswego.
J. S. McCord, Oregon City.
Mrs. W. H. Holmes, Salem.
Mrs. W. P. Abrams, Portland.
Mrs. S. J. Lucas, Portland.
Mrs. Jane D. Thomas, Portland.
E. A. Dean, Portland.
Joseph Pinkley, Currinsville.
Samuel Swift, Portland.
I. G. Davidson, Portland.
Mrs. D. Ellerson, Portland.
*Mrs. Clara Ouimette, Butteville.
H. S. Allen, Portland.
Solomon Beary, Portland.
Captain G. A. Pease, Portland.
S. Gatton, Woodland, Wash.
Mrs. M. S. Pillsbury, Portland.
Mrs. Sarah E. Lamberson, Scappoose.
Mrs. Julia R. Harn, Portland.
W. A. Offield, Mount Hood.
Mrs. L. A. McDonald, Portland.
Edward Parrish, Woodlawn.
R. C. Ramsby, Portland.
C. O. Boynton, Woodburn.
Mrs. Mary C. Riggs, Sherwood.
Miss Mary E. Barlow, Oregon City.
John McCraken, Portland.
G. W. Miller, Vancouver, Wash.
Mrs. E. J. Ladd, Portland.
W. H. Brackett, Portland.
Mrs. O. P. S. Plummer, Portland.

1851.

J. L. Johnson, Woodburn.
George F. Bonney, Woodburn.
Mrs. Emma Williams, Portland.
Mrs. Martha A. Merchant, Carlton.
W. W. Haines, Eugene.
T. M. Falconer, Portland.
J. H. Olds, Lafayette.
Mrs. John McCraken, Portland.
G. W. Maxwell, Woodland, Wash.
George Williams, Portland.
Mrs. H. B. Nicholas, Portland.
Zach Howe, Seattle, Wash.
Mrs. H. Bradley, Oregon City.
G. W. Olds, McMinnville.

Mrs. Eliza E. C. Smith, Portland.
J. C. Carson, Portland.
Joel H. Johnson, Lents.
Mrs. John F. Miller, Portland.
John L. Sperry, Portland.
Andrew Constable, Skamokawa, Wash.
Mrs. Catherine Smith, Portland.
Captain W. H. Pope, Portland.
Mrs. R. A. Matthews, Portland.
Mrs. H. A. Dearborn, Portland.
E. L. Corner, Sellwood.
T. A. Pope, Oregon City.
A. F. Johnson, Troutdale.
Mrs. Isabella T. Cleveland, Astoria.
Mrs. M. Nolan, Astoria.
H. Rice, The Dalles.
Fred Brum, North Yamhill.
Jacob Miller, Oregon City.
Silas Wright, Liberal.
Mrs. T. J. Black, Portland.
Mrs. Mary Howard, Shaw.
David B. Gray, Portland.
J. R. K. Irvin, Portland.
J. E. Glenson, Corvallis.
Mrs. M. E. Shaver, Portland.
Mrs. M. E. Frazier, Portland.
Mrs. Harriet K. McArthur, Portland.
Mrs. Nancy J. Elliott, Portland.
Mrs. Helen L. Stratton, Portland.
Mrs. Lucinda Blanchard, Warren.
Mrs. S. A. Merchant, Vancouver, Wash.
Mrs. Margaret Jette, Champoeg.
Mrs N. J. Badolett, Astoria.
Mrs. S. E. Fleck, Beaverton.
Mrs. E. J. Rice, The Dalles.
G. W. Miller, Dayton, Wash.
Z. F. Moody, The Dalles.
James Casey, Woodlawn.
T. T. Geer, Salem.
Mrs. C. Vantine, Portland.

1852.

Mrs. C. P. Bacon, Portland.
J. R. Boyd, Eugene.
L. A. Loomis, Nahcotta, Wash.
J. H. Jones, Portland.
E. P. Wallace, Amity.
Mrs. L. M. Parrish, Portland.
E. M. Morgan, Portland.
John W. Roland, Salem.
J. B. Kellogg, Portland.
Mrs. C. G. Copeland, Siletz Indian Reservation.
L. M. Parrish, Portland.
*J. M. Wagner, Salem.
*David S. Stimson, Portland.
Mrs. Annie Greve, Woodland Wash.
Mrs. J. B. Kellogg, Portland.
Mrs. Lorena Holcomb, Portland.

Mrs. Melissa Smith, Beaverton.
Mrs. Susan Barker, Cleone.
Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway, Portland.
Mrs. W. J. Warren, Portland.
Joseph Paquet, Portland.
J. W. Martin, La Center, Wash.
Mrs. Nora S. Burney, Portland.
Mrs. F. E. Chaney, Portland.
Mrs. J. D. Kelty, McCoy.
Mrs. McBride Brooks, Portland.
J. K. Hardie, Portland.
W. M. Cline, Mount Angel.
Jacob Fleischner, Portland.
D. A. Morris, Sylvan.
Mrs. Emily Cole, Portland.
Mrs. Sarah E. Miller, Oregon City.
J S. Ramsey, Halsey.
C. J. Hinkle, Hubbard.
W. E. Brainerd, Mount Tabor.
Isaac Ball, Tualatin.
J. D. Jordan, Molalla.
Mrs. R. M. Hess, Sheridan.
G. R. Higgins, Clatskanie.
J. A. Burke, Kalama, Wash.
W. G. Ballard, Portland.
Mrs. Maria Hathaway, Vancouver, Wash.
Mrs. Mary E. Norton, Portland.
J. Burke, Portland.
H. L. Caples, Portland.
Mrs. J. Emery, Woodstock.
Mrs. E. Ryan, Portland.
Mrs. Mary A. Test, Portland.
Mrs. Sarah J. Reeves Findlay, Cedar Mills.
John G. Toner, McMinnville.
Frederick V. Holman, Portland.
F. M. De Witt, Portland.
Mrs. Jerusha Greenwell, Clackamas.
Mrs. P. M. Dekum, Portland.
Mrs. Ann E. McCall, Portland.
J. L. McCown, Portland.
W. S. Powell, Portland.
Mrs. A. J. Killin, Banks.
Mrs. Elizabeth M. Watts, Scappoose.
Thomas Tucker, Hillsboro.
Mrs. Mary A. Tucker, Hillsboro.
J. G. Palmateer, Currinsville.
Mrs. M. T. Downing, Vancouver, Wash.
C. W. Noblitt, Needy.
S. B. Johnson, Gresham.
Mrs. Hannah Johnson, Gresham.
Mrs. Nancy A. Ball, Oswego.
Mrs. Margaret E. Ball, Tualatin.
Mrs. C. W. Slocum, Vancouver, Wash.
Mrs. Elizabeth Young, Cedar Mills.
H. G. Morgan, Portland.
Mrs. Elizabeth Warner, Oregon City.
Mrs. Harriet Bagby, Molalla.
Mrs. Lucy Mercer, Portland.
C. Alderson, Salem.
C. M. Cartwright, Portland.
John Winters, Portland.
J. W. Miller, Portland.

Mrs. Mary Taylor, Portland.
Mrs. E. J. Hamblin, Portland.
Mrs. M. G. Palmer, Portland.
H. A. Martin, Kelso, Wash.
L. B. Gosa, St. Helens.
J. C. Moreland, Portland.
S. Mathena, Gaston.
Mrs. J. W. Cook, Portland.
R. M. Wooden, Jewell.
Thomas H. B. Donaldson, Aurora.
A. R. Price, Albion, Wash.
Mrs. C. J. Adams, Hillsboro.
W. H. Hawkins, Rainier.
Mrs. Amanda J. Colvin, Walla Walla, Wash.
F. M. Olds, Portland.
F. M. Tibbetts, Portland.
W. H. Bennett, Woodstock.
L. B. Rowland, Eugene.
Mrs. M. F. Hurley, Portland.
Mrs. C. J. Adams, Hillsboro.
J. J. Woolery, The Dalles.
Mrs. S. A. Kisor, Philomath.
Lewis McMorris, Walla Walla, Wash.
Dr. Ira C. Taylor. Dallas.
J. F. Davies, Portland.
Joseph Buchtel, Portland.
Mrs. Mary J. Magers, Portland.
Mrs. Alice G. Whipple, Portland.
Albert Sutherland, Portland.
*J. P. Walker, Portland.
Mrs. Sarah M. Cornell, Portland.
Mrs. Mary A. Keane, Sellwood.
Mrs. S. E. Ripperton, Portland.
Mrs. M. C. Masters, Portland.
Mrs. M. B. Robinett, Portland.
Thomas Cox, Gales Creek.
Julius Howard, Shaw.
T. J. Singleton, Roseburg.
A. C. Clemens, Bellefontaine.
H. Wehrung, Hillsboro.
Amos Underwood, Underwood, Wash.
*Mrs. E. A. Van Vleet, Sellwood.
Mrs. Elizabeth Iler, Sherwood.
Mrs. Jane McConnell, Sherwood.
Mrs. S. A. Houghton, Hayes, Wash.
Mrs. John D. Biles, Portland.
Mrs. R. S. Hawkins, Rainier.
Mrs. Rhoda L. Catching, Portland.
Mrs. Ellen C. Walker, Portland.
William G. Beck, Portland.
Mrs. S. E. Lance, Portland.
Mrs. Martha J. Patton, Portland.
Mrs. E. N. Rowland, Eugene.
C. H. Adams, Hillsboro.
Mrs. Sophia Durbin, Salem.
V. McConnell, Sherwood.
Amos E. Kisor, Philomath.
Mrs. R. G. Palmateer, Currinsville.
H. B. Morgan, Portland.
L. C. Weatherford, Portland.
J. E. Magers, Portland.

Mrs. Eliza Long, Portland.
Mrs. Martha Brown, Forest Grove.
Mrs. B. A. Chambreau, Portland.
W. H. Harris, Portland.
C. T. Ackerman, Tigardville.
Mrs. S. Zeigler, Roseburg.
William Galloway, McMinnville.
W. R. Fontaine, Grangeville, Idaho.
J. O. Roland, Portland.
Mrs. L. A. Carter, Portland.
C. R. Keady, Portland.
Mrs. Elizabeth Yergen, Portland.
Peter Taylor, Portland.
Mrs. C. A. Coburn, Portland.
Mrs. M. E. May, Portland.
William Blount, Portland.
L. L. Whitcomb, Portland.
Mrs. F. Rowe, Portland.
Mrs. R. McKay, Beaverton.
T. J. Buford, Portland.
George Deardoff, Clackamas.
F. M. Shaver, Wilsonville.
H. B. Parker, Astoria.
Mrs. M. Worrick, Portland.
Mrs. M. A. Burns, Portland.
Mrs. H. K. McCully, Portland.
Mrs. L. M. Croasman, Portland.
Miss Pauline Looney, Jefferson.
Mrs. M. Kline, Portland.
Mrs. M. M. Adair, Portland.
Mrs. M. K. West, Portland.
Mrs. Sarah M. Woodington, Portland.
Mrs. R. Rindlaub, Portland.
Mrs. S. Sutherland, Portland.
Mrs. Elizabeth Byars, Portland.
Gustaf Wilson, Portland.
Mrs. Jane Merrick, Portland.
Miss Frances Brown, Portland.
Mrs. J. Lasater, Walla Walla, Wash.
Mrs. S. C. Matlock, Montavilla.
Theodore Cameron, Jacksonville.
S. R. Stayton, Prineville.
Mrs. R. J. Meade, Walla Walla, Wash.
Mrs. L. S. Taylor, Portland.
Van B. DeLashmutt, Portland.
E. S. Merrill, Portland.
Miss T. A. Montgomery, Portland.
Mrs. E. Scheurer, Portland.
*T. A. Wood, Portland.
H. W. Scott, Portland.
Mrs. M. A. McFarland, Portland.
E. B. McFarland, Portland.
Mrs. Mary E. Stillwell, Tillamook.
Mrs. Nancy Hanson, Portland.
W. H. Bentley, Baker City.
Mrs. M. C. Lockwood, La Center.
F. H. Grubbs, Portland.
Mrs. Susan J. Lake, Portland.
J. W. Pugh, Portland.
W. P. Burns, Portland.
Mrs. Arvilla Thompson, Portland.

Mrs. Mary Horn, Portland.
W. F. Kirk, Monument.
Mrs. E. Ennis, Hillsboro.
Mrs. W. P. Short, Sellwood.
Mrs. E. H. Piper, Salem.
Mrs. S. Palmateer, Currinsville.
Mrs. J. Evans, Woodlawn.
Mrs. J. Guptill, Portland.
Mrs. C. E. Kessling, Portland.
William Calvert, Junction.
Mrs. M. E. Mills, Clackamas.
Mrs. C. Jones, Fossil.
George Smith, Portland.
S. K. Hudson, Hudson.
D. W. Morris, Beaverton.
W. M. Westfall, Cleone.
Mrs. M. Wallis, Eugene.
Mrs. M. E. Reeves, Cedar Mills.
C. B. Moores, Oregon City.
*P. W. Gillette, Portland.
Mrs. P. Starr, Portland.
H. A. Mitchell, Lents.
Mrs. M. E. Wilmot, Oswego.
Mrs. B. P. Harding, Oregon City.
T. Cooper, Kalama, Wash.
W. H. Maxwell, Orient.
Mrs. O. E. McCord, Oregon City.
W. A. Wheeler, Portland.
Mrs. W. R. Sewall, Portland.
Mrs. M. E. Holman, Portland.
Mrs. Robert Porter, Portland.
Mrs. Millie Weatherford, Portland.
A. J. Laws, Mayview, Wash.
William M. Russell, North Yamhill.
Mrs. A. M. Crane, Portland.
Mrs. C. Preston, Portland.
Mrs. Susan Gill Whitwell, Portland.
Mrs. W. H. Adair, Portland.
Mrs. James Strong, Portland.
Mrs. W. Braden, Portland.
Mrs. M. T. Wolfe, Portland.
Adolph Jette, Champoeg.
Mrs. C. Fox, Gresham.
Mrs. C. A. Roberts, Portland.
Mrs. Maria McDonald, Portland.
Mrs. E. Smith, Portland.
Mrs. M. E. Howard, Portland.
S. Shobert, Portland.
J. E. Brooks, McMinnville.
E. J. Jeffrey, Portland.
Mrs. S. M. Wakefield, Portland.
David Eby, Harrisburg.
Mrs. Emma Davidson, Portland.
Lorenzo Root, McMinnville.
Mrs. S. E. Morris, Beaverton.
Thomas Connell, Portland.
G. H. Reeves, Cedar Mills.
Mrs. M. Moody, The Dalles.
Mrs. E. Casey, Woodlawn.
J. M. Kelty, Portland.
John Lieullin, Oregon City.
Mrs. M. J. Mitchell, Lents.
Mrs. S. E. Morgan, Portland.
Mrs. M. La Forrest, Oregon City.
Mrs. C. Reeder, Sauvie's Island.
J. M. Tracy, Logan.
Charles Stuart, Portland.
J. W. Wiseman, Portland.
Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard, Portland.
Mrs. L. M. Parrish, Portland.
Mrs P Selling, Portland.

1853.

J. H. Matthews, Houlton.
Clark Hay, Portland.
*Mrs. Isabella W. Going, Portland.
Mrs. Matilda A. Baker, Portland.
John B. Lee, Portland.
Mrs. R. A. Hart, Portland.
Mrs. Gertrude DeLin, Portland.
Mrs. Mary F. Prince, Portland.
Mrs. E. Trout, Portland.
Thomas N. Strong, Portland.
Dr. E. Poppleton, Portland.
Dr. G. W. Biggers, La Grande.
Mrs. E. A. Byars, Salem.
Mrs. Sarah J. Nelson, Newberg.
Mrs. L. M. Roberts, Spokane, Wash.
W. H. Bond, Gresham.
Mrs. M. E. Bryant, Portland.
D. H. Hendee, Portland.
Mrs. M. Richardson, Portland.
R. C. Warriner, Portland.
Mrs. L. W. La Rue. Portland.
Mrs. Amanda Forsyth, Portland.
J. N. Skidmore, South Bend, Wash.
E. N. Thomas, Jefferson.
Mrs. Ellen Tower, Portland.
F. M Lichtenthaler, Portland.
Mrs. Louise S. Pengra. Roseburg.
George Robinson, Dayton.
O. E. Hunter, Goble.
Mrs. J. C. Moreland, Portland.
M. G. Royal. Portland.
James W. Going, Portland.
Mrs. Ellen J. Kubli, Jacksonville.
Mrs. S. Hunsaker, Portland.
A. F. Miller, Sellwood.
Elizabeth Campbell, Portland.
Mrs. M. L. Abbott, Vancouver, Wash.
Mrs. Alice E. Foster, Portland.
Mrs. George Landess, Portland.
C. C. Massiker, Hood River.
Mrs. Eliza I. Morton, Kalama, Wash.
W. H. Byars, Salem.
Mrs. Phoebe Kindt, Kinton.
*Mrs. Martha McCormac, Portland.
Mrs. Katherine Gibbons, Oregon City.
Mrs. M. E. Flinn. Portland.
J. W. Stevenson, Cape Horn, Wash.
C. B. Bunnell, Milwaukie.
F. M. Dodge, Woodburn.
Mrs. H. Schulderman. Portland.
Mrs. S. R. Shear, Portland.
Mrs. R. E. Libby, Portland.
Mrs. J. N. Skidmore, South Bend, Wash.
Lewis Van Vleet, Portland.
Albert Wright. Heppner.
Mrs. P. P. Prim, Jacksonville.
Mrs. Caroline Dunlap, Portland.
Mrs. Mary O. McPherson, Portland.

Mrs. F. A. Pearcy, Portland.
Mrs. Fanny Holder, Portland.
Thomas L. Jones, Amity.
L. Armsworthy, Wasco.
James F. Failing, Portland.
Mrs. R. Jubitz, Portland.
Mrs. Mary E. McCarver, Oregon City.
Mrs. Susan McDuffy, Portland.
J. L. Reeder, Sauvies' Island.
Mrs. A. Bannister, Portland.
C. W. Frush, Portland.
Mrs. C. M. Cummings, Portland.
Mrs. S. M. Phillips, Portland.
Mrs. R. A. Wills, Portland.
Mrs. S. A. Chase, Portland.
Mrs. S. C. Taylor, Portland.
H. L. Pittock, Portland.
Mrs. Mary E. Johnson, Portland.
A. H. Long, Portland.
W. D. Lyman, Walla Walla, Wash.
Mrs. J. Younger, Salem.
Harry Weed, Portland.
Mrs. Emily Warriner, Portland.
Mrs. P. M. Daly, Portland.
Mrs. A. E. Bills, Portland.
C. Von Wintzingerode, Portland.
A. C. K. Richardson, Portland.
Mrs. S. C. John, Portland.
Mrs. C. L. Austin, Portland.
Mrs. Agnes Knox, Portland.
Mrs. F. A. Knapp, Portland.
Mrs. D. B. Kent, Portland.
Mrs. Sarah A. Cone, Butteville.
Samuel Handsaker, Eugene.
Mrs. S. J. Doty, Loraine.
George H. Himes, Portland.
Mrs. M. A. Rohr, Portland.
Mrs. R. L. Bode, Portland.
Mrs. A. M. Miles, Portland.
Mrs. A. E. Cummings, Gresham.
J. P. Eckler, Portland.
Mrs. L. F. Mosher, Portland.
A. S. Cummings, Portland.
Mrs. M. W. Trevitt, Portland.
Mrs. B. A. Bailey, Portland.
Mrs. M. Louise Bradley, Portland.
Mrs. I. W. Pratt, Portland.
Mrs. Josephine L. Buchtel, Portland.
E. W. Day, Portland.
Mrs. Stella Johnson, Portland.
Mrs. E. Tilins, La Center.
Mrs. N. J. Robertson, North Yamhill.
George H. Williams, Portland.
M. S. Griswold, Portland.
Simeon Geil, Portland.
Mrs. G. V. James, Portland.
Cass Riggs, Crowley.
Pierce Riggs, Crowley.
Mrs. J. L. Brumley, Eugene.
Mrs. L. G. Hunt, Portland.
Mrs. J. W. Wiseman, Portland.
Mrs. F. B. Hall, Dayton.
Mrs. E. Southwell, The Dalles.
B. B. Gaunt, North Yamhill.
W. H. H. Samson, Oregon City.
Mrs. J. L. Brumley, Eugene.

Mrs. L. C. Whitaker, Olympai, Wash.
Mrs. M. A. Powers, Albany.
G. W. Prosser, Oswego.
Chatfield Knight, Vancouver, Wash.
Mrs. J. B. Harding, Oregon City.
C. W. Bryant, Oswego.
G. M. Perkins, Lafayette.
Mrs. D. Tracy, Logan.
Mrs. H. S. Gile, Portland.
Mrs. M. C. George, Portland.
Mrs. Emily Guthrie Pearson, Nogales, Mex.
Captain Charles La Follette, Portland.

1854.

Mrs. Martha A. Coleman, Sheridan.
Robert A. Miller, Portland.
Mrs. Jessie S. Copely, Portland.
Mrs. S. H. Moffitt, The Dalles.
*David Myers, Scio.
Mrs. Clema Martin, Oregon City.
Mrs. Emma Miller Cochran, Portland.
John McKernan, Portland.
Mrs. Hattie B. Johnson, Lents.
Vincent Cook, Portland.
Chauncey Dale, Portland.
Mrs. Martha L. Jeter, Portland.
Mrs. W. N. Chambers, Woodstock.
W. P. Bevens, Parker.
Dean Blanchard, Rainier.
*E. W. Cornell, Portland.
Mrs. Kate S. Bingham, Portland.
Mrs. A. C. Gibbs, Portland.
J. S. Morris Portland.
Mrs. M. L. Packard, Portland.
W. R. Scheurer, Butteville.
Mrs. M. B. Powers, Lents.
S. Conrad, Hillsboro.
Mrs. N. A. Roberts, Portland.
Mrs. Penumbra Kelly, Portland.
Mrs. E. J. Morris, Portland.
Mrs. R. J. Frakes, Scappoose.
Mrs. Viola Pierce, Carlton.
Mrs. E. F. B. Thomas, Molalla.
Joseph Mann, Hillsboro.
Mrs. Ella W. Steel, Portland.
James W. Cook, Portland.
M. J. Gleason, Portland.
Mrs. Mary A. Boyd, Portland.
Mrs. Lulu D. Crandall, The Dalles.
Mrs. Sarah J. Handsaker, Eugene.
T. O. Bevens, King's Valley.
Mrs. F. B. Judy, Sonora, Cal.
George Hartness, Portland.
Mrs. A. Mackenzie, Portland.
Mrs. J. C. Branhan, Portland.
Mrs. Hattie McKernan, Portland.
Mrs. M. M. Spalding, Portland.
Mrs. L. Watkins, Bruno, Idaho.
Mrs. E. E. Morgan, Portland.
Mrs. G. A. Irvin, Philomath.

Mrs. P. A. Miller, Mount Tabor.
Mrs. E. H. Lloyd, Waitsburg, Wash.
J. E. Purdin, Forest Grove.
D. W. Wakefield, Portland.
J. E. Smith, Portland.
Mrs. M. M. Charman, Oregon City.
J. A. Henkle, Portland.
W. C. Barrell, Portland.
L. W. Harger, Newberg.
Mrs. Hattie L. Kelly, Oregon City.
Joshua Clark, Forest Grove.
Miss Nannie E. Taylor, Portland.

1855.

Mrs. E. Caples, Portland.
P. J. Mann, Portland.
Mrs. Velina P. Molson, Montreal, Canada.
Lorenzo Elliott, Portland.
J. O. Stearns, Portland.
Mrs. M. B. Riggs, Rickreall.
Mrs. J. W. Walters, Portland.
Mrs. W. S. Ladd, Portland.
A. H. Breyman, Portland.
Mrs. Jacob Duback, Vancouver, Wash.
F. P. Mays, Portland.
Mrs. Caroline Simmons, Portland.
Laura A. Warriner, Portland.
Mrs. S. C. Linn, Oregon City.
Mrs. Harriet C. Looney, Salem.
John M. Lewis, Portland.
Mrs. J. C. Failing, Portland.
Mrs. A. M. Mann, Portland.
Miss C. M. Elwert, Portland.
Mrs. S. Van Horn, Montreal, Canada.
Mrs. S. Coffin, Portland.
William Campbell, McMinnville.
Mrs. P. L. Willis, Portland.
Mrs. P. J. Mann, Portland.
Mrs. George A. Harding, Portland.
Mrs. C. W. Weeks, Portland.
S. W. Simmons, Portland.
Mrs. Margaret Douthit, Troutdale.
Rev. Johnston McCormac, Portland.
Mrs. C. Thompson, Stafford.
Mrs. E. A. Downing, Portland.
Mrs. Emma G. Hawkins, Boise, Idaho.

1856.

James D. Giddings, Salem.
J. W. Thomas, Molalla.
Mrs. Mary A. S. Gray, Portland.
William Braden, Portland.
Mrs. H. E. Jolly, Portland.
C. N. Wait, Canby.
Mrs. Mary Olson, Portland.
Mrs. Hattie M. Heninger, Oswego.
James B. Nesmith, Rickreall.
W. S. Duniway, Portland.

Mrs. Mary C. Catlin, Portland.
Mrs. J. M. Freeman, Portland.
Peter Meads, Walla Walla.
Mrs. E. A. Southern, Boyd.
Mrs. A. Maxwell, Orient.
Mrs. Nellie P. McClane, Portland.
Mrs. W. S. Sibson, Portland.
A. T. Workman, Portland.
Mrs. C. A. Cates, Vancouver, Wash.
F. B. Reeder, Sauvie's Island.
Mrs. L. B. Curry, Portland.

1857.

Mrs. N. S. Marshall, British Columbia.
Mrs. E. D. Curtis, Sellwood.
Mrs. M. L. Shipley, Portland.
Mrs. M. E. Roberts, Portland.
Mrs. Letita M. Smith, Portland.
Patrick Moran, Portland.
Seth L. Pope, Portland.
F. H. Saylor, Portland.
Mrs. P. E. Gager, Portland.
Mrs. H. A. Strickler, Portland.
P. H. D'Arcy, Salem.
George A. Harding, Oregon City.
Mrs. Emma T. Conrad, Hillsboro.
Mrs. A. Meier, Portland.
David S. Stearns, Portland.
Mrs. M. E. Henkle, Portland.
Mrs. Eva J. Simmons, St. Johns.
Edwin Gillihan, Arthur.
Mrs. Ione Buchanan, Portland.
Mrs. Harriet R. McDonald, La Grande.
C. A. Johns, Baker City.
Mrs. M. Baum, Portland.
Mrs. A. E. Magness, Portland.
T. W. Thompson, Portland.
Mrs. M. L. Shipley, Salem.
Mrs. S. E. Moores, Oregon City.
B. F. Giltner, St. Helens.
Mrs. A. Dunn, Portland.
Charles E. Ladd, Portland.

1858.

Thomas J. Spooner, Portland.
W. Lord, The Dalles.
Elias Kinder, Woodland, Wash.
A. J. McDaniel, Portland.
Mrs. David C. Blum, Portland.
Mrs. E. O. Barrett, Portland.
J. Kraemer, Portland.
Mrs. C. B. Charlton, Portland.
Mrs. Ella Bybee, Portland.
Mrs. E. Henry, Portland.
Mrs. M. Bonser Burt, Portland.
Mrs. M. E. McClure, Portland.
Mrs. Charlotte Patterson, Portland.
Mrs. Mary Cremen, The Dalles.
James Gleason, Portland.
McKinley Mitchell, Portland.
Dr. E. O. Smith, Portland.
Mrs. S. McCarver, Portland.
Mrs. M. W. Moon, Portland.
Mrs. S. T. James, Portland.
Mrs. M. R. Lockhart, Portland.
Mrs. C. H. Bennett, Portland.
C. W. Mayger, Portland.

C. W. Risley, Milwaukie.
W. R. Bozorth, Vancouver, Wash.
Mrs. Minnie Weeks Pittock, Portland.
Mrs. S. E. Prosser, Oswego.
Frank Hacheney, Portland.
Mrs. A. B. Croasman, Portland.
Mrs. George H. Himes, Portland.

1859.

Mrs. Mary Struble, Portland.
R. W. Downing, Vancouver, Wash.
H. L. Rees, Portland.
Mrs. M. A. Ikerd, Portland.
Mrs. Laura Dittner, Portland.
S. G. Bunting, Portland.
Mrs. L. P. McCully, Joseph.
F. D. McCully, Joseph.
Mrs. F. C. Wilson, La Center, Wash.
R. B. Knapp, Portland.
Mrs. Sarah E. Crow, Portland.
Mrs. Georgia A. Tibbetts, Portland.
Mrs. M. Zeller, Portland.
Mrs. W. D. Fenton, Portland.

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1900.

1838	1	1850	63
1839	4	1851	48
1840	2	1852	220
1841	1	1853	103
1842	2	1854	38
1843	13	1855	24
1844	24	1856	12
1845	38	1857	21
1846	37	1858	15
1847	85	1859	14
1848	29		
1849	29	Total	823

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1901.

1824	1	1850	76
1838	1	1851	67
1839	3	1852	243
1840	2	1853	121
1841	3	1854	42
1842	2	1855	23
1843	19	1856	12

1844	21	1857	22
1845	55	1858	14
1846	32	1859	17
1847	96		
1848	31	Total	936
1849	36		

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1902.

1838	1	1850	70
1839	2	1851	46
1840	4	1852	260
1841	3	1853	109
1842	2	1854	48
1843	15	1855	22
1844	21	1856	16
1845	54	1857	19
1846	36	1858	16
1847	72	1859	21
1848	38		
1849	33	Total	908

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1903.

1839	2	1851	54
1840	3	1852	285
1841	4	1853	116
1842	3	1854	56
1843	21	1855	24
1844	21	1856	14
1845	63	1857	21
1846	41	1858	24
1847	92	1859	19
1848	29		
1849	35	Total	1005
1850	68		

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT IN 1904.

1837	2	1850	78
1839	2	1851	54
1840	1	1852	272
1841	3	1853	135

1842	3	1854	58
1843	16	1855	32
1844	24	1856	21
1845	66	1857	29
1846	33	1858	30
1847	77	1859	14
1848	32		
1849	34	Total	1016

NECROLOGY.

Names of members of the Oregon Pioneer Association who have died between the annual reunions June 17, 1903, and June 14, 1904:

	Date of arrival in Oregon.
Mrs. Helen C. Judson McClane	1840
Mrs. George L. Story	1850
B. C. Kindred	1844
Dock Hartley	1846
Joseph W. Downer	1847
J. B. Dimick	1847
Joseph Kellogg	1848
Mrs. Elvira B. Comfort Bier	1845
Mrs. Adaline F. Cox	1847
Mrs. Elizabeth McGary Lovejoy	1843
Brazil Grounds	1845
Mrs. Harriet B. Millard Morse	1852
Mrs. Sarah C. Howell Gillihan	1850
Miss Rosetta Barker	1852
Mrs. Mary A. Miller	1845
Byron P. Cardwell	1852
Fred R. Strong	1851
George A. Sheppard	1852
Jacob Duback	1855
Mrs. Matilda Tuttle	1852
B. F. Saylor	1852
A. H. Long	1853
Samuel Gatton	1850
Mrs Margaret Mountain Stevenson	1857
Edwin B. Poppleton	1853
D. W. Crandall	1852
John W. Briedwell	1852
James K. Kelly	1850
Mrs. Mary A. Quinn, M. D.	1844
Mrs. M. A. Clark	1845
Mrs. Laura V. Mutch	1857
Mrs. Sarah Kelly Kern	1848
Isaac Butler	1845
W. H. Saylor, M. D.	1852
P. G. Northrup	1845
Miss Helen E. Burton	1852
William Barlow	1845
Mrs. Jane Abraham	1852
Miss Elizabeth T. Boise	1854

ANNUAL ADDRESS.

By Charles B. Moores, 1852, Salem.

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Oregon Pioneer Association:

An invitation to address you upon this, the Thirty-second Annual Reunion of your Association, is an invitation to enter a field which has already been harvested, and from which every grain of reminiscence has already been gathered and garnered away in your archives by real pioneers, equipped for the work by reason of their actual personal experience in the trying and discouraging labors of the pioneer era. Having borne none of the hardships and privations of the pioneer; having had no share in his achievements; being simply a beneficiary, and not an actual participant in his work, I hesitate to crowd into a space upon your annual programme that seems sacred to others. The importance of explaining this relation of the man to the occasion, or of the occasion to the man, shall be my apology for prefacing my remarks with a few references that are largely personal. As one of the infantry of the immigration of 1852, I am linked in a way to the persons, to the deeds, and to the memories of Oregon pioneer days. As the grandson of a member of the Oregon Constitutional Convention, as the son of an Oregon pioneer, who for nearly thirty years bore an honorable part in the labor of making Oregon what she is, and, above all as the son of an Oregon pioneer mother, I know that I am one of the household of Oregon's elect, and that, standing in this presence, I am looking into the eyes of the members of a great family circle to which I belong by right of inheritance. A pioneer boy baby, or a native son, is worthy, or is not worthy, from reasons wholly personal to himself, but a descendant of two generations of Oregon pioneers, if a true scion of genuine and original stock, is a peer of a son of the American Revolution. and has at least a prima facie claim upon your charitable consideration.

In March, 1860, a census of Salem, Oregon, was completed which showed a population at that time as follows:

Males over 21 years of age.....	359
Females over 21 years of age.....	190

Males over 4 years and under 21	179
Females over 4 years and under 21	184
Males under 4 years	85
Females under 4 years	73
Total	1068

As one of the 179 persons included in the third classification, my memory of pioneer days prior to the date of that census is vague and shadowy—a matter almost wholly of tradition. It is to me a matter of personal interest that I was born in a little town in Missouri, where so many of Oregon's pioneers began life's journey, on the very day upon which Hon. Samuel R. Thurston, Oregon's first congressional delegate, left Oregon City, my present home, for Washington, to begin his duties as a representative of this state in the lower house of congress. At that time biography and history were not among the specialties engaging my attention. Bill Nye has recorded with pride the active part he took in guiding the destinies of his parents. Judge M. C. George has also told us, with the enthusiastic unction of one conscious of having discharged his whole duty, how he, in 1851, at the early age of 18 months, piloted his parents from the State of Ohio through all of the perils of that great overland journey to the shores of the Pacific Coast. It is with the coy and reluctant modesty that is one of my personal characteristics, that I ask for the enrollment of my name, side by side with those of William Nye and Melvin C. George. It was in 1852, and in association with Hon. Joseph Buchtel, the grand marshal of this occasion, that, acting upon the stern promptings of filial duty, I undertook a similar feat, and started with my charges upon that long and weary way from Missouri, via Danville, Illinois, to Portland, Oregon. Knowing that Oregon needed them and me, and that Missouri had noble sons in plenty to spare, smothering the misgivings that might have deterred a weakling, bidding farewell to all of the associations of and sacred memories of a happy youth, leaving behind forever the good old negro "Mammy," who had preceded Joe Buchtel in my custody and my affections, and reckless alike of colic, of cactus, of cholera, and of a savage foe, I plunged with fearless abandon into the breach and led the way on that long journey across the "Great

American Desert," to establish my charges in this new world, and to engage with Applegate, Nesmith, Deady, Boise and Williams in the work of planting here a commonwealth that in the coming years was to be the wonder and admiration of the world. The intimacy of my relationship in succeeding years with these eminent men was not such as to attract special comment, and it may be well to confess that it was not until well along towards the date of the taking of the census that has been referred to that I began to realize "where I was really at." The burning of Oregon's state capitol in 1855 is a dim recollection. The booming of the cannon that announced Oregon's admission into the Union is more clear and pronounced, as well as later an occasional sight of Col. E. D. Baker, the announcement a few months later of his tragic death at the battle of Ball's Bluff, and the subsequent announcements, from time to time, of the great battles of the civil war. The personal appearance of many of the leading men of that day is easily recalled. Nesmith and Lane, Baker and Applegate, Logan and Harding, Deady and Kelly and Wilson, Bishop Scott and Atkinson, Pearne and Waller, and Leslie and Hines and Wilbur were all, in my boyish imagination, titanic figures, and mature reflection does not efface the impression that they would have ranked as the peers of the ablest men in the Pioneer Association of any state. The figures and the events of those days go shifting by in the kaleidoscope of memory, in the usual kaleidoscopic fashion, with little respect for the requirements of logic, or of orderly sequence. They are but the crude and fantastic surface impressions of a boy whose perspective and field of vision was limited, who had no powers of analysis, and who made little note of the really important and crucial events of the time. In the procession of events that go shifting by, among the earliest of mundane things remembered are the resplendent red shirts of the volunteer firemen, conspicuous in every Fourth of July parade; the marvels that were seen at the first one-tent, one-clown, one-trick-pony, pioneer Oregon circus; the procession that always responded to the whistle and went down to greet the arrival of every steamboat; the great flood of 1861, and the historic trip of the Onward under the command of Captain George Pease; the daily arrival of the old four-horse stage coach, with the driver sound-

ing his bugle as he came plunging down the hill just before entering the old covered bridge, and the swish of the whip and the magnificent sweep of the team as the old coach rounded up at the front porch of the old "Mansion House." These and many other incidents all have a distinctive pioneer flavor which those of the present generation cannot appreciate.

Among the clearest recollections are those of individuals, belonging to what might be called the renascent or secondary crop of Oregon pioneers, students mostly of the old pioneer school—Willamette University. Among these were General W. H. Odell, Judge John Catlin, Hon. Richard Williams, Major George Williams, George H. Durham, Prof. T. H. Crawford, Frank H. Grubbs, Judge John B. Waldo, Roswell H. Lamson, Oregon's distinguished naval hero; George P. Holman, a native son of the vintage of 1842; Rev. P. S. Knight, conspicuous as poet and society debater; U. S. District Judge C. B. Bellinger, who, with a brilliant companion now dead for forty years, used to air his talent for forensic eloquence from the branches of the second-growth firs of South Salem; Judge O. N. Denny, conspicuous always as a central target in the strenuous game of hot pepper, long years before he dreamed of earning pelf and fame as the legal adviser of the King of Corea; ex-Senator P. L. Willis, then janitor, bellringer, and general roustabout, and later a potent factor in politics, and the purse-proud possessor of broad acres in the corporate limits of Oregon's metropolis; Judge and ex-Congressman M. C. George, even then a man of great promise and greater physical bulk; Henry H. Gilfry, famous for his white sombrero and skill in the broad jump, now for more than twenty years an official of the United States senate and consort of senators and diplomats; ex-Senator N. L. Butler, vendor of college pathos and philosophy; Charles W. Parrish, Peter H. D'Arcy, Dr. Wm. H. Saylor, Judges J. A. Stratton and R. O. Dunbar, of Washington; ex-Governor T. T. Geer, Fred Schwatka, the Arctic explorer; Syl. C. Simpson, the logician; Sam. L. Simpson, the poet; Colonel "Bob" Veatch, the great objector; Judge, that was and is to be, William Galloway, ex-legislator, ex-receiver, ex-candidate for governor, and in the callow days of his youth, ex-haustless reservoir of Irish eloquence; and finally, to over-

look scores of others, Postmaster John W. Minto, conspicuous as a point winner in shinney, hop scotch, base, keeps, bullpen, town ball, and three-cornered-cat.

Nothing, however, in man, or in man's creation, loomed up at that time in such magnificent proportions as the old "Bennett House," the Waldorf-Astoria of Oregon's early days. It was a long, rambling, two-story structure, with rooms patterned in size after the staterooms of an ordinary steamboat, and with a second-floor porch, fronting on two sides, that must have been nearly four feet in width. It was the home of all visiting legislators and statesmen, of high and of low degree, and distinguished visitors from abroad were always there received in great state. In the early '60s Schuyler Colfax, afterwards vice-president, with ex-Governor Bross, of Illinois, Samuel Bowles, of the Springfield Republican, and Albert D. Richardson, the celebrated correspondent, were among its guests and addressed the people of Salem from its upper porch. Nothing that was said upon that occasion is recalled, but my recollection is clear of how I swelled with patriotic pride at the thought of the impression that the classic and spacious architecture of the "Bennett House" must be making upon this distinguished party who had probably never seen anything to surpass it in all of their extended travels. No creation of any architect from Michael Angelo to Edgar M. Lazarus will ever approach what the "Bennett House" was to me in 1865.

Seriously, and to revert to more important matters, the pioneer boy baby of 1852 cannot hope to satisfactorily recount the romantic and fascinating reminiscences of the real pioneer days in the presence of those to whom these tales have been so well and so often told before. They have too many times been related by actual participants, men of responsible age, understanding the real portent of passing events, who had both an attractive story to tell and the capacity to tell it in an attractive way. To such men, and to their associates, these old memories are sacred, though reckoned as of little worth by the indifferent thousands who in later years have followed, to enjoy in ease and comfort upon these shores the fruits of pioneer effort and of pioneer enterprise. We are now in a state of transition. In a certain sense the work of the pioneer is done. In this, our

later development, the commercial idea is dominant. As it runs on towards its consummation an age of greater leisure and of greater intellectual development will succeed when a new interest in pioneer memories will arise. This bustling, reckless, electric age has little patience with that which is purely sentimental in life. The forces of the present are concerned in the development of the raw material of our natural resources. It is the work of this Association, and of the Oregon Historical Society, to gather and to garner away the crude historical material to be fashioned into shapes of usefulness and beauty in future years. With distance and maturity and leisure will come that historical perspective that will bring out every detail in its true proportions, and enable the painter and the writer, and the epic poet to perpetuate, with accuracy of detail, and in glowing colors and immortal measures, the romantic story of the argonauts of Oregon. With this in view

"It is well that Pioneers
Should thus meet in passing years
While the locks that once were dark are turning snow;
To recall the olden story
That shall be their children's glory
How they crossed the plains and mountains long ago."

It is a story to command the service of pen and brush and pencil. It is a story of men whose work has stood the test of time, a work that after fifty years, in the light of changed conditions, and despite the lapse of time, still commands our admiration. Thomas H. Benton declared that the draft of the plan of our provisional government, of which Jesse Applegate was mainly the author, was the most thorough of its kind that had ever been presented to congress. The work of the members of our constitutional convention has met the approval of the most competent critics, and today stands intact after a lapse of forty-five years. Our early leaders were men of great natural talent. Many of them, sons of Yale and Harvard and Williams, of Princeton and Bowdoin and Dartmouth, were trained for the most exacting duties incident to the control and development of a pioneer state. Character and capacity was the rule and not the exception. The leaders who survive meet every modern test, and measure fully up to present conditions. No man of

his years surpasses in the vigor of his intellect the pioneer octogenarian mayor of the city of Portland, Hon George H. Williams, who fifty-seven years ago was judge of the First Judicial District of the state of Iowa. The opinions of none of our circuit judges command greater respect than those of our pioneer judge, R. P. Boise, who, at the age of 85, is just closing a career of nearly fifty years on the bench. Few, if any, United States district judges rank higher than Matthew P. Deady, or his pioneer successor, Judge C. B. Bellinger. It requires no stretch of the imagination to picture McLoughlin among the great statesmen of the Revolution, or men like Lane and Nesmith and Palmer as the trusted military advisers of Washington and Greene, or men like Applegate, or Pratt, or Burnett as members of the presidential cabinet, or Colonel E. D. Baker, with more than the eloquence of Patrick Henry, rousing to the highest pitch of enthusiasm the Virginia house of Burgesses.

Pioneer names still figure in every profession and department of industry. The old blood runs in new veins, and the work of this later day is being advanced along every line by the sons of Applegate and Waldo and McBride and Burnett and Boise and Strong and Hill and Williams and Moody and Geer and Looney and Holman, and the hundreds of others whose work glorified the early history of Oregon.

In contemplating the character of these men, and the character of their work, there is inspiration for every Missourian in the thought that the name of Missouri is inseparably linked with the early history of the state of Oregon. In the formative period of this state no other state figured so conspicuously as Missouri. In the halls of congress no men worked for us so persistently and so effectively as the imperious Thomas H. Benton and the amiable and cultured Dr. Linn. For years they led the fight when the immense value and importance of "the Oregon country" was little understood on the eastern seaboard. They were the untiring and effective champions of all the early legislation upon which the destiny of Oregon depended. Linn was for ten years a senator, and died in the harness at the early age of 48, in the year 1843, a year memorable as the one in

which the first decisive step was taken by the people of this territory to determine our American status. Benton, Missouri's first senator, for thirty years conspicuous as a leader in the American senate, died in 1858, the year preceding that of Oregon's admission as a state. From the fact that Missouri was then the gateway on the western border of civilization through which the westward tide must flow, and that her senators were leaders in the fight that was to make this American territory, it is not strange that the citizens of Missouri became early interested in the Oregon question and that they were dominant factors in the early development of this state. Thus it happened that Missourians were in at the beginning, that Missouri became the "It" of the pioneer era, and that in the census of 1850, which gave Oregon a population of 13,294, there were included the names of 2,206 Missourians. It was from St. Louis that Lewis and Clark started upon their memorable and historic twenty months' expedition. Out of St. Louis and St. Joseph and Independence, rolled, year after year, those tented caravans that in the early days carried the hopes and destiny of this new empire. The Missourian led the vanguard in this last grand march to the sundown seas that was to end the migration begun in the far east thousands of years ago. The immigrants of the '40s and the '50s, wanting light, and seeking the land of promise, said to Missouri, "Show me;" and Missouri, speaking through her representative sons, pointed the way to Oregon, as the modern El Dorado, and a field of promise and great achievement.

It was John C. Calhoun who denounced Oregon as "a God-forsaken Asiatic region." It was Senator Woodbury, of New Hampshire, who declared that "the wealth of the Indies would be insufficient to build a railroad to the Columbia, and thanked God for His mercy in placing the Rocky mountains across the way as an eternal barrier." It was Daniel Webster who, in comparing the Columbia with the St. John, sarcastically suggested that "the latter had a mouth which was a thing of some importance in rivers, and that for human use the St. John was worth a hundred times as much as the Columbia was or ever would be." It was Thomas Hart Benton, speaking to the people of his state at St. Louis in 1844, who said: "I say the man is

alive, full grown, and is listening to what I say (without believing it perhaps), who will yet see the Asiatic commerce traversing the North Pacific ocean, entering the Oregon river, climbing the western slope of the Rocky mountains, issuing from its gorges, and spreading its fertilizing streams over our wide extended Union. The steamboat and the steam car have not yet exhausted all of their wonders, they have not yet found their amplest and most appropriate theatres—the tranquil surface of the North Pacific ocean and the vast inclined plains which spread east and west from the base of the Rocky mountains. The magic boat and the flying car are not yet seen upon this ocean and upon this plain, but they will be seen there, and St. Louis is yet to find herself as near Canton as she now is to London, with a better and safer route by land and sea to China and Japan than she now has to France and Great Britain." That was not the voice of Webster, or Calhoun, or Woodbury. It was not the sublimated wisdom of New Hampshire or Massachusetts or South Carolina. It was the voice of Thomas H. Benton, "Old Bullion," "The Emperor of Missouri," God bless him! It was the prescience and the practical hard sense of old Missouri pointing out the true way to the self-sufficient, but purblind statesmen and philosophers of the far east. The Missourian, who was with us at the beginning, still abides with us. The census of 1900 shows that the 2,206 Missourians of 1850 have increased to more than 17,000. They are of our own household. What harm can befall the commonwealth of Oregon with 17,000 Missourians within her borders? They come from the land of Benton and Linn and Green and Doniphan and Blair and Bates and Joe Folk, the home of the world's greatest exposition, a region located literally in the center of all created things, equidistant—east, west, north and south—from the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Gulf of Mexico and the Canadian border, the fabled spot about which the blue sky drops down at equal distance all around. We hail them as the cherished companions, and friends, and allies of pioneer as well as of all our later days, native sons of a state of fertile soil, and sunny skies, of cattle, coal and zinc, and fruit, of statesmen, corn,

and hogs, and mules, the keystone of the federal arch, and the brightest star in the constellation of states.

What were the various motives that prompted that wonderful western movement it is not for us to discuss upon this occasion. The importance of the movement was then little understood, and is even yet little appreciated. To the man who has never been a pioneer the work of conquering a wilderness is but a romantic adventure. To the last immigrant who came across in a Pullman, that journey of 2,000 miles was a holiday excursion. No modern venture can be suggested that is comparable to it, but the languid camp follower of a later day sees little in exploits of those who led the vanguard. Even actual participants have almost forgotten the sacrifices, the hardships, and the daily perils of those who came to the coast prior to Oregon's admission as a state.

To make no accounting of the daily experiences of all the thousands who made the journey, we are told that 1,800 men, women and children were killed by Indians; that of a total of 50,000 immigrants for a certain series of years 10,000 perished from hardships, disease and violence; and that more than $6,000,000 in service, merchandise and money, was spent by these people, few in numbers, in defending themselves against a savage foe. Yet all of this does not tell the story any more than does the description of a great battle give anyone a realization of all its horrors. To thousands of strong men it meant a struggle against exposure, disease and death that was enough to dismay the stoutest heart. It was an exploit worthy the prowess of any knight errant of chivalry and the story of that great excursion is in the future to illumine the brightest pages of history. But who, after all, were the real heroes of that great movement? If to all of these stout-hearted men, nurtured in the school of hardship and adversity, it meant what it did, what must have been the experience of that great army of pioneer women, companions of all their trials, many of them invalids, many of them delicately nurtured and of finer mold and more delicate sensibilities, leaving home, friends and home comforts, and all of the hallowed associations of a lifetime for the dread uncertainties and responsibilities of an expedition to a distant and unknown land whose promises might turn to ashes and prove

the wreck of all their hopes? No repetition of the story can even approach the actual experience. We may get a faint impression of the spirit of these women in the first entry of the diary of Mrs. Myra F. Eells, made March 6, 1838, the day she left her eastern home for the Pacific coast, which reads: "Left home, father, mother, brothers, and sisters, and all near and dear by the ties of nature and affection, with the expectation of never seeing them again in this world." Through all of the pages of her journal the entries bespeak the same courageous and determined spirit. In a letter from Mrs. Whitman, written in 1840 to her father, telling him "It is almost two years since we have received a single letter from home," there is a story of sacrifice and of deprivation that means much more than is realized by the casual reader.

Away back in Iowa one day in the year 1845 a young husband abruptly announced to his wife that he had decided to go to Oregon, and advised her that she could either accompany him, or, if she preferred, remain with her father until he had gone before and prepared for her a home on this coast. This wife, the mother of a young babe, although herself but 16 years of age, promptly declared that her duty was to accompany her husband and that she would go with him. The father reinforced the mild suggestion of the husband, and urged her with tears not to undertake the perilous trip, but the mother, siding with her daughter, urged her to go, and the determination of these two brave women overcame the misgivings of the father and the discretion of the husband, and husband and wife made the journey together. That young mother was Elizabeth Perry, now a resident of Houlton, known to many of the people of Tualatin Plains, and residents of Washington, Multnomah and Columbia as "Grandma Perry," and everywhere respected as one who, during all of these years has done well her part, and ever commanded the good will and the profound regard of all who know her for her many womanly deeds of mercy and kindness, and her humane and charitable disposition.

We see the spirit that glorified the work of all of these women in the story of Tabitha Brown, one of the founders of Pacific University, as she keeps her lonely vigil over her sole

companion, covered with a wagon sheet, sick unto death, and likely to pass away before the morning, sitting worse than alone in a savage wilderness, without food, without fire, cold and shivering, the wolves howling and fighting all around her, the dark clouds hiding the stars, and everything, so far as human need goes, solitary as death.

We see the same spirit of sacrifice illustrated in the story of Mary Richardson Walker at the foot of the Rocky mountains, sitting on top of all her earthly possessions, in the pitiless storm, with water above, beneath, and all around, weeping that her father's swine in the old home were better housed than she.

We see it in the stories of Mrs. Morrison and Mrs. Spalding, and Mrs. Gray, and Mrs. Welch, and hundreds of others, and reading these stories, can understand the sentiment which animated Rev. Spalding in writing to the missionary board of the Presbyterian church: "Never send another white woman if you have any regard for human life."

The struggle and the perils did not end with the journey of 2,000 miles. The fight was then but just begun. With a new home to be established, a task entailing a life of daily toil, with few conveniences, with no luxuries, away from the companionship of friends and kindred, here were trials to which the trials of woman in her best estate were trifles in comparison, and here was illustrated in the pioneer women of Oregon, facing fearful odds, that highest type of heroism, the faithful discharge of each recurring day's duty with a patience that was not supported with any hope of reward other than that of the consciousness of duty well performed.

There is something to fire the blood in the story of Mrs. Welch protecting her home in the forests, in the absence of her husband, against the incursions of Indians and wild beasts, and of Mrs. McAllister meeting with an axe the attack of Indian savages on the Des Chutes, and of Mrs. Harris, the heroine of southern Oregon, with her 10-year-old boy a captive, her 12-year-old daughter wounded, her husband dying at her feet, successfully defending her home with her trusty rifle and defying her Indian foes until succor arrived, but there were thousands of other women whose courage was tested in the less spectacular

way of discharging duties which men could not perform, and in the presence of which many an Indian war veteran would have been as helpless as a child. We have a sample of that in the story of Mrs. Scott "cooking for sixteen men with only one frying pan in which to make and bake all of the bread and fry all the meat, and one tin bucket in which to boil and bake the beans and make the tea." It is a commonplace story, a story without sentiment, with nothing to inspire the poet, or to stir the heart of eloquence. It is the old, old story of the cooks, and the scullions, and the potwashers, the doers of things that have to be done, whose work is the foundation of the triumphs of the commerce, and the art, and the oratory, and the diplomacy of all the ages. It is the story of the makers of the blood, and the bone and the brawn of the warriors who fight our battles, and of the constitution makers who write the statutes that give force, and form, and substance to the results of war and diplomacy. Without the bread bakers, and the tea makers, and the bean boilers your crop of poets and painters and orators would not survive a single hard winter, and your future literary, and commercial and inventive achievements would hardly rival those of your red-skinned predecessors on the vast stretches of the "Great American Desert." Without them many a statesman would be dependent wholly on the "breakfast foods" of the illustrated magazines, and many a distinguished warrior would pale in the presence of a cook stove, and stagger at an order to prepare a meal. The indifferent cooks number among their dead a greater army than has ever fallen on the field of battle. The cook stove is one of the storm centers of civilization, and the presiding genius of the kitchen moulds the destinies of the world to a greater degree than those who imagine they are at the helm are willing to concede.

Another picture shows in still a different light the high qualities of patience, and industry, and capacity, and the essential good citizenship of the Oregon pioneer mother. In the famous "Waldo Hills" is a historic cabin where in the olden days bluff old Dan Waldo held provisional court, and where ex-Senator Nesmith and ex-Governor Burnett and other pioneer gladiators made the most eloquent forensic efforts of their lives. It stood on a highway known to all old pioneers. Here often as many as

thirty persons had their meals cooked, not on a range, but on an old-fashioned cook stove that cost the robust pioneer price of $125. The adjoining schoolhouse was the lodging place. On Sunday the preacher was there, with most of his congregation. The agents of the Hudson's Bay Company camped there, and Mormon missionaries were occasional customers. The upper story of the cabin was a loft where mother and father and eight children slept. There is something of the flavor of the story of Cornelia and the Gracchi in the saying of "Mother Waldo" that "the happiest time of her life was when she could rise up in bed and see her children asleep all around her." Another very commonplace story, you may say, but upon the shoulders of that pioneer mother rested the care and the guidance of all those children, and the real responsibilities of all that hospitality, a burden that would tax to the extremest limit the tact and the judgment of the sturdiest pioneer father in the land. Yet this, in all of its essentials, was the story of thousands of pioneer mothers, differing only in immaterial details. The great majority were far less favorably situated, and in the lives of the majority there was so much of toil and privation and danger that we can appreciate the query of Mrs. Kamm, addressed to her mother, Mrs. W. H. Gray: "How could you, with your education and surroundings, the refinements of life that you were accustomed to, and your own personal habits, ever make up your mind to go on such a terrible journey, thousands of miles from civilization, into an unknown wilderness, across two chains of mountains, and exposed to countless dangers?"

The pathetic story of the Puritan mothers who had to bear not only the trials of the Puritan fathers, but the Puritan fathers themselves, has been applied to the Oregon pioneer mother. This is not entirely a jest. Even the Oregon pioneer fathers could be improved upon in some minor details. Many of them had little sentiment. There was often want of appreciation because there was want of conception of the sensitive nature of woman, and of the value to her of an occasional show of appreciation to smooth the highway of life, and to lighten its daily burdens. The want of it heightened the merit of the patient worker, and was the crucial test of the endurance and the temper of the pioneer mother. Even so just and true a man

as Jesse Applegate was not impressed with this until his companion of fifty years was called away, when he said of her: "In the true sense of the word in all these years she has been my helpmeet, she has been the chief comfort of my life, the sharer of my toils, and my consoler in adversity. She had strong good sense, a loving heart, and deep devotion to the right. She was a safe counsellor, for her untaught instincts were truer and safer rules of conduct than my better informed judgment. Had I oftener followed her advice her pilgrimage on earth might have been longer and happier, at least her strong desire to make all happy around her would not have been cramped by extreme penury. I have not been as good a husband as she has been a wife. In the day of prosperity I did not realize at its proper value the priceless treasure I had in a friend so faithfully devoted and true; it required adversity to prove the true gold."

We are flippantly told that in those old days there was a scarcity of cats and old maids. For the latter especially there was an inordinate demand among the prospective Donation Land claimants who were unmarried, for in their sordid eyes a woman was worth 320 acres of land. One case is recorded of a woman who succeeded in getting into the domestic circle of her devoted swain only two hours before the privileges of the law expired. To many of these husbands the wife was simply an appendage to be appreciated because she had a market value of 320 acres of land. These are the husbands who are included in the inventory of trials that had to be borne by many of the pioneer mothers.

These incidents, related at random, indicate in a way woman's relation to the pioneer movement, and demonstrates, not only her physical courage, but her high capacity for the discharge of the homely duties that are the pivotal and essential duties of life. Her courage is made manifest a thousand times in a thousand different ways, in the '40s and '50s in all the steps of the historic journey across the plains, and in the subsequent experiences of pioneer life in this state. All along the great highway over which they came to this coast are mute evidences of toil and danger and privation. If the scattered bones of the

buried victims along that great national highway could again take on the habiliments of life, and the spirits that went out on those plains could again enter their earthly tenements, and the pallid lips find utterance, what tales of heroic sacrifice, and baffled hopes, and broken ambitions, and hopeless despair would greet the ear. For the average woman there was an utter lack of incentive. It was a forced and cheerless march to a promised home on the frontiers of civilization. If the land of promise proved a delusion there was little or no promise of return. With every caravan there stalked along the nameless dread of Indian outrage, and the slow, consuming torture of dread apprehension. On all of that long and weary way the pioneer woman marched side by side with father, husband, son and brother, "firing his courage, nursing his patience, and cheering his hopes," until the final goal was reached and new responsibilities came with the surroundings of a new home, the consummation of the march. Here among new surroundings she again took up her life work. There was no cessation of toil. There was no lack of the drudgery that palls the courage and chills the spirit. There was lack of home comforts and lack of social diversion. There was the isolation incident to all homes on the frontier. There was the monotony that always marks a fixed and unvarying round of duties. There was privation and anxiety and heartache and yearnings for the old home and the old friends that were never to be seen again. Over all of these trials the spirit of the majority rose triumphant, but many went down in the unequal battle. In all of the varying phases of frontier life there were no better soldiers. Our most heroic soldiers are in the ranks of the privates. Our most deserving naval heroes are not the admirals, but the unsung stokers away down in the holds of our battleships. The pioneer mothers were the privates and the stokers of their day. Physical courage is one of the commonest attributes of man, but courage of the highest type is not that which displays itself upon mere impulse, but that which is a habit of life. The flaunting of the flag, and the roll of the drum, and the music of the bands, the battle shout, and the crash and thunder of artillery will stir the blood of the veriest craven, but the commonplace courage of everyday life, that is exemplified in

the highest degree in woman, the courage of industry, and persistence, and patience, and endurance, without the incentive of adequate recompense or reward, is grander than that which inspires the battle charge, or that which glorifies the bridges of your battleships. Of such heroism no one keeps a record. For such heroes there is seldom a eulogy, or a tablet, or an epitaph. There is better work for the chisel of the sculptor in the perpetuation of the virtues of the pioneer women of Oregon than in that of perpetuating the pigmy heroism of many whose shafts and monuments and statues ornament the parks and public squares of all our cities. No tablet of brass, and no shaft of granite, though it pierce the skies, and though it prove as enduring as the pyramids, can worthily and adequately tell the story of these women and of the dark and stormy days of their vanished years. Their best memorial will be the results of their work made manifest in their descendants, and through them, we have abundant reason to hope, will all of the trials, and privations, and sacrifices, and loyal devotion to duty of the pioneer mothers redound to the honor, and the glory, and the profit of generations yet to come.

The ample recompense of the Oregon pioneer was a home in a state of magnificent resources that are yet undeveloped and of which we have even yet only the slightest comprehension. In many ways our development has not been what it should have been, but north and south of us are states of boundless resources, and we have besides had to await the peopling on the east of us of an intervening empire, whose sole advantage was convenience of access. Between us and what was, sixty years ago, the western fringe of civilization great states have arisen, offering homes to millions of American citizens. In 1840 the population of the United States was only 17,000,000. In the area west of the Mississippi, having a three times greater field for development, were but three states and less than 1,000,000 people. Today we have a population of 80,000,000, with nearly half the states and one-third of the population west of the Mississippi. In another sixty years these states will exceed in population those east of the Mississippi, and the close of the century will see the population of the Pacific coast equal to that of the Atlantic seaboard.

The conservatism of Oregon is a favorite theme in California, our airy sister on the south; and in Washington, the bumptious young state on the north, inflated, as she is, with the exuberance that is characteristic of youth and immaturity. She apparently forgets her distinguished origin. She forgets that Oregon has made her what she is. She forgets that for forty years we have been sending her the men that have not only held her offices, but that have made and administered her laws, and developed her resources. She forgets that we raised Senator Ankeny for her special benefit. She forgets that three of the prsent judges of her supreme court are native sons of Oregon, all worthy scions of Marion county pioneer stock, and that all along the pathway of her history she has been walking and basking in the reflected glory of the pioneer men and women of Oregon.

As for California, it may be as well to remind her that for years after Oregon became American territory she was simply a province of the little Republic of Mexico. It was Oregon that first discovered her gold for her in the persons of James W. Marshall, a pioneer of Yamhill county, and Captain Charles Bennett, a pioneer of Salem. It was Oregon that gave Peter H. Burnett the political training that fitted him for the discharge of his duties as the first governor of California, and it was Oregonians who held the balance of power in the election that made him governor. San Francisco had to file her original plat of survey in the district court at Oregon City, where it still remains. We are making today in the mills of Oregon City all of the paper on which are printed the metropolitan dailies of San Francisco and Los Angeles. We are raising the potatoes that put meat upon the bones of California. The salmon of the Columbia are her main dependence for California brain fag. The Oregon prune has given her reputation abroad as the grower of that succulent fruit. The most genteel California jag gets its inspiration from the expressed juices of the Oregon hop, and last January, when all of the ministers of Los Angeles, "including Bishop Johnson," gathered in their respective places of worship to implore the Almighty to avert the impending results of a destructive drouth, Oregon sent her cool and refreshing showers, and the spirit of California

arose, and her parched and arid plains took on new life. Let our good sister restrain her impetuosity. Let her recall the old story of the sturdy oak that slowly gathered strength to meet the assaults of the violent storms of her later years. Deliberation and conservatism is always characteristic of the soundest judgment and the most substantial prosperity. Our development rests upon a solid substratum of granite, and not upon the ozone of California, or the stratum of hot air that circulates along our northern borders. We contracted our habits of deliberation and conservatism in the pioneer days. The news of the treaty of June 15, 1846, that determined our American status, reached us by way of the Sandwich Islands on November 12, 1846, after a period of nearly five months. The usual time schedule for a journey across the plains covered a period of six months. It required forty-eight days to ship the men and materials of what the captain of the bark Keoka called "Tom Dryer's d—n little whig paper," the Oregonian, from San Francisco to Portland. Our accretions of wealth and population have been slow but substantial. Those who are impatient because we number but 600,000 should remember that fifty years ago this was virgin soil, and that we are still in the babyhood of our history and of our development. Although it is 400 years since the first navigators sailed along the coast, and more than 100 years since Captain Gray entered the Columbia, and 100 years since the expedition of Lewis and Clark, our real history covers but two generations, and thousands are still among us who were in at the beginning. F. X. Matthieu, who in his early manhood, cast the deciding vote at the famous meeting of May 2, 1843, is still among us. Judge R. P. Boise, who is still upon the bench, was admitted to the bar in the year in which California became American territory, and was old enough to be eligible to a seat in the United States senate when Oregon was admitted as a state. Judge Williams, who was a district judge in Iowa in the year following the ratification of the treaty of June 15, 1846, is today actively and efficiently discharging his duties as mayor of the city of Portland. Asahel Bush, the millionaire banker of Salem, the Warwick of Oregon in territorial days, is still an active and powerful factor in the financial affairs of the state. Grand Marshal Buchtel, a pioneer

of pioneers, is still a sprinter and an athlete capable of taking first place in more than one event in any college field meet. It was little more than fifty years ago that Lovejoy and Pettygrove tossed the penny that determined that this beautiful city should be known as Portland instead of Boston. It was less than sixty years ago that James B. Stephens refused to trade his neighbor, Overton, 300 salmon barrels for his claim, which is now in the heart of the city of Portland. Prior to 1840 there were not fifty Americans in the whole Oregon country. Our whole American population, when the vote of May 2, 1843, was taken, was only 300. Sixty years ago, in the youth of men still hale and hearty, Portland was a solitude. The first caravans that dragged their way across the plains started long after many of you had begun life's journey. It is but sixty years since the first Protestant institution of learning west of the Rocky mountains was founded. Two generations ago, from Mexico to Canada. and from the Missouri border to the Pacific, from which region there have since been carved a dozen states, there was hardly a church, or a school, or a home. Our first general election was held on May 14, 1844, and our first legislative body was in session sixty years ago today. Our first governor was elected June 3, 1845. Our first and only state constitution has been framed but forty-seven years. We saw our first steamboat in 1850, our first telegraph in 1855, our first stage line in 1857, our first railroad in 1868, and it was in this year that we sent the first shipload of wheat to Liverpool, the forerunner of a commerce that is already great and widespread, and whose future has no bounds. If our progress has not been sufficient to meet the requirements of the boomer it has at least discounted that of the early commonwealths, for what was Virginia, the mother of presidents; or Massachusetts, the home of Harvard; and Bunker Hill, and the Adams family, or New York, the land of the Knickerbockers, sixty years after their original settlement?

Sixty years after the first huts were built on Manhattan island English dominion was still in question, Roman Catholics were under the ban, and New York meant simply Staten island, Manhattan, Long island, and the banks of the Hudson.

Sixty years after settlement Massachusetts was hanging witches and banishing Quakers and making life a burden to the Baptists, while forty years later she was still being devastated by Indian wars.

It was eighty-six years after Jamestown was settled by the English before the College of William and Mary was founded, and 100 years after when Governor Spottswood, the first white man to enter the Great Valley, crossed the Blue Ridge.

Our local progress has exceeded the wildest expectations of the men of two generations ago. At the inauguration of the enterprise of building a plank road from Portland to Tualatin Plains, over fifty years ago, the orator of the occasion was rash enough to phophecy that the iron horse would ultimately take the place of the plank road, and that "persons were within the sound of his voice that would live to see the day when a main trunk railroad would be extended from sea to sea—from the Atlantic to the Pacific." His prophecy was verified in less than twenty years.

The mournful suggestion of Senator Dickerson that "the mines of Mexico and Peru disemboweled would scarcely pay a penny on the pound of the cost of a railroad to the Pacific coast," was discredited within a generation by the construction of a half-dozen transcontinental lines, while the mines of Mexico and Peru are still paying princely dividends. The prophetic words of Jason Lee: "Here is the germ of a great state," are being verified, and events already past have vindicated the wisdom of Thomas H. Benton, in his utterance of May, 1846: "I look upon the settlement of the Columbia river by the van of the Caucasian race as the most momentous event in history since man's dispersion over the earth."

It was the pleasure of Senator Woodbury, of New Hampshire, speaking of Oregon sixty years ago, to say: "If I had a son whose conduct made him a fit subject for Botany Bay I would say in the name of God go." If the dear, old, misguided man had sent the boy we would have made a man of him, and in a few years returned him as a senator or a missionary, to teach the benighted denizens of New Hampshire, rock-ribbed

land of abandoned farms, something of the mysteries of physical geography, and of the opportunities open here in God's country for even a New Hampshire Yankee.

In 1844 the Louisville Journal published to the world that: "Russia has her Siberia, and England her Botany Bay, and if the United States could ever use a country to which to banish rogues and scoundrels, the utility of such a region as Oregon will be demonstrated." Sixty years later, in 1904, Hon. Henry Watterson, the present editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, put himself on record by saying: "If I were a young man of 20, leaving the state of Kentucky, I would make my home in Oregon, as the one country offering the most magnificent opportunities to the young men of America."

Even Daniel Webster deemed it necessary to characterize the Pacific coast as "a region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts of shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie dogs, a western coast of 3,000 miles, rock-bound, cheerless, uninviting, and not a harbor on it." Within a mile of the spot where we are now assembled is a harbor floating more magnificent ocean ships than Daniel Webster ever saw. Today his prairie dogs are dead. His cactus has given place to the cabbage and the cauliflower. His whirlwinds of dust have been laid by our gentle and refreshing showers. His deserts of shifting sands are producing millions of bushels of wheat, and millions of barrels of flour for the markets of the Orient. His wild beasts are all, thanks to the persuasive and hypnotic powers of Colonel Hawkins, either caged on the grounds of the City Park, or stuffed and set up on a pedestal in the rooms of the Portland City Hall, and if the god-like Daniel could now visit us in person we would lead him, without a bodyguard, through this "region of savages" to the gateway of the Indian Industrial School at Chemawa and introduce him to Indian students who could tell him more than all of the Harvard professors of his day, about the resources of this great empire, and about the capacity of the American pioneer to conquer the forces of nature, to transform the wilderness, and to make the waste places bud and blossom as the rose.

This "God-forsaken Asiatic region" of John C. Calhoun has vaster resources than a dozen states like South Carolina, The old "Oregon country" embraced a region of over 300,000 square miles. Oregon, as she now is, extending east and west 345 miles, and having an ocean frontage of 276 miles, includes a territory of 95,000 square miles. Three million people make their homes in Massachusetts, a state having but one-twelfth of the area of Oregon, with not a tithe of her resources. Oregon, peopled as is Japan, or Great Britain, would have a population of 30,000,000, and with a population like that of Belgium, 461 people to the square mile, her numbers would be more than 40,000,000, and her resources would ultimately sustain them. She has nearly one-sixth of the timber of the United States more than any other state in the Union, and even now the products of her forests are adding millions annually to her wealth. Her fish, her fruits, her wheat, her wool, her dairy products are immense in value and unsurpassed in quality. The United States is one of the leading hop countries of the world, but of the hops grown in the United States, more than 30 per cent come from the state of Oregon, and 12 per cent from the single county of Marion. In 1903 the output of our farms, and orchards, and ranges, and waters, and factories, and from other resources, was more than $200,000,000.

Sixty years ago the brilliant Senator McDuffie, of South Carolina, speaking of what was then known as the "Oregon country," declared that he would not give a pinch of snuff for the whole territory, but that despised territory is now adding $400,000,000 annually to the national wealth; in fifty years it has contributed to the revenues of the national treasury more than $50,000,000, and in gold and silver alone it has contributed over $125,000,000 to the wealth of the nation.

In the distorted imagination of Daniel Webster the Columbia river had no mouth, and for all human use she was not to be compared to the St. John, but she is the second river of the United States, and at certain stages she carries more water than the Mississippi. With her principal tributaries she includes more than 2,000 miles of navigable waters, and drains a region equal to the combined area of New England, New York, Penn-

sylvania, New Jersey and Maryland. Her annual foreign commerce runs into the millions. Through the mouth of the Columbia (for in spite of Daniel Webster she has a mouth), ocean vessels, like the Algoa, carrying a cargo of 9,276 tons, sail up her waters and through the mouth of the Willamette, more than 100 miles, to Portland, her chief seaport, a city to which is almost wholly tributary the 1,700 miles of railroad already constructed and in operation within the state of Oregon. From this port, greater than was Boston in Webster's time, whose annual bank clearances are $175,000,000, whose annual jobbing trade is more than $160,000,000, and which spends annually in the trifling matter of postage stamps alone the sum of $350,000, a single company sent out in 1903 six ocean vessels with a cargo of 2,500,000 feet of lumber each, and a seventh with a cargo exceeding 3,634,000 feet. There is in all this simply a suggestion of what the future has in store. It was Benton who, in the spirit of prophecy, and pleading the cause of Oregon, pointed to India and the unlimited possibilities of the east. Let us read the lessons of history. Let us consider the geography of our situation. Let us examine the ocean charts, and learn the pathways of commerce and watch the outgoings and the incomings of our ocean transports, for away beyond the waters of the Pacific three-quarters of the population of the world beckons the way to our commerce, and to new markets for the products of our fields, and our forests, and our ranges, and all of the fruits of American industry and invention. Here is one of the world's great gateways. Here is a future seat of empire. Here, in this remote corner, but future center, is the Ultima Thule of discovery and achievement. And all of this great region, still undeveloped, boundless in extent, boundless in its resources, and boundless in its possibilities, is the gift of the Oregon pioneer to the American sisterhood of states. Westward—ever westward—has for thousands of years been the story of man's migrations,

> "And nations wrecked along the rolling years
> Mark where for sixty centuries have run
> The tidal waves of men toward the setting sun."

Here the journey, begun thousands of years ago, has culminated. Here the long procession that started in the dawn of

history has finally broken ranks. From this point, under new conditions, with new equipments, with columns re-arranged, and along other lines of human endeavor, on, and on, and on will go the ceaseless march of men and events. Prescience, hope, opportunity, ambition, courage, energy, ingredients all of the leaven that first dissipated the primeval shadows, will continue ceaselessly at work until the dazzling splendors of ultimate achievement mark the end of human quest and of human endeavor.

The withholding for so many ages of this wonderful land was a prodigal loss to the past of all its enormous materials of wealth and opportunity, and covers designs of Providence that are wholly inscrutable. Undiscovered and undeveloped it has lain through the centuries while wars were waging, and nations were rising, and civilization was advancing, and the history of man was being illumined with all of the triumphs of music and of art, and science, and law, and commerce, and statesmanship, and religion. During all of these years, while the civilizing processes of the ages were being evolved in the mind of the Great Architect, and all the varying stages of discovery and development were reaching their culmination in other and extended fields, this world of wealth, this richest of all lands, this exhaustless reservoir of promise and of opportunity was being hidden from the eyes of civilized man. Here, during all these centuries of time, the wild birds have sung, the wild flowers have bloomed, the wild beasts have roamed, and wilder men have traversed the forests and the desert solitudes. Here old Mount Hood, majestic sentinel of the skies, "lonely as God and white as a winter moon," has stood watch and ward; the great forests have gathered age and strength, and substance, and proportion, and the rivers have gone rolling down with ceaseless monotone to mingle with the restless waters of the sea. And here, at last, in the fullness of time, have come the avant couriers of civilization, and in Gray, and Lewis and Clark, and Astor, and Lee, and Whitman, and all their compeers and successors, the exploiters, the explorers, the home builders, and the law givers, has been begun the work in this wide and rich, but long-neglected field, that is to rival all the work of the past, and bring developments that will surpass

the hopes and the prophecies of the cheeriest optimist. The first foundations in this new field have been laid. The initial chapters of our history have already been written. We already have what we are pleased to refer to as a pioneer era. The opening years of the new century have noted, in increasing ratio, the passing of many of the founders and state builders of Oregon. Over their graves will arise new scenes, and be made new history. The world wants results—constantly results—and is reckless alike of the presence or of the absence of individuals. After the lapse of but two generations, this is no longer a land of romance, but a commercial asset, and the primitive work of the pioneers is being overshadowed in the march of commerce, and pioneer memories are swallowed up and forgotten in the hum of the traffic on our rivers and in our cities, and in the rush and roar of all the varied engines of modern industry.

At our last annual reunion 1,007 of the sturdy pioneers of Oregon were here to inscribe their names upon the register. Their average age was 70 years, and it is believed, that in the meantime, of all our Association, less than two score have passed over the river, a striking commentary upon the vigor of Oregon pioneer stock.

But a new Oregon is already here. A newer and a greater Oregon is to follow. Over the old trails thousands have followed in the steps of the "foot soldiers" of the '40s and the '50s. Millions are yet to come. The evening shadows are gathering about those of the vanguard who yet linger upon the shores of time. Year after year inroads are made in the scattered ranks, and the stories of the joys and the perils that clustered about the camp fires of long ago are but fading memories and idyls of the past. With no regrets for the years that have gone, with no misgivings for the future, these heroic path finders and state builders, at each recurring reunion, gather in closer ranks their thinning numbers, touch shoulder to shoulder, and press the handclasp with a firmer, but more tender, grip, and looking outward and upward, with clear and steady vision, as men of purpose and men of action who have done their work, and done it well, accept all of the transitions of time as but the adjustment of new forces to changed conditions, necessary

to make effective the work begun by them, proud and exultant that it was their good fortune to be dominant factors in so memorable and so romantic an era in the history of the world.

CROSSING THE PLAINS IN 1852.

(The author of the following diary was Mrs. Cecelia Emily McMillen Adams. She was born at Lodi, N. Y., February 16, 1829, and removed with parents to DuPage County, Illinois, in 1840. Here she was married to Dr. William Adams on June 30, 1849, and in the fall of 1851, with her parents, husband. brothers, twin sister, brother-in-law, Calvin Henry Adams, and wife, and a number of others, started to Oregon. They wintered in Missouri, and in the spring of 1852 renewed their march, which ended on October 24. Her brother, James H. McMillen, came in 1845, and is one of the best-known citizens of Portland. Mrs. Adams died near Hillsboro. August 14, 1867. The excellence of this diary, in its portrayal of the daily routine of travel "across the plains," indicates that Mrs. Adams was unusually observant and capable, and by this interesting record she will long be remembered in the early annals of Oregon.—George H. Himes, Secretary Oregon Pioneer Association.)

Wednesday, May 26. 1852—Had rain all last night and the roads bad in consequence. Traveled slowly till afternoon, when we came to the town of Lynden. Here we found roads that had been traveled more and were very good, and soon came again into the Missouri bottom and had good, level roads for the rest of the day. Here we got our first sight of the Missouri river and encamped in sight of it on the banks of the Nishinabotany, which we crossed on a bridge. Made seventeen miles.

Thursday, May 27—Started early and traveled up the bottom for about six miles. Paid 25 cents for traveling the length of a ferryboat across a slough and then went up the bluff again. Today we left the state of Missouri and entered Iowa. From this time we found but little bad roads. Mostly prairie, and timber scarce. Passed near the town of Sidney. Made eighteen miles.

Friday, May 28—Roads still good. Traveled seventeen miles.

Saturday, May 29—Passed through Coonville and crossed Keg creek. Today we came upon the Mormon trace and traveled about three miles on it and encamped on Pony creek, about five miles from Kanesville. Made twenty miles.

Sunday, May 30—In the morning found Esquire Hewitt, from Dundee, who informed us that his company were encamped about a mile ahead of us. Hitched up our team and started about 11 o'clock, but when we got where they were they had left, but we passed on and soon found them encamped again in a field on the Missouri bottom, about two miles from Kanesville. Of course we camped, too.

Monday, May 31—Went to Kanesville and did some little trading.

Tuesday, June 1.—Did the same.

Wednesday, June 2.—The same.

Thursday, June 3.—Started and went to the ferry, the old traders' point—Council Bluffs postoffice, six miles.

Friday, June 4.—This is a day long to be remembered for the hard work. Paid $1 per wagon and 25 cents per yoke of oxen for the privilege of ferrying ourselves over the Missouri in a flatboat, which took all day and till after dark. Made one mile. Our company now consists of six wagons, one of which is bound for California. A great many Mormons are starting for the Salt Lake.

Saturday, June 5—Proceeded up a pretty hilly road and but little of interest occurred. Just commenced keeping guard. Found some strawberries today. Made fifteen miles.

Sunday, June 6.—Proceeded on. At noon when we stopped for dinner the cattle took a stampede for about a mile, cause unknown. At night, as we were about to encamp, they took another with the wagons, but did not do much damage, and were soon stopped. Made eighteen miles. Last night my clothes got out of the wagon and the oxen ate them up, so I consider I have met with a great loss, as it was my woolen dress.

Monday, June 7.—Today we saw some Indians' graves. They were quite open. I could see two buffalo robes within, which had probably been wrapped around the body. They were buried on the surface of the earth, and mounds erected over them, and an opening had been made in the side, probably by the emigrants. As we were looking at them we saw four Indians coming towards us on horseback, which caused us to be leaving. They had been stealing sheep from the emigrants.

Nothing of much interest occurred today, except a cold night last night. Ferried across the Elkhorn and forded Rawhide and reached the banks of the Platte. Made twenty-four miles. While we were crossing the Elkhorn it rained and hailed very hard.

Tuesday, June 8.—Proceeded on up the Platte. Caught a few small fish. Roads fine and boundless, level prairie. Made seventeen miles.

Wednesday, June 9.—We are all very glad to get on our cloaks and overcoats and mittens this morning, it is so very cold. North wind blows very hard. Noon—Here we find a new-made grave, on the headboard of which is inscribed, "D. Herer, Died May 28, 1852. Aged 5 Years." Today we met several teams on their way back. We made no inquiries, as they had the smallpox. We also saw some Mormons on their way back. They said the road was good and no Indians on our way as far up as Fort Laramie. Made nineteen miles.

Thursday, June 10.—Hard south wind for several days, followed up the Loup fork. This is a branch of the Platte, a very rapid stream, filled with sandbars. Find a few wild roses and yellow daisies. Tonight we encamped on a beautiful spot with plenty of wood, water and grass. One of our oxen has become very lame. Timber is generally very scarce. Today we saw two new graves. On the headboard was written with a pencil "Mary Morris, Aged 19, and M. L. Morris, Aged 9 Years." We saw good clothing scattered around, which caused us to think they had died with some contagious disease. Here we done some washing. Made eighteen miles.

Friday, June 11.—S. W. Took an early start this morning. P. and myself walked on several miles. We have very cold

nights and not very warm days, which makes it fine for our cattle. At 12 o'clock we stopped for dinner. This is all the time I get to write or read. The horseflies are very bad today. I never saw such large ones and so many of them before. The boys are all laying under the wagons, asleep. Today we crossed Looking Glass creek, Beaver creek, Plumb creek, and Ash creek. We find quite a number of dead oxen and horses. Encamped on the Loup fork bottom tonight. We could hear the Indians, but did not see any. Made twenty miles.

Saturday, June 12.—W. W. Quite warm today, with a cool breeze. P. and self walked on several miles. We came to an old deserted Indian village. We think, by the looks of the land, that it has been cultivated in a few places. Found some cedar for the first time. The soil is very sandy. Grass is very good here. Cottonwood is the principal timber on these rivers. See no buffalo yet. This is a beautiful part of the country and very level. Once in a while see a bird. We do enjoy ourselves very well. We have some good neighbors in our company. Encamped for the night on the Loup fork. Had to go two miles for wood. Made nineteen miles.

Sunday, June 13.—West wind very hard. This is a lovely morning, but has the appearance of rain, which made us very anxious to ford the river, so we started on. Found it rather dangerous crossing on account of quicksand. Mr. Miller's wagon came very near going down. P. and self waded through, taking father for our pilot. We had a grand time, as we had to follow down the river half a mile so as to keep out of the deepest water, so that we traveled nearly a mile in the water. We feel all the better for our ducking. It took us nearly all day, but all got across safe at last. Seems but little like the Sabbath. Find a few strange flowers. Made six and one-half miles. Think of Anne, as it is her birthday.

Monday, June 14.—Very hard west wind. Took an early start this morning, calculating to stop and rest our teams as soon as we come to good grass, which our guidebook says will be two or three days' travel. Here we find toads with horns and long tails. They are about three inches long and very slender, and tails as long as the body; they are spotted, white,

yellow and brown; can run as fast as a man, and very wild. Mosquitoes annoy us very much, and sometimes the air seems to be filled with large bugs. Dust is very troublesome, roads good, water scarce, grass poor, no timber. This afternoon we passed seven new-made graves. One had four bodies in it, and to all appearances they were laid on the top of the ground and the dirt thrown over them. Most of them were aged people. It was written on some of the headboards that they died with the cholera. We find good bedclothes and clothing of all kinds, but do not pretend to touch one of them. Encamped for the night on the wide Prairie creek. Find good grass and water, but no wood, but we brought wood with us, as our guide directed us to do. Made twenty-three miles.

Tuesday, June 15.—North wind, quite cool. Rained very hard last night, which was very acceptable to us. Did not take an early start this morning, as we do not calculate to drive any great distance today, as our teams are getting very tired and our lame ox is no better. I had the sick headache last night and do not feel able to sit up much today. Have a good bed in the wagon. Our folks had a new milk cow today. Encamped on the Platte. Poor wood and grass. Rained all day, which makes it very disagreeable getting supper tonight. Made eleven and one-half miles.

Wednesday, June 16.—Wind northeast; rainy this morning; very disagreeable getting breakfast. We conclude to go on slowly until we find a better camping place. A man died this morning with the cholera in a company ahead of us. Find prickly pear. All the wood we find today is quaking asp, which is miserable for fuel. Have no wild game yet, although our boys are on the chase most of the time. Passed eleven new graves. Crossed Weed creek. Encamped one mile from the Platte. Poor wood and miserable water. Good grass. Made thirteen miles. Elected officers tonight.

Tuesday, June 17.—Very warm and sultry. Concluded to stay and do our washing; by taking our clothes down to the river, we can wash very well. Another man died near us this morning. The doctor gets some practice. Henry is quite unwell today, but as a general thing we are blessed with

excellent health and good spirits. At 3 o'clock we concluded to pick up and go a little ways, as we shall have a long drive tomorrow. Done a large washing. Had the hardest water I ever saw. Oxen getting better. Passed six new graves. Encamped on the prairie. Brought our wood and water with us. Found water enough for our cattle. Made four miles. Had a new milk cow today.

Friday, June 18.—Warm and sultry. Took an early start this morning. Our company at the present consists of eight wagons, sixteen men and ten ladies, besides children. A large company passed us today from Kane county, Ill.—Elgin, Dundee and St. Charles—all horse teams. They seemed like our own folks. Another man died near us today, and an old lady 56 years old. The doctors think that they drank poisoned water out of a spring near by here. We find white larkspur and also a very pretty dark red flower, strangers to us; they resemble the moss rose. This afternoon we had a very heavy shower, accompanied with hail and hard wind. We have passed twenty-one new-made graves today. It makes it seem very gloomy to us to see so many of the emigrants buried on the plains. Made eighteen miles.

Saturday, June 19.—Very warm. Took an early start. Crossed a very deep ravine with steep banks but which was entirely dry. Our boys have been hunting all the forenoon and just returned with a buffalo, covered with feathers about the size of a prairie hen and is all the game we have yet had. Passed thirteen graves today. We just met a team from Fort Laramie going to St. Joseph with the mail, but would not wait for us to write any letters, so mother missed of one this time. Encamped on Elm creek, a very beautiful spot. It seems too bad to see such pretty places uninhabited. We see snipe, turkey buzzards and a few blackbirds. We see no Indians yet. The express men tell us we shall find none until we get to Fort Laramie. Made sixteen miles. At noon father made us a good cup of tea.

Sunday, June 20.—This is a beautiful morning, very warm. Did not expect to travel any today. A few sweet birds are singing, and all nature seems to be praising their Maker. I cannot help thinking of our dear home today. I think I see them

going to the house of God to worship there. O! what a blessed privilege. Here on these wide prairies we seldom hear the voice of prayers. But I trust a spirit of prayer and praise is felt in almost every heart. We have great reason to be thankful for the many blessings and mercies that daily attend us; through dangers, both seen and unseen, the hand of God has directed us, and while we see so many continuously falling around us we still live in the enjoyment of good health and spirits. "Bless the Lord, oh my soul, let all that is within me bless His holy name." It seems best for us to travel today, as we shall be obliged to stop again in a day or two. We have more time for reading and meditation when we are traveling than we do when we stop and spend a day. We have so much to do when we stop it keeps us busy all day. Passed ten graves. We lost our guidebook on Saturday, which caused us to go much farther today than we expected. We find a great many sinkholes. They are round, hollow places in the ground, filled with alkali water. If they dry up it leaves the earth covered with saleratus. We have to guard our cattle from them all the time. We saw some buffalo today for the first time. Our hunting boys ran after them with their guns prepared, but they ran towards them so fast it frightened them away. They were most too anxious. We encamped on the prairie. Carried our wood with us, besides picking up buffalo chips for the first. Made sixteen miles.

Monday, June 21.—Wind northeast, very pleasant. Took an early start. Mr. Stowell came back to us last night. Has not been with us before for five weeks or more. Are glad to have our friend come back with us again. Very high wind this afternoon, which makes it very bad traveling. Today we can see teams on the other side of the Platte. That is the road that James traveled. The bluffs are very high on that side. Today we met five men direct from Oregon. They gave us the privilege of writing home. Last night we had music and dancing. It makes it seem quite like home to hear the accordeon, which Cecelia plays almost every evening. Not very good roads. Made twenty miles.

Tuesday, June 22.—Cool and pleasant. Stephen is quite unwell today. Some of our boys are hunting today. Some

men from Oregon came along today on their way back to the states. They tell us we shall find plenty of grass ahead and no Indains. We sent two letters home by them. One of them said he was acquainted with James. Passed seven graves. If we should go by all the camping grounds we should see five times as many graves as we now do. At noon it rained very hard, and continued so all the afternoon. Very hard wind. Had rather a disagreeable time getting supper. Our chips burn rather poor, they are so wet. It seems like a winter night it is so very cold. Made fourteen miles.

Wednesday, June 23.—This is a gloomy morning. It rained so much last night. Today we came to some bluffs for the first time. Sandy roads and hard drawing. Good grass, and find some wood, very poor, but take some with us. Poor water. Cross Skunk creek. Encamped for the night with no wood nor water, excepting what we had with us. Passed twenty-one graves. Here we find a white poppy, but they are so covered with thorns that we cannot pick them. Made eighteen miles.

Thursday, June 24.—Wind northeast and very cold, indeed. This morning we took an early start. Found some good-looking springs, but dare not use any of the water. Roads good, very sandy. We can see teams on the other side of the Platte, the road that Brother James traveled on, but our road is much the best, as there are so many bluffs on the other road. Passed eighteen graves. We met another Oregon train today on their way back to Iowa. It consisted of men, women and children. They were packed on horses and had but one wagon. We inquired if they were sick of Oregon. They said no; and expected to go back next spring. They were in such a hurry they would not stop to talk. Today we see the last timber for 200 miles. so our guide says. Made eighteen miles.

Friday, June 25.—Wind east this morning. Woke up and found it raining very hard. We expect to do our washing here today, but it rains so hard that we concluded to travel. The roads rather bad. Use Platte water. It is a very muddy stream. We can settle it with alum so that it is very good. Generally get a pint of mud out of every pail of water. Today we passed a grave that had been dug open by the wolves. All we could

see of the remains were the clothes that it had been wrapped up in. We found the headboard some distance from the grave. On it was inscribed: "Henry Verdant, Aged 52; from Edgar County, Illinois." Crossed the North Bluffs fork. Passed eight graves. Traveled four miles on the bluffs. So much sand that it is almost impossible to get over them. Did not find a camping ground till very late. Mosquitos very troublesome. Made eighteen miles.

Saturday, June 26.—Wind east. Did not start very early, as we overslept ourselves. Had a hard time in getting a fire to cook our breakfast, as everything is so wet. Some of our company had a regular fight today, but all of our folks kept out of the muss. One or two were knocked down, but no injury done, only they are all obliged to leave our company. Find prickly pears in great abundance. The flowers of one kind resemble the double yellow hollyhock, and the other kind resemble the pink China aster. The pink ones are very beautiful. Passed through another dog town today. They resemble the fox squirrel in shape and color. It is almost impossible to kill one of them they are so very shy. Passed some deep ravines. Passed nine graves. Very sandy roads. Find some beautiful-looking springs, but dare not use the water. Keep near the Platte. Good grass; no wood. Made eighteen miles.

Sunday, June 27.—This is a lovely morning. Conclude to stay here and recruit our team. They have stood the journey very well, but want some rest. But we find a great deal to do P. done some washing and I baked bread and pumpkin and apple pies, cooked beans and meat, stewed apples and baked suckeyes in quantity sufficient to last some time, besides making Dutch cheese, and took everything out of the wagon to air. A birth took place today in one of the companies near us. It threatened a hard storm this afternoon, but only gave us a few drops and passed on. Buffalo bones are scattered all over the plains. We can see emigrants as far as the eye can reach. I do not see any company that get along better than we do. We all take a great deal of comfort, especially Sister P. and myself. We have some jolly times if we are in a wilderness.

Monday, June 28.—South wind; cool and pleasant. Started early. Roads sandy. Crossed two small creeks. Stopped for

dinner opposite Cedar Bluffs on the other side of the Platte. Some of the boys are out on a hunting excursion. Passed eleven graves. Encamped for the night on the banks of the Platte. Some little sickness in some of the companies, but we all enjoy good health, which we consider a great blessing. Made nineteen miles.

Tuesday, June 29.—Wind east. Last night about 12 o'clock the wind blew a perfect hurricane, which made a scattering among the tents. We slept in our wagon, and it rocked like a cradle. Expected it to go over every moment, although they were chained down, but it is very calm this morning. After traveling some four miles of good road we came to some very high bluffs, the highest we have yet seen. P. and myself forded a little stream barefoot, and walked over the bluffs, which are a mile in length. Sand very deep. Passed ten graves. Passed the lone tree, the only stick of timber within 200 miles, this is about half-way between. The top has been all cut off; it is cedar. We took a few splinters in memory of it. Encamped on Cassell creek. Passed another dogtown. Made twenty miles. Passed Ash Hollow station, where one man stays alone.

Wednesday, June 30.—W. N. Very pleasant. Last night had another hard wind and some little rain. The bluffs look very beautiful on the other side of the Platte, but should not like to travel over them. Good grass. Passed ten graves. Find considerable driftwood. Made twenty-two miles.

Thursday, July 1.—Wind southeast. Has the appearance of a storm. We see antelope very often, but our hunters have not caught anything worth speaking of yet. Have killed two or three yellow rattlesnakes. Large grey wolves are very plenty. They will kill buffalo, and the emigrants sometimes lose their cattle. Passed eight graves. One of the men that left our camp is very sick; one that had a quarrel with his son-in-law. Made twenty-one miles.

Friday, July 2.—Had a very hard wind last night. The sick man is dead this morning. We stopped to see him buried. They wrapped him in bedclothes and laid him in the ground without any coffin. We sung a hymn and had prayer. O! it is so hard to leave friends in this wilderness. Some of the bluffs

look like old castles. Are in sight of Chimney Rock. Can see it fifty miles off. Passed eight graves. Follow on the Platte. Very poor grass. Quite warm. Travel slowly. Made sixteen miles.

Saturday, July 3.—Wind westerly. Very pleasant today. We came to the river opposite Chimney Rock, which has been visible most of the way for the last thirty-five miles. It is said to be three miles from the opposite side of the river, but on these level prairies we cannot judge much of distances by the eye. It does not appear more than half a mile. It consists of a large, square column of clay and sand, mixed together, with a base of conical form, apparently composed of sand, round base cone, and appears as if the column had been set up and the sand heaped up around it to sustain it. It is said to be 500 feet high, but doubt it some. Just back of it, to the south, is another structure of the same material, which has the appearance of an Illinois straw stable, and a little to the west is a cluster which the imagination can easily make a barn and stacks, and which bears this name. We very much regret that we could not cross the river and get a closer view of it, but we can see it very distinctly through our spyglass. I love to look at it, because I know Brother James has been on it. We see a great many strange-looking rocks that look like old ruins, but I could not describe them accurately had I time. Made sixteen miles.

Sunday, July 4.—Wind westerly. This is a delightful morning. A few sweet birds are trying to sing their Maker's praise. Our thoughts are continually turning homeward. I suppose you are all having a Sabbath school celebration today. We would like to take a sly squint and see what you are doing. This morning we met a train from California on their way to the states. They tell us we shall be rather late, but will have little trouble, if any, with the Indians. Seemed much pleased with our new style of dress. Today Henry found an ox that had been left because it was a little lame. They put some shoes on him and think he will do us a great deal of good. Passed two graves. Encamped on the Platte. Made fifteen miles.

Monday, July 5.—Wind westerly. The wind blows hard every night. Today we see Laramie Peak. It looks like a

cloud. It is over 100 miles from here. Roads good. Passed nine graves. Made eighteen miles.

Tuesday, July 6.—Wind south. Pleasant and cool. Today we came to timber, mostly cottonwood. A Mrs. Wilson in our company is quite sick, so that we cannot go very fast. Roads very good. Passed six graves. Grass rather poor. Has the appearance of a hard storm. Made nine miles.

Wednesday, July 7.—Wind west. Last night we had a very hard rain, and Oh! how hard the wind blew. Our sick woman much better. Started on and commenced raining, but it soon passed off and has the appearance of a pleasant day. Passed a tent, where we found one man keeping a grocery store. Kept a little of everything. But a person must want very bad before paying high prices. Roads good most of the day, but towards night sandy. Camped three miles below Fort Laramie. Plenty of wood, a great luxury, for it is the first time we have had it for more than 200 miles. Made eighteen miles.

Thursday, July 8.—Today we do not travel, for we want to do some business at the fort, and the women want to wash. A lady is quite sick today, but hope she will be better soon.

Friday, July 9.—Wind west. Started on very pleasant roads, but very sandy. Passed by the fort. Left four letters at the postoffice. Saw some Indians. Find some wild currants, two kinds, black and yellow ones. Encamped on the bottoms of the Platte. Made fourteen miles.

Saturday, July 10.—South wind. Very cold this morning. Today we came into the Black Hills. They seem to be solid rock, and are very high and steep, covered with pitch pine and cedar. P. and I climbed one of them and had as much as we wanted to do to get down. It requires long toenails to go up and down them. Stopped for dinner, but could find nothing for our poor cattle; neither grass nor water. Passed eight graves. Encamped on the Platte. Poor grass. Plenty of wood and water. Made fourteen miles.

Sunday, July 11.—Very cool north wind. Started very late. Our road so uphill and down again. Find some beautiful yellow flowers that resemble the Evening Beauty, and some little

bluebells and a white flower resembling the lily and blue larkspurs, and the little yellow sunflowers. Find wild sage for the first time. No water and poor grass. Passed fifteen graves. Encamped near the Platte. Made thirteen miles.

Monday, July 12.—Wind north. Cool and cloudy. Started early. Found neither grass nor water until 5 o'clock today. We left an ox it was so lame, but Henry's ox takes its place. Is cloudy every afternoon. Passed five graves. Poor grass. Made fifteen miles.

Tuesday, July 13.—Wind south. Very pleasant. Henry killed a mountain hen. It resembled a prairie hen, but I think it superior in flavor and is somewhat larger. P. and I walked on ahead of the rest of the company some distance; went down a very steep hill and some Indians on horseback came along. We were somewhat frightened and turned back toward our teams. Found they were nearer than we had expected and so we stood still and looked at them. They looked at us very smilingly. Painted faces and long hair hanging down on the back. We passed on and left them standing, gazing at us. Our boys are on a buffalo hunt. Hope they will get one. Well, here they come, each one loaded with buffalo meat. Have at last had the chance of tasting the long-wished-for meat. We do not relish it as well as we had expected. It is very much like beef. Good roads. Made twenty miles.

July 14, 15 and 16.—Spent this time in resting our teams, and by swimming them across the Platte we found excellent grass. Spent our time in washing, repairing the wagon and in making a new tent. Our boys killed an antelope, which we all relished very much; also caught some nice fish. The weather is very warm.

Saturday, July 17.—Very pleasant this morning. Did not get started very early, as it took so long to get our cattle over the river. Find the roads very sandy and hilly. No grass. Passed three graves. Encamped on the Platte. Made fourteen miles.

Sunday, July 18.—Wind west. Very pleasant, with a good breeze. Think of home a great deal today. Now and then see

a buffalo. No grass on this side of the river. We swim our cattle over every night and back in the morning. Keep a constant guard by them. Roads very sandy. Encamped for the night on the Platte. Made sixteen miles. Passed four graves.

Monday, July 19.—Wind west. Cool and pleasant. Roads very sandy, and dust very troublesome. We walked most of the day. Passed but two graves. The ground is covered with little purple, pink and white daisies. Mosquitoes very annoying. Made fourteen miles.

Tuesday, July 20.—Wind east. Cool breeze. Today we met some men from California on their way back to the states. They gave us much encouragement. We have nothing but sand to travel in today. We encamped tonight on the Platte for the last time. See plenty of buffalo, but can kill none of them. Made ten miles.

Wednesday, July 21.—Wind east. Concluded to spend the day here and repair the wagons and rest the teams. We do our washing. Find plenty of wild currants. They are very good, but not equal to the tame. Find good grass and water.

Thursday, July 22.—Wind north. Today we passed the ferry where James came over in our road. I have a sick headache today so that I am not able to sit up. Met another train of Oregon men, but they would not stop to talk with us. The Indians are gathered around us today. They look very savage, but we are well prepared for them. We go in large companies. Very good roads. Today we leave the Platte for good. Made fourteen miles.

Friday, July 23.—Wind west. This morning we started at 3 o'clock, as we had fifteen miles to go without water, and wanted to travel in the cool of the day. Did not stop to get any breakfast for our cattle or for ourselves. Passed seven graves. We encamped tonight on Willow Springs. Find good grass by driving our cattle two miles off the road, and keep a strict guard. Good water. All keep well. Made fifteen miles.

Saturday, July 24.—Wind west. Very pleasant and warm. Did not start very early, as we do not expect to go far. Stopped at noon on Greasewood creek. Here we will stay till morning.

Passed three graves. Poor grass, and no wood. Good water. Made ten miles.

Sunday, July 25.—Wind west. This morning we started at 3 o'clock for good feed. This is a beautiful Sabbath morning. All is still, with the exception of the wagons rolling on. We stopped at 8 o'clock to feed and get breakfast. Sand very deep and dust very troublesome. Stopped for dinner opposite Independence Rock. It is a great curiosity, but we were all so tired that we could not go to the top of it. It is almost entirely covered with names of emigrants. Went on to the Devil's Gate and encamped. This is a great curiosity, but we have not time to visit it, and we regret it very much. Passed three graves. Forded the Sweetwater. Made sixteen miles.

Monday, July 26.—Wind west. Good mornings and evenings, but warm and sultry through the day. Find a great many dead cattle. Today we passed a station. Here we traded off a yoke of oxen for a yoke of cows. Our oxen were sorefooted. Passed three graves. Roads very sandy. Encamped on the Sweetwater. Find good grass. Made fourteen miles.

Tuesday, July 27.—Wind north. Very warm. We can see nothing on either side but mountains. Roads very sandy and dust troublesome. Keep on the Sweetwater river. Find gooseberries. They are very sour, indeed. Passed three graves Encamped on the river. Made fourteen miles.

Wednesday, July 28.—Wind west. Warm and pleasant. Perthenia and I climbed a very steep rock some 400 or 500 feet high, and got very tired, indeed. Found a great many names. Today we can see the snow-capped mountains for the first time. Roads in some places very bad. Keep on the Sweetwater. Very poor grass. Made seventeen miles.

Thursday, July 29.—This morning we were obliged to start at 1 o'clock and go ten miles before we could find any grass for our cattle. They had no water nor supper last night. We stopped at sunrise and found very good feed by driving our cattle two or three miles off. Mr. Miller is quite sick today, and we fear he has the mountain fever. We shall stay here We did some washing and baking. Started on at

noon and went six miles. Encamped on the river near some willow springs, one of James' camping grounds (near the river fork). He is nine days in advance of us. Very poor grass. Passed eight graves within two days. Made sixteen miles.

Friday, July 30.—Wind north. Took an early start this morning. Have some very bad hills to climb today. Passed some very good springs and several saleratus lakes last night. One of the doctor's cows died today. I have kept an account of the dead cattle we passed, and the number today is thirty-five. We passed a station here today. We saw plenty of Indians. They seem very friendly. They were engaged in dressing some prairie dogs. They had several little papooses who looked very cunning. Some of the Indians were making moccasins for sale. They trim them very nice with beads. Went on a little farther and came to another camp. Here there was a blacksmith shop. We saw but one white lady here. The men were engaged in gambling and playing cards. Passed five graves. Encamped on a branch of the Sweetwater. Every afternoon it clouds up and threatens a hard storm, but generally passes off without raining, but gave us a little last night. Mr. Miller is better. Poor grass tonight. We use wild sage for fuel. It grows very thrifty. I have seen some eight feet high. It is very dry. Made fifteen miles.

Saturday July 31.—Wind west. Cool and pleasant. Did not start very early, as we do not expect to go far today. Roads very good. The snow-capped mountains lie directly north of us today. Here we found strawberries and huckleberries, the latter not yet ripe. Encamped at noon. We drove our cattle off three miles and got excellent feed. Do some washing. Clouds up and rains this afternoon. Made twelve miles.

Sunday, August 1.—Today we left the waters that flow into the Atlantic and proceed to those of the Pacific. We let our cattle feed till about noon and then started on for the South Pass, ten miles distant. It ill comports with the ideas we had formed of a pass through the Rocky mountains, being merely a vast level and sandy plain, sloping a little each way from the summit, and a few hills—for we could not call them mountains—on each side. Some few snowy peaks in the distance,

and this is the South Pass through the Rocky mountains. From the summit we proceeded down a gentle slope to the Pacific spring and creek, three miles, and encamped for the night. Here we could find no grass except on a deep slough formed by the springs and covered with turf and grass on which a man can stand and shake the ground for several feet around him, it is so soft underneath. Upon this we put our cattle to feed, for it was the only chance, and the sod was so tough they did not break through very much. The Pacific springs rise in the middle of this, boiling up through the sod, and as cold as ice itself. Made thirteen miles.

Monday, Aug. 2.—Today we left the springs for a long pull of twenty-four miles to Little Sandy creek. Crossed Dry Sandy creek, but it contained no good water, and we made the whole distance without any. Soon after we started we met a pack-train from California on their way home. Came about noon to the forks of the old Oregon and Salt Lake road. Took the road to Salt Lake with the intention of going by Kinney's Cutoff to avoid the desert. Reached Little Sandy a little before sunset. Found plenty of good water, though somewhat muddy, like the Platte, but no grass for the cattle, it having been all eaten off. We let our cattle feed as well as they could till dark, and then tied them up to keep them from wandering off for feed. Hardest time yet. The road today has been as level as you often find even in Illinois, slightly inclining to the south and west. You would hardly believe yourself among the mountains. Old Cattaraugus beats it all hollow. Made twenty-one miles.

Tuesday, Aug. 3.—We started early for the Big Sandy in hopes of finding better grass, but did not find it much better. Stopped here at noon and concluded to stay a day or more, as Mr. Miller is very sick. Find good feed by going three miles off We have very heavy dews this side of the pass. Made eleven miles.

Wednesday, Aug. 4.—Pleasant. We shall stay here today, as Mr. Miller is not able to ride. It rained some today. We meet a great many Mormons. Want us to go to Salt Lake.

Thursday, Aug. 5.—Our sick man is better, and we make a move this morning in good spirits. Roads rather sandy, but level. Encamped on Big Sandy. Made seventeen miles.

Friday. Aug. 6.—This morning we leave the Big Sandy for good. Have very sandy roads. Met three men from Oregon on their way to the States. We see no water from morning till night. Encamped tonight on the long-looked-for Green river, a very muddy stream; the water looks red. Had a very heavy wind in the afternoon, but very warm through the day. Saw no flowers today. Made seventeen miles.

Saturday, Aug. 7.—Very warm this morning. We ferry over Green river; have to pay $3 per wagon. Here is a station; three or four white men and a few Indians. Passed but eight graves within a week. Traveled over rough roads. Made sixteen miles.

Sunday, Aug. 8.—Very cold this morning; need overcoats and mittens. Father was very sick all night; is some better this morn. We take a late start on his account. This afternoon we climb some mountains, worse than any we have seen since we left the Black Hills. When we got to the top it rained and hailed very hard and turned very cold suddenly. Doctor and I were out in most of the storm, as we had strayed too far from the wagons. Encamp on a little stream; do not know the name. See a few Indians of the Snake tribe. See a few strange flowers; very pretty. Very poor grass. Very cold at night. Made eighteen miles.

Monday, Aug. 9.—Freezing cold this morning, but as soon as the sun rises it is very warm. Father is much better today. Our road today is very hilly and sandy, but the earth begins to look more fertile. Encamp tonight on Ham's Fork. Here is an Indian village consisting of some forty or fifty tents covered with buffalo skins. We have plenty of visitors tonight; they are very friendly. Passed four graves. Find good grass and a beautiful camp ground. Made sixteen miles.

Tuesday, Aug. 10.—Wind south. Pleasant. Conclude to stay here till noon to rest our cattle. Find plenty of gooseberries; they are very sour and smooth. We do a little washing here. We caught some speckled trout. Had a very high mountain to climb. Encamped in a beautiful grove of poplars. Good grass. Made eight miles.

Wednesday, Aug. 11.—Wind west; cool and pleasant. Get an early start this morning. I have the toothache today. Roads

very mountainous. Passed ten graves in two days. Encamped on Bear river. Good grass. Willows for fuel. Made eighteen miles. Passed through a beautiful grove of firs. Find some pretty flowers.

Thursday, Aug. 12.—Traveled on till noon and then stopped to repair our wagon. Have some very high hills to climb. Good grass. Passed a station. Met some packers from Oregon. Find wild flax, red, yellow and black currants, narrow dock and crane-bill and wild pieplant. Made eight miles.

Friday, Aug. 13.—Wind west. Very sultry in the valleys, but cool on the mountains. Come to another station. Here is two bridges, and by going over them we can take a cutoff saving seven miles of very bad mountains. Have to pay $1 per wagon. See some Indians. Have plenty of good water. Some beautiful springs. Took a new road leading on the banks of the river; it is two miles farther, but saves some very high mountains. Passed two graves. Encamped on the river. Made twenty miles.

Saturday, Aug. 14.—Very pleasant this morning. Find a berry resembling the whortleberry; rather larger. Here we met a man that had groceries and potatoes to sell at 12½ cents per pound. Of course we bought some. The first we have seen since we left the States. They were brought from Salt Lake. He had butter to sell at 40 cents, and cheese at 50 cents, and whisky at 10 shillings a pint. The grasshoppers are so thick that they look like snow in the air, coming very fast. We can get a good pair of moccasins for $1. Travel on the river bottom most of the day. Made sixteen miles.

Sunday, Aug. 16.—Very pleasant. Can see snow on the mountains. Find an apple that looks like a rosebud; are not good. Passed a beautiful spring. Find good grass. Passed two graves. Encamped tonight at Soda Springs. These consist of springs of water of an alkaline taste bubbling up through the rock and forming mounds of the mineral from two to twenty feet high, and with bases of proportionate size, and sufficient gas coming up to keep them constantly boiling like a pot, and the opening at the top resembling a large kettle. Some are very cold and others less so. The water, sweetened and mixed with acid, makes a beautiful effervescing draught. We saw

some ten or twelve scattered over a surface of less than one-half mile square; in some places it boils up in the bed of the river. Made eighteen miles.

Monday, Aug. 16.—This morning we passed one of those springs about a mile from the camp, which has received the name of the Steamboat spring. Here the gas rises with such force as to throw the water some eighteen inches above the ground. Here we find a great many mounds which have evidently been thrown up by the water, but have been cracked open and are now dry. We left the track of the Californians today for good about six miles from the springs. Crossed a chasm in the rocky road, how long, we could not tell, and in places so deep we could not see the bottom. Must have been caused by an earthquake. About a mile from the road saw the crater of an old volcano. Stopped at noon near another soda spring. Found a trading station at the Steamboat spring. Had a beautiful, level road all day. Crossed some beautiful mountain streams and fine springs. Encamped for the night on a small stream. Made twenty miles.

Tuesday, Aug. 17.—Found good, level road for about half the day. Crossed two small streams and found trading stations at each. Then came to the dividing ridge between Snake and Bear rivers and had some pretty hard hills to climb up and down. Upon these hills we found a great many service berries; very good to eat. Found two of the finest springs we ever saw. Encamped for the night in a valley among the mountains upon a very rapid little stream. Grass good. Made twenty-one miles.

Wednesday, Aug. 18.—Started again down the mountain. A good many steep pitches, but on the whole road very good. Followed down the stream on which we were last night toward Snake river. Found some fine chokeberries today; very large. Encamped at night on the same stream. Grass not very good. Here we fell in with another company of six wagons, mostly from Illinois, with Mr. Hyland, of Plainfield, for captain, and as we were now just on the borders of the Digger Indians' territory, both companies thought best to increase our strength by combining our forces. We now have fourteen wagons in our company and thirty-two effective men, and keep a guard of four

men at night, and each man has to stand guard half the night every fourth night. We are now in the valley of the Snake river. Made twenty miles.

Thursday, Aug. 19.—Today we came to Fort Hall, on the Snake river, and passed it at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. It is made of unburned bricks and is a little larger than a good-sized barn. It is not now occupied by soldiers, but is used for a trading station. Some fifty or 100 large wagons, marked "U. S." in large letters, stand there rotting. Encamped about two miles from the fort, on Bannack creek and had very good feed. Made fourteen miles.

Friday, Aug. 20.—Today we crossed the creek and came to the Port Neuf river, two miles. This is a stream of considerable size. and we had to raise our wagon boxes to cross it. All the streams we have seen since we crossed the Missouri river have been rapid and, indeed, all since we crossed the Mississippi, but those on this side of the mountains are more so, but the Snake river is the most rapid one I ever saw for so large a one. It runs over a rock bottom, and every now and then taking an offset of some three to ten feet in the course of a few rods. Traveled down the river all day and could see plenty of good feed nearly all the way, but were afraid to put our cattle upon it for the alkali water in the bottom. Made twenty-five miles. Did not camp till near sunset, when we found a good spring and plenty of grass.

Saturday, Aug. 21.—Did not exactly like our camping place, and concluded to go on a few miles and find a better place and stay over Sunday. Today we passed the American Falls, where the river falls about fifty feet in fifteen rods. It is about twenty rods across at this place. Captain Hyland went before to find grass and a good place for the Sunday camp. After traveling about fifteen miles on the road without feed for our cattle we started out ourselves for grass, and found some very good about half a mile from the road and stopped for the night, while his company followed on about five miles and encamped without grass. In the morning

Sunday, Aug. 22.—Started on and traveled about ten miles and found them encamped for Sunday on Hell river, a very

rapid little stream full of little falls of from two to ten feet. Found good bunchgrass on the hills. Here we stayed for the rest of the day. From the time we crossed the dividing ridge, between Bear and Snake rivers, the soil or surface has changed. Hitherto it has been composed mostly of coarse sand, but now it has a mixture of clay with it, and when tramped up by the numerous teams and wagons it makes the most beautiful cloud of dust you ever saw. Many times it is so thick you cannot see ten feet, and you have to shut your eyes and go it blind. Made twelve miles.

Monday, Aug. 23.—Today got rather a late start and traveled over to Raft creek, a distance of nine miles, and found rather poor feed. Made nine miles.

Tuesday, Aug. 24.—Got a pretty early start, as we had to travel fifteen miles without water or grass. Had a very rough road over rocks varying from the size of a piece of chalk up to a fence block, and so thick that they kept the wagon constantly upon the jump; dust very troublesome. Killed a black-tailed rabbit; his ears and tail about six inches long. A terrible howling of the wolves last night. Encamped on Bullrush creek, a very swampy place. Grass all fed off, except in the slough. Cattle did very well. Made eleven miles.

Wednesday, Aug. 25.—North wind. Traveled on over a middling-smooth road down the creek to Snake river and thence to Goose creek, where we expected to find grass, but were disappointed, for it was all bare, except of sage brush; but we found a notice left there by some emigrants that about three miles ahead, a half mile from the road, on the river, there was plenty of grass. Proceeded there and found it so. Did not arrive until after sunset. Put our cattle out to feed, and let them feed till about 9 o'clock, then brought them into the corral. Made twenty-one miles.

Thursday, Aug. 26.—Found it so good feed that we concluded to remain the whole day and recruit our teams. Doctored some for the hollow horn.

Friday, Aug. 27.—Today we started on again. Had a very dusty and rough road till noon, when we reached the river again

and gave our cattle water, but found no grass. We then went on to Cut-Rock creek, but found it dry, or nearly so. Proceeded up it about two miles and found a hole where there was some water; took some in our cans and proceeded up about a mile farther and found good grass, considering, and camped for the night. Did not put our cattle in corral, but let them feed and guarded them outside, as it was long after dark when we camped. Made twenty-five miles.

Saturday, Aug. 28.—Concluded to stay another day, as we learned from our guide that we are to have very hard feed for the next seventy miles. Proceeded up the creek for about three miles for the sake of water. Here we found it coming out from between the mountains, quite a stream, but it soon sinks away in the sand. Killed two black-tailed rabbits. Country generally very sterile and sandy, and a great many rocky hills. The last week we have found a great many dead cattle, and the irons of a great many wagons, the woodwork having been used for fuel. Timber is very scarce; very little, except willow. Wild sage constitutes much of our fuel. The river runs over a rocky bed, and in most places has a high, steep, rocky bank. Our three miles today don't count. Found a company here, partly from Chicago, who had lain here three days for the sake of finding four horses they had lost; probably taken by Indians. They did not guard them and they turned up missing in the morning. Today one of them returned alone, and, taking the back track, the men found the tracks of Indians who had followed him as far as they dared. Two of their men went forward to Rock creek in search of the horses and were threatened with an attack by Indians, who came out of the willows, some of them armed with rifles, and made an attempt to separate them, but did not succeed, and no shots were fired.

Sunday, Aug. 29.—Remain today also. Have a sermon from Captain Hyland, who is a Methodist preacher. Feed is not very good, but fear we shall have worse before we have better. Had a good sing today.

Monday, Aug. 30.—Today started for Rock creek, and had to retrace our three miles we traveled up stream and nine miles more. Last night we guarded our cattle out three miles from

camp on account of feed. Had seven men out on guard with the cattle, and two at camp. The guard at camp shot an Indian dog and heard and saw other signs of Indians. Supposed they came to steal the captain's horse, but he was not there. Made nine miles.

Tuesday, Aug. 31.—Traveled down Rock creek twelve miles. Found good feed and concluded to stay till near night tomorrow, and then start out on the long pull of thirty-five miles at least without grass, and twenty-two without water, which we intend to travel, in part at least, in the night. Road very dusty and some rock, mostly level, for we follow the valley of the Snake. The grass we found on Cut creek was a kind of coarse grass as high as your head, nearly, and has a head on it like blasted wheat. What we have found on this so far has been bunchgrass, dried as thoroughly as any hay, and our cattle eat it with a good relish, and it is hearty food. For the last three days the weather has appeared like the closing days of autumn in Illinois. Have had very warm days generally and very cold nights, which makes it hard at times for the guard at night. Rock creek has very high, steep, rocky banks, and in the course of the twelve miles we have traveled we have found only two places where a wagon could cross it. Made twelve miles.

Wednesday, September 1.—Our cattle are well filled and in as good order as possible for the trip across the desert. Crossed Rock creek about 4 o'clock and started on our way. Passed down the creek about five miles, where there was a poor chance to get water, but we had supplied ourselves before leaving our last camp. Traveled on till after dark, and then halted till the moon arose, about 9 o'clock, and then started on again. Road in many places very rough and rocky and all the way dusty, but the dust not nearly so bad at night as in the day time. Weather very cold, so that a man could not keep warm in walking without an overcoat, and my hands fairly suffered with the cold. Came near the river once in the night, but it was down a dreadful hill and we did not go to it. Just at sunrise we again came to the river, down a very steep hill, but here we found no grass and our cattle had kept so cool they were not very dry. Rested here about two hours and got our breakfast and started on in search of grass. Passed down the bottom with high,

rocky banks on each side, nearly perpendicular. Came to Salmon creek in about three miles, but found no grass. Here is a fall in the river about equal to that of the American falls. Passed on half a mile over a bluff to the river again. Here we found a company with whom we were some acquainted, who had been here two days and had put their cattle over the river and found good grass, and said they had been on before seven miles to the commencement of the next desert of thirty-three miles, and found no grass, which would make us forty miles more, but that is too much for our cattle. It is dangerous crossing the river, and they had drowned one horse and one ox in putting them over; but it is the only chance, and so we put them over and made a boat of one of the wagon boxes to ferry ourselves over all safe.

Thursday, Sept. 2.—Arrived here about noon and concluded to remain the rest of the day and tomorrow and recruit. Find very good bunchgrass and some bottom grass. Two large springs break out from the side of the mountain within one mile of each other, at least 100 feet above the river and contain enough water to turn any mill in Kane county, and dash down with great velocity to the river. Made thirty-two miles.

Friday, Sept. 3.—Today staid at camp most of the day. Tried fishing some, but did not make out much. Weather very warm. Can see plenty of large salmon jumping out of the water, but can't catch them.

Saturday, Sept. 4.—This morning we brought our cattle over again without an accident and prepared for the long pull. In three miles we passed some hot springs in the river bank and came to Bannack creek, but found no grass, but found a notice that five miles below was a ferry across the river and plenty of grass on the other side. Went to it—about one mile out of our way—and the ferryman recommended the route as so much shorter and better supplied with grass and water that we concluded to try it. The ferry consists of two wagon boxes lashed together so as to make a boat, and a rope stretched across the river to pull it across, and all they asked was $3 a wagon for ferrying. The day was so windy that we could not cross, so we had to stay on this side and swim our cattle across. Found

good grass about a half a mile back. We have had some heavy sandy roads today, the first for some time. Made eight miles.

Here we find some Indians with some very nice salmon for sale and we all got a good supply. They will trade them for powder, lead, caps, bread, beads, brass nails, old shirts, or almost anything you have, and they seem to have a great many. Just below the ferry is another great falls. Just above, on the opposite bank, very large springs break out, high up in the bank, and fall into the river with a great noise; a fine sight.

Sunday, Sept. 5.—No wind this morning, and we ferried over in good season and proceeded on our way. A few rods below the ferry is another salmon falls in the river of some twenty feet, where the Indians catch their salmon in traps. Found very rough, rocky road for the first mile, then deep, heavy sand for five more, when we came to a good-sized creek in a deep valley with plenty of grass and encamped. Here are some five or six large springs breaking out high up in the rocky bank and running down, part of the time above ground and part of the time below, till they reach the creek, which is very rapid. The water of this spring and creek has a greenish tint, but otherwise is perfectly clear and the finest looking water I ever saw, and tasted good, but not very cold. The scenery for the last three days has been truly delightful, and only wants a soil, and what grows on a soil, to make it one of the most beautiful spots on the earth. Within these three days mill sites enough for the whole state of Illinois, and finer than I ever saw there. About a mile from us is the river and another great fall. The Indians bring us salmon again, but find dull sale, for we are all supplied and the market is glutted. Made six miles.

Monday, Sept. 6.—Had a steep, rocky hill to climb this morning to start with, then came to sand again, which lasted eight miles to another creek; very heavy road. Here the water falls down into a very narrow chasm some forty feet and runs along it for half a mile or more, dashing and foaming as it goes; a fine sight. Here we watered our cattle and then proceeded on about a couple of miles, where we found grass and stopped for dinner; then proceeded on, and did not find water till long after dark, when we came to a small creek. Watered

our cattle and put them into corral without any feed. Some Indians camped on the same stream. Made twenty-four miles.

Tuesday, Sept. 7.—This morning found plenty of excellent bunchgrass on the hills near camp and let our cattle feed. then started and traveled down the stream about seven miles and stopped for dinner; then passed over the hills about ten miles without water, when we came to the same creek again, and encamped for the night. Have found plenty of bunchgrass all the way today, and sage of an enormous size, and the general appearance of the country has been more like living than we have seen for the last thousand miles. Have seen fourteen graves in a week. Made seventeen miles.

Wednesday, Sept. 8.—Traveled over hills again about eight miles to a dry creek, but some little water standing in puddles. Here we stopped and took dinner. Plenty of dry bunchgrass all the way. After noon we started again and passed up a very rocky hill three and a half miles and most of the way was steep, when we came upon a level tableland and went about three miles more over a very rough, rocky road, when we came to another dry creek in a ravine with steep, rocky banks. Here we encamped for the night. Find no good water, and but little of it. Plenty of dry willows for fuel. Made fifteen miles.

Thursday, Sept. 9.—Proceeded over a very rough road to another dry creek. about six miles. Here we came upon the road leading from the ferry, three miles farther on. Came to a fine stream and cold spring, and several places—some ten feet across—where water and mud boil up through the sand. Stopped here for dinner and had pretty good grass. Here we found ten graves, all in a row; all had died from the 28th of July to the 4th of August. Disease unknown. About seven miles farther on we came to another stream from springs and stopped for the night. Found plenty of grass about one mile below on the stream. Made sixteen miles.

Friday, Sept. 10.—Traveled about eight miles to a stream of very black water and high colored. Were afraid of it and did not let our cattle drink. About a mile farther on came to a number of large boiling hot springs, which made a stream two

feet wide and three or four inches deep. Water very clear and not bad tasting. Here we stopped and fed our cattle, but did not let them drink. Traveled along the foot of the mountains about five miles to another creek and stopped for the night. Plenty of dry bunchgrass. No timber, but willows and sage. Found eight graves here. Made fifteen miles.

Saturday, Sept. 11.—Came to another small creek in about two miles, then found no more water for eight miles more, when we came to Charlotte creek, down in a valley with steep, rocky banks. The road for the last three days has been mostly very rough and rocky. but generally level, and the dust has been very troublesome. This dust differs from sand in being mostly clay and is mixed up by the teams to the depth of from two to four inches and as light as flour and under it a hard bottom so that a wagon runs very well on it where there are no stones in the way, but there is such a perfect cloud of dust arising constantly that it almost suffocates our cattle and is disagreeable to us, and we cannot keep anything clean. We find plenty of dry bunchgrass all the way, but no green feed have we had for some time. Our present position must be high above the river, for we have not come down much since we climbed the long hill. All the living creatures we see are a few ravens and black-tailed rabbits, and flies and white gnats, and at night we hear some wolves. Here we found tolerably plenty of dry grass from one to two miles back on the hills. Concluded to stay over Sunday. Plenty of willow for fuel and some Balm of Gilead. Made ten miles.

Monday, Sept. 13.—Today we started again and had rough, rocky and dusty road along the foot of the mountains on our right for about five miles, then came to light sand and gravel, where the road was hard and smooth. About noon we came to a deep, broad valley, covered with dry grass, as well as the hills that bound it, and so thick as to exclude the sage brush. Begins to look like living, but our cattle are beginning to be tired of dry grass. Here we found a dry creek and some poor water. Traveled on till we came to a small spring. Had very scanty supply of water and it soon got roily. Hard case; land covered with dry grass. Looks like large wheat field. Made fourteen miles.

Tuesday, Sept. 14.—Traveled over a hilly road of sand and gravel. In about two miles we came to a small stream in a deep ravine. Water sinks away in the sand for a few rods, then in about five miles more we came to White Horse creek. Here we watered our cattle and drove on about two miles and fed. Then traveled on about ten miles to another small spring, rather worse case than the other, and stopped for the night. We have no trouble for grass, such as it is. Roads smooth, but hilly. Made sixteen miles.

Wednesday, Sept. 15.—Today we traveled up a long hill some four miles; road good; ascent very gradual. When we arrived at the top we got a grand view of the Boise river valley. It is all filled or covered with dry grass and a few trees immediately along the bank, the first we have seen for more than a month. We traveled for some four miles on a high, level plain, then came down a steep hill of about 200 feet to another equally level plain, on which we traveled about three miles, then took another offset of about 100 feet, and in about a mile and a half came to another offset of about the same height, and we were nearly on a level with the river. This is a fine, clear stream, and there are plenty of Indians scattered along its banks. They bring us a great many salmon trout, but no salmon. We have seen no fish since the day after we left the ferry till now, and we are getting hungry for some. These Indians have a great many fine ponies, and most of them have guns and ammunition, and many of them have almost a complete suit of clothes, which they have got of the emigrants. They will trade a very good pony for a good rifle or a coat. Our company traded two guns for two ponies. Last night we had a very heavy wind all night and it sprinkled slightly for about half a minute, the first rain we have had since time immemorial. On the other side of the river are lofty, rolling mountains. Made fourteen miles.

Thursday, Sept. 16.—Traveled down the river. In about three miles we ascended to platform No. 2, and traveled on a good, level road on it nearly all day, then came down to the river. These offsets are about as steep as sand and gravel can be laid without mortar. Road pretty dusty most of the day. Saw the most rabbits today that I ever saw in the same length of time. Frank shot eighteen in about an hour. Tonight we have plenty

of good, green grass for our cattle. Indians bring fish and rabbits. Made fifteen miles.

Friday, Sept. 17.—Some traders who are camped about two miles above came down and bought some of our lame and worn-out cattle. Traveled down the bottom. Road sandy in many places, and begin to find some sage again. Camped on the river. Made thirteen miles.

Saturday, Sept. 18.—Proceeded down the river. Road sandy and very dusty in places. A great deal of greasewood and some sage. Country looks about as desolate as ever. About 4 o'clock we crossed Boise river. Very good ford. This river is skirted with timber all the way, consisting of cottonwood, willow and Balm of Gilead. Large quantities of Balm might be procured here. Camped on the river. Had good feed and fuel. Made fifteen miles.

Sunday, Sept. 19.—Thought we would just drive down to the fort, as we thought it could not be more than five miles. Drove all day but did not see it. Camped about sunset on the river. Saw more fish in the river today that I ever saw before. Made sixteen miles.

Monday, Sept. 20.—Today we drove down to the fort, about four miles. Crossed the ferry; paid $3 a wagon, and spent the rest of the day opposite Fort Boise. It is built of unburned brick; a large yard enclosed by a wall some twelve feet high and two buildings of the same about fourteen feet square each and one story high. It is tenanted by a rough-looking Scotchman and a few Indians and squaws. It is a station of the Hudson's Bay Company. A great many had depended on getting provisions here, but failed entirely of getting anything except fish. There is a little sugar for sale here at 75 cents per pound. Prospects seem to darken around us a good deal, for some families are already entirely out of bread, and many more will be in the course of one or two weeks. We had enough to last us through, but we shall have to divide, if necessary.

Tuesday, Sept. 21.—Today Mr. McMillen, Mr. Stowell and Mr. Raymond left us to pack their way through to The Dalles, in company with eleven others from our company. They have

three ponies among them, which carry the most of their provisions. They expect to make the trip—300 miles—in ten days, while it will probably take our teams, in their present condition, at least twenty days, and perhaps more. Had some difficulty in finding our cattle this morning, as we do not keep a guard over them now, for we are not much afraid of the Indians stealing them. Found them about noon and started them on the way. Had first-rate green feed for them last night. Proceeded about five miles against an increasing west wind, over a very dusty road, till it became so bad that we could not see our teams and could hardly breathe, and were then obliged to heave to for a season. After awhile the wind shifted more into the north and blew the dust across the road and then we proceeded on. Followed up a deep ravine about three miles more and encamped for the night without water or grass; plenty of sage; cold. Made eight miles.

Wednesday, Sept. 22.—Started early and followed up the same ravine to the summit, and then followed another one down to Malheur river (the most sluggish stream I have ever seen) for some time. Here we found but poor feed, but thought it best to stay for the rest of the day, as the next stopping place was too far distant to reach today. Find plenty of willow; water not very good. Made nine miles.

Thursday, Sept. 23.—Today we traveled over a smooth, level road for about fifteen miles, when we came to a sulphur spring. Here we watered our cattle, but did not find much grass. Country very poor; nothing but sage and greasewood. From the spring we began to ascend hills, and the country began to improve. Hills mostly covered with dry grass. Traveled till after dark without finding water. Camped in valley among hills. Plenty of thrifty sage. Plenty dry grass. Tied our cattle to sagebrush. Mr. Miller thought he saw a bear in the night. The last three nights have been very cold. Made twenty-two miles.

Friday, Sept. 24.—After giving our cattle time to feed we started. In about a mile we came to Birch creek. Water not very good; does not run more than half the way above the surface. Stands in pools; tastes of sulphur. In about four miles more over the hills we came to Snake river for the last time.

Here it runs between lofty and inaccessible mountains, so farewell, Snake. Traveled over high mountains to Burnt river; four miles. Here we stopped and fed our cattle on dry grass. They are getting tired of it, for it is too dry. This river is fine, clear water; about twenty feet wide on an average, and flows between very lofty mountains, with just room to pass. Traveled up its bank about four miles and encamped. Plenty of dry grass. Made thirteen miles.

Saturday, Sept. 25.—Today we crossed the river three times in going five miles, and climbed over high bluffs, the most of the rest of the way. We soon left the river banks and traveled over very hilly bluffs for about six miles to a small creek, and stopped for the night. Find but very little sage or greasewood Dry grass. Made twelve miles.

Sunday, Sept. 26.—Traveled down the creek to the river two miles. Here the mountains are so high and so close that they leave no room for bluffs, and when they close down upon us on one side of the river our only alternative is to flee to the other. Crossed the river five times in about six miles. These mountains are, as near as I can judge, about 1,200 feet high on an average, and as steep as they know how to be. Mostly covered with dry grass, except where it is burned off. See a good many fine fish, but can't catch them. Today we found a place where there were a good many green rushes and a good many birch trees. Here we stopped for the rest of the day. Made eight miles.

The river bottom at this place is some sixty rods wide, covered with timber, as is the bottom the most of the way. Birch, cottonwood and willow and some Balm of Gilead; a few scattering pines and cedars on the mountain high above us. Scenery fine.

Monday, Sept. 27.—Today we crossed the river for the last time (nine times in all) about half a mile from camp and started up a small creek, very rapid; got up the hill pretty fast by following it; crossed it nine times in going four miles, then turned from it up a steep, long hill in a ravine and, descending, came to another small stream and spring. Here we watered our cattle and drove up another steep hill and stopped to feed on some

bunchgrass. The grass along here has been mostly burned off and we have to get it where we can catch it. Drove down the hill and found a spring brook, which we followed down for some two miles, then crossed over a ridge to another creek and soon came again near Burnt river and camped on it. Grass good. Some packers overtook us from behind, hurrying on to procure provisions. They give a sad account of the destitution of those who are behind. Say there are but few who have more than five days' provisions. Made fourteen miles.

Tuesday, Sept. 28.—This morning we met some traders from Oregon, buying lame cattle. River forks some little distance above camp and we take the right-hand fork. Follow it up all day among hills and camp on it at night. Made ten miles.

Wednesday, Sept. 29.—Cross the stream twice, then leave it and follow up a small creek to a spring and water our cattle, as we are to travel eighteen miles without water. Traveled over hills till afternoon, then came to a pretty level piece of land covered with sage, on which we traveled till near night, and then descended to another beautiful smooth plain. several miles in extent, bounded by grass-covered hills, except on the west, which is bounded by the Blue mountains, beautiful in the distance and covered with pine. Looks as though we were coming somewhere. Camped among the sage without water. Plenty of grass for our cattle on hill near by. Made eighteen miles.

Thursday, Sept. 30.—After going about four miles we found a kind of dry creek, where there was plenty of water standing in pools, but poor stuff. Here we watered our cattle. Drove on about five miles and got badly fooled by the willows growing abundantly here, about two miles to the left, as we supposed it was Powder river. Stopped on some good feed for our cattle and looked there for water to get our dinner, but found nothing but dirty pools. The soil on this plain is much better than we have seen before. Grass in many places fresh and abundant. In about a mile's travel we came to a small stream, a branch of Powder river, very sluggish, water poor, bad ford, and in about six miles more came to one of the main branches of the Powder river and stopped for the night. Found good grass and fine water. Found more Oregon traders here. They

say we must hurry if we get over the Blue mountains. Rains some in the valley and snows on the mountains. Very cold all day. Made fifteen miles.

Friday, October 1.—Let our cattle feed till afternoon. One of the packers we had seen before came back. Had been on to the Grand Ronde and bought fifty pounds of flour for $30, and was hurrying back to the relief of his friends. Traveled about two miles down the stream, then crossed it and in about five miles crossed another branch of Powder river; fine stream. Then crossed several small streams and ascended to a high tableland and went about six miles upon it before finding water. Nearly dark when we camped on a small stream. Water not very good. Grass tolerable. No wood but green willows. very cold. Rained some in fore part of the day. Plenty of snow to be seen on the mountains. Roads good, no dust, the first time we have been free from it for a long time. Have seen thirty-five graves since leaving Fort Boise. Made twelve miles.

Saturday, Oct. 2.—Could not raise fire enough to cook breakfast. Powerful cold. Started early and in about three miles came fo foot of mountain. Climbed the mountain. Ascent very gradual, about three miles, when we came to a fine little valley with some springs in it and plenty of grass. Followed up it about a mile and then up the mountain two miles, when we came in sight of the Grand Ronde, a beautiful, level valley, nearly round, I should think, and some fifteen miles in diameter, but O! the getting down to it over a long. steep and stony hill, is equal to any getting downstairs I ever saw, and I have seen some on this road. Arrived at the bottom and found feed had been mostly burned off, but found enough for our cattle. Here we found another trading station from Oregon. They sell flour for 60 cents per pound, salt at 50 cents, and first-rate fat beef, which they brought with them or drove, at 20 to 25 cents. Stopped and fed and then traveled on about five miles to a spring and then camped. Good water and grass, but no wood, except a kind of green stuff that won't burn nohow. Still cold, and freezes considerably. Did not get very near any snow nor to much timber. The traders say they drove their beef cattle from The Dalles in eight days. The soil of this valley is fine. Made sixteen miles.

Sunday, Oct. 3.—Have not seen any of the clover spoken of by others, but have found plenty of red-top grass, both here and on Powder river, and it grows very thrifty. The Indians have all left for their winter quarters. Traders say they were very thick here about two weeks ago, and are said to be very rich in ponies, and traded a good many for cows; considerably civilized. Raise some cattle and some vegetables for sale, but they did not leave much marks of civilization on the road or near it that could be seen. Traveled along the west side of the valley at the foot of the mountains about three miles, when we came to a small stream and then commenced ascending the mountain, very steep in many places, and continues to ascend for about six miles. A very hard drive, but at the top found the grass burned off and there was no water, so had to go on till we came to Grand Ronde river, ten miles. Worst hill to go down that we have yet found; long, steep, and rocky. Our road today has been mostly through lofty pines as fine as I ever saw, and tonight we have plenty of dry pine for fires. The feed here has been very thoroughly fed off, but we found plenty on the mountain side, among the pines. This river runs through the middle of the Grand Ronde, a fine little stream, rapid and shallow. Made fifteen miles.

Monday, Oct. 4.—This morning got a late start and commenced climbing again; very steep hill to start with and about a mile long, then had hills to ascend and descend all day, many of them steep. About night found a place where we could find some standing water about half a mile from the road, down a very steep hill all the way. Poor stuff, but it was the best we could do. Camped and turned our cattle out to grass, but did not drive them down to water, as it was almost dark. Plenty of pine. Today saw two very small black squirrels. Made fifteen miles.

Tuesday, Oct. 5.—Stayed till near noon and let our cattle feed. The grass is very good and quite fresh in many places among the pines. We find pine, spruce, tamarack and fir here. Doctor Miller's company from Iowa are here, entirely out of flour. Have some loose cattle which they kill now and then for food. Traded them some flour for beef, sold them some and loaned them some to be repaid at The Dalles. Hard times.

Many cattle are failing and all are very poor and a good many get lost among the thick timber. A good many wagons are left, some broken and some good and sound, because the cattle are not able to take them along. So much good pine here, they do not burn them. The general appearance of the country is altogether changed. The soil, even on the mountains, is quite good, and in the valleys it is excellent. In many places the road has to twist around a good deal among the trees. Traveled on about seven miles on a mountain ridge, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other; pretty sidling in places. Do not have to rise and fall as many notes as common today. Begin to hope we are getting out of the mountains. Camped on the mountain. A good spring about a quarter of a mile off, down at the foot of the mountain. Timber very thick today. Good grass. Made seven miles.

Wednesday, Oct. 6.—Concluded to rest here today and recruit our cattle, as we have good feed and they have had a hard pull of it for the last four days. Spent the day in cooking and hunting for cattle lost in the brush, as a great many have been lost here.

Thursday, Oct. 7.—Today stayed till about noon and then started on about six miles to another spring, still in the thick timber; very thick. Find plenty of good grass all the way. Made six miles.

Friday, Oct. 8.—Started for the Umatilla river. Roads slightly descending nearly all the way, and in some places steep. At last came in sight of the valley, covered entirely with dry grass, except a small skirt of timber along the river, and literally dotted with Indian ponies and cattle. Commenced the descent into the valley very gradual; said to be five miles down hill. Don't think it was much overrated. The grass here is very poor, having been fed off by the ponies and cattle. Soil excellent. This valley is the headquarters of the Cayuse Indians. They are more civilized than any we have seen before. Bought a few potatoes of them. They are killing some very fat cattle and sell the beef at 15 to 20 cents per pound. No other provisions can be had here, and it is a death blow to the hopes of many hungry people. Found a man here who had left our

company some time ago and been on to The Dalles and returned with a pony-load of provisions. Gives a very discouraging account of the prospect before us. Grass is very poor all the way. No provisions for sale between here and The Dalles. Made fifteen miles.

Saturday, Oct. 9.—Our friend from The Dalles advises us to stay and recruit our cattle. as we shall have no more as good grass as we have here, but the prospect here is nothing but starvation for ourselves and teams. Started off after noon and went down the river six miles, put our cattle over the bluffs but found poor feed. Find some prairie chickens. Made six miles.

Sunday, Oct. 10.—Traveled down river. Passed over bluffs; some sand. Crossed river and passed down some three miles and camped. Find a great many mice living in holes in the ground. Timber mostly Balm of Gilead; some willow. Made nine miles.

Monday, Oct. 11.—Climbed the bluff; ascent very gradual, but some three miles long. After passing some seven miles we found good feed, dry grass, and stopped for noon, then passed on some seven miles more and stopped for the night. No water. Road good; plenty of dry grass; mice very plenty. Made fourteen miles.

Tuesday, Oct. 12.—Put our cattle down to the river about two miles for drink and got one of them stuck in the mud. Spent the forenoon in trying to get him out, but failed. We killed him. Started on and came to the river in about three miles and traveled down it about three miles and camped on it; poor feed. Made six miles.

Wednesday, Oct. 13.—Traveled down three miles to the Indian agency, the first frame house we have seen since we left the Missouri river, and they have actually got a stoned-up well. The agent was gone to The Dalles, but we left two of our wagons there and sold three cattle to some traders, and put all the teams to Stephen's wagon and proceeded. Our loads are light. but our cattle are getting powerful weak, and we think best to favor them as much as possible. An Indian here has some flour for sale at 50 cents per pound. A white man has

some corn, brought from Fort Walla Walla, which he sells at the rate of six pint cupfulls for $1, and it sells fast. Traveled on about five miles, after crossing the river and leaving it. Road very sandy, the heaviest I ever saw for so long a distance. Camped on the open prairie; no water. Burn greasewood, of which we have seen a good deal today. Looks familiar, but old-fashioned. We find it to our advantage to camp between the watering places on account of grass. Seventy graves since leaving Fort Boise. Made eight miles.

Thursday, Oct. 14.—Started on again and traveled over the same heavy sand about five miles more to Alder creek. A sluggish, dirty stream with some willows on its banks. Here we saw Mr. Torrance, the Indian agent, on his way back to the station from Milwaukie, loaded with provisions. Seemed much pleased to see us. Told us a great deal about James, as he is well acquainted with him. After dinner we started on. Carried our water with us; very warm and sandy. Encamped on the prairie; no wood, nor water for our cattle. Warm nights. Made eleven miles.

Friday, Oct. 15.—Looks very much like rain; cool. Frank and the doctor have concluded to start on ahead, as Stephen bought an Indian pony and they will take it and go to The Dalles and there meet us. Encamped at a spring of miserable water. Here we met Mr. Lot Whitcomb, direct from Oregon. Told us a great deal about Oregon; was well acquainted with James; spoke very highly of him. He has provisions, but not to sell, but gives to all he finds in want and are not able to buy. Took supper and traveled all day. Made fifteen miles.

Saturday, Oct. 16.—Breakfast with us. Traveled all day over deep sand and dust, and had no water till night. Encamped on Willow creek. The water stands in holes, but found three good springs. Made eighteen miles.

Sunday, Oct. 17.—Warm and pleasant. Stay here today to rest our teams. Some cedar and willow. See no Indians. Drive our cattle over the bluffs some three miles. Find very poor feed all along here. Here are twelve graves all together. We hope this is the last Sabbath we shall spend on the road.

Monday, October 18.—Very cloudy. Started on and it soon began to rain. As we left the creek we had a very long, steep hill to climb. The train we started with are all behind, and we travel alone. At noon it rained very hard and we all got wet, which was very reviving. Pleasant in the afternoon. Road very hilly all day, and dusty. Camped without wood or water and with little grass. Made thirteen miles.

Tuesday, Oct. 19.—Cool and pleasant. High west wind. Road lay through a deep, narrow valley, but very barren. At noon we camped by a small spring coming out of a hill. No grass here. From here pass over high bluffs and descend a very steep hill to John Day river, a very rapid stream. No wood here, except a few very small willows; some sage here, which we burn for fuel. Grass poor. All the country, from the Indian agency to this place, is about as barren and desolate as any we have passed over, and we have seen nothing that could be fairly called wood since we left the Umatilla. Made thirteen miles.

Wednesday, Oct. 20.—Very pleasant this morning. Our first act was to pass up a very stony, rocky and sandy hill, as bad as any we have had, all things considered, and when we arrived at the top we stopped for dinner. Here we have good grass, the first since we left Umatilla. Here the doctor met us on his way back from The Dalles. Franklin had gone down by the boat. He brought some flour, pork, salt and saleratus. Prices are coming down at The Dalles. Flour can be had at 15 cents, pork at 37½ cents, salt at 25 cents, saleratus at 25 cents and sugar at 25 and 30 cents. Afternoon traveled on about six miles and encamped on the prairie. Plenty of dry grass, but no wood nor water; country quite changed; land all covered with a fine growth of dry grass. Pretty hilly; soil good. Made nine miles.

Thursday, Oct. 21.—Traveled on; road good but rather hilly. Plenty of grass all the way. Came to a spring of poor water in about nine miles more. Stopped and watered our cattle, but did not feed. Passed on about three miles more and camped for the night. Grass excellent for dry, but no water. Made twelve miles.

Friday, Oct. 22.—Arose early and drove down to the great Columbia river for wood and water for breakfast. Had a very long but not very steep hill to descend. At the foot we found a trading station. Sell flour, pork, sugar and tobacco at 40 cents per pound. Stopped and got our breakfast. No wood but very poor willows and some greasewood. Drove on to Deschutes river, three miles. No grass in the bottoms; all eaten off. The Columbia here is very rapid and shallow; stream apparently about the size of Rock river, Illinois, flowing over a rocky bottom, with frequent falls and not navigable for sap troughs or canoes. Banks very high, steep and rocky and bottom very narrow, and in some places sandy. Deschutes river is, to appearances, nearly as large as the Columbia, but it must be much smaller, and comes dashing down over the rocks, as rapid as water can come on a plane inclined one foot in twenty. Here is a ferry at $2 for those who have money, and a ford for those who have not. The latter is the most numerous class. After crossing this river we climbed a very steep and long hill, but good road, and passed on about a mile on the level and camped for the night. Here is a good spring on the hill. Found rather poor grass, but thought best to stop for fear we could not climb the other hill. Made seven miles.

Saturday, Oct. 23.—Traveled on about two miles and came to another hill as bad as the last. Hard pull as our cattle are so much weakened, but it is the last we shall have. Then down a steep hill to Olney's creek. Here is a house and a white man (Mr. Olney) living with a squaw. There are also two houses at Deschutes river, and some tents belonging to the Walla Walla Indians, who do some ferrying and act as guides to those who ford. Pretty shrewd fellows for money, but very civil. From thence we went over bluffs, ascent and descent very gradual, to a creek, five miles from The Dalles, called Five Miles creek, and encamped for the night. Stephen had gone before to The Dalles, and returned, bringing the intelligence that Mr. McMillen had returned there with some provisions for us from the valley. Remained all night and did some cooking for the journey down by water. Have long been convinced that we are too late to cross the Cascade mountains with safety, so we conclude to leave our cattle and wagon at The Dalles and proceed down by

water. Hire a man to take care of the cattle at $6 per head and deliver them in the valley in the spring as soon as it is safe to travel over the mountains. Made nine miles.

Sunday, Oct. 24.—Traveled to The Dalles, five miles, and found a boat ready to sail. Put our loads on board and got on ourselves and were ready to be off. Stephen stayed there to take care of the cattle and some other business and the rest of us went on. It was an open-keel boat, rowed by three men, and we went on at a pretty good rate. The appearance of the river here changes, and from being a rapid, shallow and narrow stream it becomes a wide, deep and still one, in some places more than a mile wide and too deep to be sounded. The water is clear and fine, and the banks are precipitous and rocky, and several hundred feet high in most places. We had a very favorable run, for the weather was clear and calm. This is said to be a very windy stream and the channel being so deep it follows it up and often prevents boats from running for three or four days. During the night it rained a good deal and we got pretty thoroughly wet. About 2 o'clock we hove to, to wait for daylight. Went on shore and got breakfast. Rained hard nearly all the time. Here is a narrow bottom and some Balm of Gilead growing, some of the trees more than four feet in diameter. We are now only six miles from the Cascades. The mountains are covered with a thick growth of lofty pines and fir, and the pack trail which passes along here seems almost impassable, the mountains are so very steep. Passed down to the Cascades, which consist of an immense pile of loose rocks across the stream, over which the water runs with great rapidity for six miles. The Indians have a tradition that many years ago the Columbia ran above here, the same as above The Dalles, but the mountains got into a fight and threw large rocks at each other, which, falling into the river, dammed it up; and, indeed, the river appears like a vast millpond. The distance from The Dalles to the Cascades is forty-five miles. Here is a large warehouse and from it proceeds a railroad three miles long, made of scantling and plank without iron. On this runs a small car propelled by a mule attached to it by a long rope for an engine, and a pair of thills between which the engineer stations himself and walks and guides the car. On this the

charge is 75 cents per 100 pounds, but takes no passengers. At the end of the railroad the goods have to be let down perpendicularly some 150 feet to the river, from whence they are taken on a boat to the steamboat landing, about three miles more. Charge, 75 cents in all.

Rained hard most of the day. Women walked down on land and expected some goods that night, but could not get them down. Had no tent, no beds, and no food, except what we bought. Mr. Miller stayed with the goods and the rest of us went to the tavern to stay. The steamer Multnomah came up about dark and stayed until morning. Here we came across Mr. Stowell, who had been detained by sickness. Early in the morning Mr. Miller came down with the goods and we all got on board the steamer. Charge $6 per passenger. Distance to Portland, sixty-five miles. The appearance of the river below the Cascades is about the same as above. Rises and falls with the tide in the Pacific. Had a very pleasant ride. Much better than an ox team, where you have to work your passage by running on foot. The banks soon began to grow less steep and high, and soon we were in the valley, but could see nothing except timber on shore, but that was fine. Passed some timber farms and good dwellings and one sawmill belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. Passed Fort Vancouver, pleasantly situated on the north side of the river. About 2 o'clock came into the Willamette (pronounced Will-am-et) river, much like the Columbia, being wide, deep, and slow, and soon were at Portland, the largest town now in the territory, and a fine town it is, and would compare favorably with many eastern cities. At the head of ship navigation, it is bound to be the great commercial emporium of the northwest. Here we remained three days nearly, when Brother James came for us with his teams and we started with him for his farm, ten miles distant.

(This farm was near what is now the village of Reedville, Washington County.—George H. Himes, Secretary O. P. A.)

NARRATIVE OF JAMES LONGMIRE, A PIONEER OF 1853.

Description of the Trip Across the Plains From Indiana and of the Events Prior to and During the Yakima Indian War of 1855-56.

(The following account was prepared several years ago by Mrs. Lou Palmer, from personal interviews with Mr. Longmire; and she deserves the thanks of all pioneers for her commendable work. As my father's family formed part of the immigration westward from the Rocky Mountains, alluded to by Mr. Longmire, many of the events and experiences related came under my own personal observation. In fact, all the pioneer families of that day had kindred experiences, and these formed a bond of fellowship almost as enduring as the ties of blood. Until my father's death, on April 22, 1879, it is probable that no two families were more intimate than Mr. Longmire's and ours. Hence all these experiences of crossing the plains and of the Yakima war were often recounted in my presence, which, in addition to my own opportunity for observing, made a lasting impression upon my mind. From this point of view I consider the narrative, as given by Mrs. Palmer, a valuable addition to the stock of historical data regarding the lives of the early settlers of the original "Oregon Country," which I am endeavoring to save, because it embodies the personal experiences of a man who was an essential factor in the scenes he attempts to describe—a man, too, whose reputation for uprightness and honorable action was never questioned.—George H. Himes, Secretary of the Oregon Pioneer Association.)

The events here presented are as they were given to me by Mr. Longmire himself, a few years before his death, as he sat on one side of a small table, I on the other, at the summer resort at the foot of Mount Rainier, known as Longmire Springs, which he discovered, and which in latter years of his life was his pet scheme, for which he labored industriously, in the belief that it would prove to be a valuable piece of property and a famous retreat for invalids and tourists, whenever easy means of transportaiton were secured. I can see him now, as he

would promenade the long porch in front of his home, his hands folded behind him, as he watched the snow on the Bald Hills, in anticipation of his first trip to the springs, which he made every spring. to see that all had remained as he left it in the fall. When the snow on the Bald Hills melted so that portions of the hills were bare, the prospect was favorable for him to succeed in his attempt to reach the springs, as the snow in the foothills reached such a depth that it was impossible to travel in the early spring months. When the signs were favorable his favorite riding horse, "Buck" was brought out, and "Snoqualmie," his pack horse, loaded with necessary supplies. At the time of the discovery there was no stopping place for a traveler but Indian Henry's farm, on the Mashelle River. With faithful "Buck," though deaf as a post, and "Snoqualmie," who enjoyed the distinction of having reached the highest elevation on the mountain that ever was reached by a horse, and perhaps the further distinction of having made more trips across the Cascades into Eastern Washington and return than any other horse living. the pioneer was equal to any adventure, from swimming the swollen streams that were sometimes necessary, to walking a bridge made of two trees felled side by side to span a stream which had to be crossed to reach the springs.

The narrative is as follows:

I started from our home on Shawnee Prairie, Fountain County, Indiana, with my wife and four children, Elcaine, David, Tillatha and John, on the 6th day of March. 1853. My youngest child was not able to walk when we started, but spent his evenings while on the trip in learning, which he did by supporting himself by holding to the tongue of the ox wagon while in camp. John B. Moyer, a very fine young man, who had studied for the ministry, but who at that time was teaching our district school, went with us, also Joseph Day, a son of one of our neighbors. I got a neighbor to drive us to Attica, the nearest town, where we took passage on the U. S. Ariel, a little steamer running on the Wabash River, as far south as Evansville, at that time a flourishing town of 4,000 or 5,000 inhabitants.

A shocking incident of our first start was the bursting of the boiler of the steamer Bee, twelve miles from Evansville, which caused the death of every person aboard. Our steamer took the poor, mangled creatures aboard and carried them to Evansville, where they were met by sorrowing friends, who had sighted the signal of mourning displayed by our steamer. From Evansville we took the steamer Sparrow Hawk for St. Louis, thence by the Polar Star up the Mississippi River to St. Joseph. We were now upwards of 2,000 miles on our westward journey. Here I bought eight yoke of oxen and a large quantity of supplies, and traveled in wagons along the river to Kanesville, now Council Bluffs, where we camped, as it was yet too early to start on our long journey, the grass not having grown so that it would afford food for our cattle along the route; so we decided to remain for several weeks and make some preparations for another start. I bought a carriage and span of horses for $250, which my wife and children were to use as far as the road would permit. I also got a sheet-iron stove, which, with cooking utensils, only weighed twenty-five pounds, but which proved a real luxury, as we were able to have warm biscuits for breakfast whenever we chose, besides many other delicacies which we could not have had by a camp fire. I only paid twelve dollars for this stove, but it proved invaluable to us.

At Kanesville I stood guard at night for the first time in my life, in company with Van Ogle, who was also camped here, preparatory to going to Puget Sound. It was dark one evening, as I finished feeding my cattle, so that I could not see the person who spoke in a fine childish voice, saying: "Is there a man here by the name of Longmire?" I thought it must be a boy by the voice, and answered that that was my name, when he introduced himself as John Lane, a man of whom I had often heard, but had never seen—a tall, well-built man, with a smooth, boyish face, and fine, squeaking voice, much out of keeping with his great body. He invited me to his camp near by, where I met Asher Sarjent and his family, Sarjent being his brother-in-law, and after some conversation we made arrangements to continue our journey together. While here we met a young man by the name of Ivan Watt, who was anxious to cross the plains, so I engaged him to drive one of my ox teams,

and found him excellent help at various times when we met obstacles that were hard to overcome. His friend, William Sarjent's two sons. Wilson and Francis Marion, and Van Ogle drove the others.

The time had now come when we decided the grass was sufficient to feed our cattle on the way, and we moved twelve miles below Council Bluffs to a ferry, where we made our final start for Puget Sound on the 10th of May, 1853. We camped for the night about one mile from the ferry, where we were joined by E. A. Light, now of Steilacoom, who was a friend of John Lane's. Nothing occurred worthy of note until two days afterward, when we reached the Elkhorn River, where we found a ferry with only one boat and so many emigrants ahead of us that we must wait two or three weeks to be ferried across the river. A party of emigrants was lucky enough to get three canoes, and while they were crossing we all went to work and made one more. But this time they were across, so we bought their canoes, and with our own proceeded to ferry our goods to the other side. Here occurred an accident which proved disastrous and spoiled in a measure the harmony existing up to this time in our little company of emigrants.

John Lane had started with some fine stock, among them a thoroughbred mare of great beauty and very valuable, which he would not allow to swim with the rest of our stock safely across the stream; but with a rope around her neck held by Sarjent and myself on one side of the river, and by himself and E. A. Light on the other side, tow her across, which we did, but alas—dead. We landed her according to Lane's instructions, and tried to revive the beautiful creature, but failed.

Poor Sarjent had to bear the blame, unjustly, I think, and only escaped blows from Lane, whose rage knew no bounds, by my interference. But he left our party, after begging me to go with him, and in company with E. A. Light, Samuel and William Ray and a man named Mitchell, continued his journey. We regretted the loss of his beautiful mare and the unpleasantness between him and Sarjent, which caused him to leave our party, for friends were few and far from home, consequently

much dearer; but these friends we were to meet again, which we little expected when we parted.

Two hundred miles further on we came to Rawhide Creek, a pretty stream, with banks bordered with graceful, waving willows, cool and green, and the last that we were to see; in fact, not another tree or shrub for two hundred miles. Here we stopped to rest our thoroughly tired, footsore oxen, and do our washing, which was not done always on Monday, much to the annoyance of our excellent housekeepers, who at home had been accustomed to thus honoring "blue Monday." We had killed a few antelope along the road, which furnished the camp with what we thought the best steak we had ever eaten, and were fired with the resolve to secure a still greater luxury, in which we had not yet indulged. We had already seen several small bands of buffalo, but had no opportunity of capturing any of them; so I selected Ivan Watt, a crack shot, by the way, as my companion, and with our rifles on our shoulders, mounted my carriage horses, and with bright hopes and spirits high we started out to bring in some buffalo meat, and thus further prove our skill as hunters from the Hoosier State. We left Moyer and Day to guard the camp, assist the women with the washing, and kill jackrabbits, game too small for us. We rode about fifteen miles north, when we came upon two buffaloes quietly feeding upon a little slope of ground. We dismounted, picketed our horses, and on all fours crept toward them, till barely within range of our muzzle-loading rifles, when they saw us. We ran for our horses, which we luckily reached, and lost no time in mounting, when the buffalo turned and ran from us across the level plain. Going on a little further, we came to a ridge or elevation, which afforded protection for our horses, which we once more picketed, and, walking about a hundred yards, commenced firing into a herd of the coveted game, which we came upon suddenly, selecting for our target a large bull. We fired nine shots apiece, but our game did not fall, but would snort loudly and whirl around as if dazed, not knowing from where the bullets came, and not seeing us from the ridge of ground, where we were hid from view. Seeing that our shots did not bring the game to the ground, I told Watt we were aiming too high, and reloading, we took aim and fired together,

but lower, and to our great joy the huge creature fell, as we thought, dead. Rushing back to our horses we mounted and hurried to secure our prize, which lay on the ground only wounded, and upon seeing us staggered to his feet, and ran about a hundred yards and fell again. The rest of the herd, frightened at seeing us, ran wildly across the plain with uplifted tails, and were soon out of sight. Seeing that our buffalo could not run, I sprang from my horse, and taking fair aim at his head, fired and killed him, much to my surprise, as I had heard a theory that a buffalo could not be killed by a shot in the head. Again we secured our horses and began to strip our game of his smooth coat, selecting the hind quarters for our share, judging this to be the choicest cut, which we were to put into a bag which we had carried for this purpose. Little did we know of the life and custom of the plains. In about fifteen minutes after we began our work we were surprised—yes, perfectly horrified—to see about thirty big, hungry gray wolves coming rapidly toward us, attracted, no doubt by the scent of blood from the dead buffalo. Nearer and nearer they came, till, hearing a noise, we looked in the direction of our horses; we saw them running in the wildest affright to the north, in a directly opposite course from our camp. We hurriedly left our game to the wolves, most willingly, having no wish to contest their claim to it, and went in pursuit of our rapidly fleeing horses. We had intended to be in camp with our meat in time for dinner, and had set out in the morning without a morsel of food in our pockets. So nightfall found us hungry, tired, afoot and miles—how many we knew not—from camp and friends, our horses gone, and hardly knowing which way to turn. However, it was a starlight night, and fixing my eye on one bright star, I told Watt that we must take that star for our guide and go on as far as we could that night. We went on, Watt complaining of hunger very often, until the sky became cloudy and we could no longer see our guide, when we sat down and placed our guns on the ground, pointing toward the star that had been to us so far a welcome guide. The time we could not tell, as neither of us carried a watch, but it must have been far in the night. From the time of leaving the camp, the many mishaps of the day, and our extreme fatigue, it seemed an age. Soon

all trouble was forgotten in deep sleep, from which we awoke to find the sky clear and our late guide ready to light us on our weary journey. We arose and started once more, neither stopping for an instant or turning aside for rock, bush or bramble, but kept as nearly as possible in a straight line, never forgetting our star till it grew dim before the coming daylight. Thus we went, still fasting, over a beautiful rolling country, till about 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning, when we climbed a steep bluff, and below us saw the Platte River Valley, through which slowly passed a few straggling emigrant wagons. The very sight of them brought joy to our hearts, and also relief to Watt's empty stomach, for the first thing he did on reaching the wagons was to ask for food, which was freely given. I inquired the way to Rawhide Creek, which the emigrants told us was two miles behind them—welcome news to us in our tired and almost famished condition. But as we were so near our own camp I did not ask for anything to eat. Watt, however, insisted on sharing his portion with me, which I accepted, and must say, relished, after my night's fast. We hurried back to camp, where I found my wife almost crazed with grief at our long absence, thinking, of course, we had been killed by hostile Indians. My friend, Sarjent, was thinking of continuing the journey the next day if we did not return; but my wife was thinking of some way by which she could return to our old home on the banks of the Wabash. However, when we told them of our danger and narrow escape, even with the loss of our horses and game, grief turned to joy, and peace reigned once more in our camp.

After resting the remainder of the day we prepared, not for a buffalo hunt, but for a hunt for our horses, the next morning. Mr. Sarjent loaned us two of his horses, which we rode, and in case we did not return that evening he was to put two of his other horses to my carriage and proceed, with Moyer, Day, my family and goods, the next morning, we to overtake them somewhere along the line. After making this arrangement we went back to the scene of our disaster, and our late adventure, where we found large herds of wild horses, but no track of our own, which, being shod, were easily tracked. We hunted till sundown, when we came to a mound or hill, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet above the level, with a circular

pression or basin on the top of it, which we selected for our camp. Taking our horses into this basin, we made them secure by hobbling them, took our supper without drinks and cold. Here we witnessed from our elevated position a grand buffalo show—fully 5,000 scattered over that vast plain, many of them quite near to the mound on which we stood; but we had not the least temptation to hunt buffalo, although it seemed to be one vast herd as far as the eye could reach. We arose the next morning and continued our hunt till the middle of the afternoon, when we gave up all hope of finding the lost horses and, taking a westerly course, set out to overtake the wagons, which had stopped before night for our benefit. A buffalo hunt proved a source of joy as well as sorrow to our party, for soon after camping for the night, Moyer saw two men, buffalo hunters, who, like Watt and myself, had been lost, riding our lost horses leisurely along the road. Going to them, Moyer said the horses belonged in our camp. They told him they had seen the horses on the plains, and knowing they had escaped from some emigrant train, caught them and gladly rode them into camp. They declined the $5 reward that Moyer and my wife wished them to accept for the great service which they had done us. The previous day my wife had rode in the ox wagon, leaving our carriage at the service of Mrs. Sarjent and family in part payment for the borrowed horses, but the next day she gladly gave up the cushions and comforts of the ox wagon for those of the carriage, which was again drawn by the lost horses.

Nothing further happened, except the occasional killing of an antelope or stray buffalo, my desire for buffalo hunting not being fully satisfied, although I had vowed, after my late adventure, never to hunt buffalo again. Sarjent and I killed one about this time that weighed fully 2,500 pounds, whose meat was so tough we could not use it, he evidently being the patriarch of a vast herd. We crossed the Rocky Mountains at South Pass, according to instructions given in "Horn's Guide Book for Emigrants," which we had carefuly observed during our trip. It gave minute instructions as to proper camps, road, where to find good water and grass, the crossing of streams, and other information which we found of great value, as our experience afterward in regard to grass and water proved. Some days after

crossing the mountains our party was increased by the families of Tyrus Himes, father of George H. Himes, of Portland, Oregon, and Judson W. Himes, Mrs. W. H. Ruddell, and Mrs. Nathan Eaton, of Elma, Washington, and Mr. John Dodge, the first of whom settled on their arrival here on a place five miles east of Olympia, and the last on Mima Prairie. Accompanying Mr. Himes were Joel Risdon and son Henry, C. Reuben Fitch, Frederick Burnett, James and Charles Biles and families, "Bat" and Elijah Baker, with families, two Woolery families, Wm. Downey and family, Kincaid and family, Peter Judson and family, besides a number of single men—all told numbering somewhere near one hundred persons.

All went smoothly until we crossed Bear River Mountains, when, feeling some confidence in our own judgment, we had grown somewhat careless about consulting our handbook, often selecting our camp without reference to it. One of these camps we had good reason to remember. I had gone ahead to find a camp for noon, which I did, on a pretty stream with abundance of grass for our horses and cattle, which greatly surprised us, as grass had been a scarce article in many of our camps. Soon after dinner we noticed some of our cattle begin to lag and seem tired, and others began to vomit. We realized with horror that our cattle were poisoned; so we camped at the first stream that we came to, which was Ham's Fork of Bear River, to cure, if possible, our poor, sick cattle. Here we were eighty or a hundred miles from Salt Lake, the nearest settlement, in such a dilemma. We looked about for relief—bacon and grease were the only antidotes for poison thaat our stores contained, so we cut slices of bacon and forced it down the throats of the sick oxen, who, after once tasting the bacon, ate it eagerly, thereby saving our lives, as those that did not eat it died the next day. The cows we could spare better than the oxen. None of the horses were sick. Had we consulted our guide before, instead of after, camping at that pretty spot, we would have been spared all this trouble, as it warned travelers of the poison existing there. This event run our stock of bacon so low we were obliged to buy more, for which we paid 75 cents per pound, and 50 cents per pound for butter, which we bought of Mr. Melville, one of our party.

We were joined at Salmon Falls by a Mr. Hutchinson and his family. Here we crossed Snake River for the first time, a quarter of a mile above the falls. Hutchinson had a fine lot of horses and cattle, which caused him much anxiety, as he feared they might drown while crossing the river. There were many Indians here of the Snake tribe, and he tried to hire one of them to swim his stock, for which he offered him money, without making the least impression on the stolid creature. Finally taking off his outside shirt, a calico garment, Hutchinson offered it to him, which, to our surprise, he took—this was the coveted prize. He swam four horses safely and drowned one; then, when he reached the opposite side of the river, he quietly mounted one of the best horses and rode rapidly away over the hills, leaving us to the difficult task of crossing the river, which we did without further accident. We paid, however, $4 for every wagon towed across.

For 200 miles we wended our weary way on to Fort Boise, a Hudson's Bay Co.'s trading post kept by an Englishman and his Indian wife, he being the only white person at the post. Here we had to cross Snake River again, which at this place was a quarter of a mile wide, with poor prospect for a crossing, as the agent kept the ferry, and demanded $8 per wagon, just twice what we had paid at other points. I tried to get an Indian to swim our cattle, but failing. Watt proposed to go with them if I would, which seemed a fair proposition, and as they would not go without someone to drive them we started across. Watt carried a long stick in one hand, with the other he held on to the tail of old "Lube," a great, raw-boned ox who had done faithful service on our long and toilsome journey. I threw my stick away and went in a little below Watt, but found the current very strong, and which drifted me down stream. Thinking I should be drowned, I shouted to Watt, "I'm gone." He, with great presence of mind, reached his stick to me, which I grasped with a last hope of saving my life, and by this means bore up till I swam to Watt, who caught on to the tail of the nearest ox, thus giving me a hold on old "Lube's" tail--welcome hold, too, and one which carried me safely to shore. Only for Watt's coolness and bravery I owuld have

lost my life at the very spot where one of Mr. Melville's men was drowned the previous evening.

At Grande Ronde a happy surprise awaited us. Nelson Sarjent, whose father was in our party, met John Lane, who arrived in advance of us, with the welcome news that a party of workmen had started out from Olympia and Steilacoom to make a road for us through the Natchess Pass over the Cascades, ours being the first party of emigrants to attempt a crossing north of The Dalles on the Columbia River. Lane waited at Grande Ronde while Nelson Sarjent pushed ahead to meet his aged parents.

Our party was reunited at Grande Ronde, E. A. Light, John Lane and others, who had left us at the Elk Horn River, met us and continued the journey with us across the Cascades. We went fifty miles farther, to the Umatilla River, where we rested two days and made preparation for the remainder of our trip. Lest our provisions run short I bought at a trading post here 100 pounds of flour, for which I paid $40 in gold coin—unbolted flour it was, too.

We left the emigrant trail at Umatilla, and with thirty-six wagons struck out for Fort Walla Walla, a trading post fifty miles farther on, kept by an agent of the Hudson's Bay Company, of whom we bought lumber—driftwood from the Columbia river—of which we made a flatboat on which to ferry our goods across the river, afterwards selling or trading the boat to the agent in payment for the lumber.

On the 8th of September, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, our boat was finished, and the task of crossing commenced—not a pleasant one, but by working all night everything was safely landed by sunrise next morning, but our horses and cattle, and these we wanted the Indians to take across for us. Nelson Sarjent was the only man in the crowd that could speak Chinook, but not well enough to make a bargain with the Indians; so we got the agent to hire them to swim our stock, but before they would commence work they must be paid. We gave them $18 and they brought up twenty-five canoes, formed them in line below the crossing, and we drove our stock into the river, and they swam to the opposite shore safely. Next came the horses,

and when they were about in the middle of the stream the treacherous Indians laid down their oars and made signs, which I understood to mean more money. Meanwhile our horses were drifting down stream, where high bluffs arose on either side, and it would be impossible for them to land. I took out my purse and offered them more money, when they took up their oars and paddled across, landing our horses safely.

The chief of the Walla Wallas was Peu-peu-mox-mox, or Yellow Serpent, a very important person, who rode, with the dignity of a king, a large American horse—a beautiful bay—with holsters on his saddle, and a pair of navy revolvers. He was a fine looking Indian, fully aware of his power as a chief, which was well demonstrated when we divided among our party some beef we had bought of him, which was cut in pieces varying from ten to twenty pounds, but it must be weighed. The chief went to Mr. Melville, the only man in our party who had scales for weighing, and, taking them in his hand, he examined them carefully, although he could not tell one figure from another. Then, looking carefully around at the many faces, seeming satisfied with his scrutiny, he came to me, gave me the scales with a sign that I do the weighing, at the same time seating himself flat on the ground among us. I weighed, Lane standing by with a book and pencil to tally. Every time a piece was weighed the chief would spring up, examine the scales closely, give a grunt, which meant "Yes," and sit down; and continued thus till the last piece was weighed, Lane making the settlement with him for our party.

Yellow Serpent was killed at the battle of Walla Walla during a four-days' engagement in the spring of 1856, while he was trying to make his escape from the volunteers—who held him as a friendly Indian—to join his tribe, which he had represented as friendly, but who were really waging bitter warfare against the white settlers. A brother of this chief we hired to guide us to the Natchess Pass.

I must not neglect to say that near Walla Walla we saw the site of the mission station of the noble Marcus Whitman. A log house covered with straw, held in place by poles crosswise of the roof, stood near the bank of the Walla Walla, and a

little garden and orchard were enclosed near the house, and a little farther on we saw the graves of Whitman and his wife and heroic little band of workers, who were massacred by the Indians some years previous to our arrival.

Our guide, who made a horse trade with Mr. Melville, in which he considered himself cheated, grew indignant and deserted us, and we were left in that strange country without a landmark, a compass, or guide—nothing to help us. We traveled on, however, to the Yakima River, which we crossed, and here lost by death one of our party, Mr. McCullough, a relative of Mrs. Woolery, now one of Puyallup's esteemed citizens. Until this sad event Mrs. Woolery was the life, the sunshine of the party. Everyone loved "Aunt Pop," as she was familiarly called, but this occurrence cast a shadow over her bright face and made the remainder of our journey gloomy, when we thought of the lonely grave on the banks of the Yakima.

Our next obstacle was a canyon at Well Springs, which it seemed impossible to cross. From the Yakima River we had been followed by a band of Indians, who had kept our wives and children in perfect terror, but they chatted and laughed as they rode along with us, the tyees or big men being dressed in buckskin leggings, handsomely beaded, and breech-clouts made of cedar bark. The squaws were dressed much the same, all with painted faces. The squaws carried the pappooses done up in proper Indian fashion and hung to the horn of the saddle, where they bobbed up and down in no easy fashion, especially when the ponies were in full gallop, as they were much of the time.

At Well Springs we sent out men to find a better road, as we thought we were lost. The Indians, knowing from this move that we were lost, got off their ponies, cleared a small piece of ground, and marked two roads, one heading to the northeast, the other to the northwest, making dots at intervals along each road, the former having fewer dots than the latter; one of them, motioning his hand in an upward and curving line, pointed with the other hand to the dots, saying at each one, "Sleeps," "Sleeps," and at the end of the road, "Sol-

diers," the only words we could understand, and really all the English they could speak. Lane said to me. "What shall we do?" I replied, "Let us take the road that has the fewest sleeps," which we did, going northeast for one or two days, when we discovered we had taken the wrong road. We had no compass, and would have known little more if we had had one. We saw before us almost a perpendicular bluff, which to us looked a thousand feet high, extending far away into the mountains, and which we later learned was White Bluffs, on the Columbia River. Here we camped for the night, ordering the Indians to keep at a respectful distance, which they did, much to our surprise. However, we placed a double guard out, as we supposed they had led us into this trap in order to massacre our whole party; but I really believe, now, that their intentions were good, if they had been able to make us understand them. The next day we retraced our steps to Well Springs, where we had left the proper course; but in due time we learned that our Indian guide meant to conduct us to Fort Colville, an English trading post, for the winter, thinking the snow on the Cascades would prevent our reaching Fort Steilacoom, where United States soldiers were stationed. Upon reaching Well Springs our Indians left us, much to our relief. We were further encouraged the same night by the return of Nelson Sarjent, who, with others, had gone in advance to look out a good road, with the glad news that after crossing the canyon a good road lay before us; and still better news that they had struck a trail which the Steilacoom and Olympia Company had blazed for the coming immigrants.

On the 18th of September, as well as I remember, we crossed the canyon, or rather, traversed it, for about a mile of the roughest travel I ever experienced, and came out on a beautiful plain. We traveled along Coal Creek for two days, when we came to Selah Valley, on the Upper Yakima, which we crossed, taking our course along Wenas Creek, about ten miles, where we came to a garden, now the farm of David Longmire, my son, who was a little boy making his way with the rest of us across the plains. This garden was kept by Indians, of whom we bought thirteen bushels of potatoes, the first vegetables we had had since leaving the Rocky Mountains—a real feast, though

boiled in their jackets. It required a bucketful to make one meal for us. Following Wenas Creek to its source, we crossed to the Natchess River, which we followed for four days, crossing and recrossing sixty-eight times, then left it and started for the summit of the Cascade Mountains, twenty-five miles north of Mount Rainier, which we reached in three days, finding fine grass and good water. Here we stopped for two days' rest, giving our tired oxen plenty of food, which they needed for the rest of the trip. Three miles farther on we came to Summit Hill, where we spliced ropes and prepared for the steep descent which we saw before us. One end of the rope was fastened to the axles of the wagons, the other thrown around a tree and held by our men, and thus, one by one, the wagons were lowered gradually a distance of 300 yards, when the ropes were loosened and the wagons drawn a quarter of a mile farther with locked wheels. Here we reached Greenwater River. All the wagons were lowered safely, except the one belonging to Mr. Lane, now of Puyallup, which was crushed to pieces by the breaking of one of the ropes, causing him and his family to make the rest of the trip on horseback.

At Summit Hill my wife and Mrs. E. A. Light went ahead of the wagons with their children, taking a circuitous trail which brought them around to the wagon train, for which we made the road as we went along. As they walked thus, my wife ahead, they were surprised to meet a white man. They had not seen one, except those of our party, since leaving Walla Walla, and little expected to find one in this almost inaccessible place, but were more than pleased at his rude welcome, which was: "My God, women, where in the world did you come from?"—a greeting rough, but friendly in its roughness, to the two women who shrank against the trees and shrubbery along the narrow trail to give him room to pass them with his packhouse, the trail being barely wide enough for one person.

This man was Andy Burge, who had been sent out from Fort Steilacoom with supplies for the roadmakers, who had already given up the job for want of food, which had arrived too late for them, but in time for us, as our stores were becoming alarmingly low. From these two lone women in the wilder-

ness he learned of our whereabouts, and came at once to persuade us to return to where there was grass and water for our stock, telling us that it was impossible for us to make our way over the country before us; but, failing to convince us of this, he set to work to distribute his supplies among us, and returned to Fort Steilacoom, blazing trees as he went, and leaving notes tacked up, giving what encouragement he could, and preparing us in a measure for what was before us. For instance, he said: "The road is a shade better;" a little farther on, "A shade worse;" then again, "A shade better," and so on, until we were over the bad roads. We crossed the Greenwater sixteen times and followed it till we came to White River, which we crossed six times, then left it for a dreary pull over Wind Mountain, which was covered with heavy fir and cedar trees, but destitute of grass, with a few vine maples, on whose long leaves our poor oxen and horses lived for seven long days, not having a blade of grass during that time. I must not forget to mention that in these dark days—seven of them—we and our half-starved cattle worked the road every day. We bridged large logs, which already lay on the ground, by cutting others and laying alongside them till we had a bridge wide enough for the oxen to draw our wagons across; then all, except John Lane, E. A. Light, and myself, left their wagons on account of their failing oxen, which they drove before them to Boise Creek Prairie, where there was good grass. Lane, Light and I arrived first, the rest following soon after with their cattle and horses. Four miles farther on we reached Porter's Prairie, where Allan Porter, now of Hillhurst, had taken a claim, but at that time was in Olympia. We again crossed White River, which made the seventh time, and pushed on to Connell's Prairie, thence to the Puyallup River to the present site of Van Ogle's hop farm, which Van little suspected would ever be his, and one of the finest farms in the valley. We found the river low and filled with humpback salmon, so we armed ourselves with various weapons, clubs, axes, and whatever we could get, and all went fishing. Every man who could strike a blow got a fish, and such a feast we had not enjoyed since we had potatoes boiled in their jackets, only fish was far ahead of potatoes. A royal feast it was, and John Moyer declared they were the best fish

that he had ever eaten: some of the party stayed up all night, cooking and eating fish. All relished them but my wife, who was indisposed, but she was fortunate in finding an Indian who had just killed a pheasant, which she bought—her first purchase on Puget Sound, and which caused much merriment in our party, as the Indian was perfectly nude.

We moved on to Nisqually Plains and camped at Clover Creek, some three hundred yards from the home of Mrs. Mahan, who, I believe, still lives there, and whose kindness the ladies of our party will never forget. It was on the 4th of October, the day after we camped at Clover Creek, the men all went out to Fort Steilacoom to see Puget Sound, leaving the women and children to keep camp; but during our absence Mrs. Mahan took the ladies to her house, where she had prepared a dinner, which, to these tired sisters, after their toilsome journey, was like a royal banquet. After months of camp life, to sit once more at a table, presided over by a friend in this far-away land, where we thought to meet only strangers, was truly an event never to be forgotten, and one to which my wife often refers as a bright spot on memory's page.

Before proceeding further with my narrative I will mention the fact of my arrival in this country with torn and ragged pants and coat, my cap tattered and torn, and with one boot on, the other foot covered with an improvised moccasin made of a piece of rawhide from one of the animals we had killed a few days previous. In this garb I was to meet a party of well-dressed gentlemen from Olympia, who had heard of us from Andy Burge, and who, led by Mr. J. K. Hood, came out to welcome the first party of emigrants direct from the East over the Cascade Mountains north of The Dalles. My dress was a fair sample of that of the rest of our party, and when together we felt pretty well, all being in the same fashion; but when brought face to face with well-dressed men, I must confess I felt somewhat embarrassed; but our new friends were equal to the emergency, and our embarrassment was soon dispelled by copious draughts of "Hood's Delight," to which we did full justice, while the many questions amidst handshakings hearty and genial. This was the 5th of October.

On the 10th of October Dr. Tolmie, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, stationed at Fort Nisqually, paid us a visit, asked numerous questions about our long journey and arrival, treated us in a very friendly manner, but soon left, after bidding us a polite farewell. In about three hours he returned with a man driving an ox cart, which was loaded with beef just killed and dressed, which he presented to us, saying, "Distribute this to suit yourselves." We, not quite able to understand the situation, offered to pay for the beef, but he firmly and politely refused, saying, "It is a present to you;" and a most welcome one it was at that time, for which we expressed heartfelt thanks to the generous giver. Leaving our families in camp, E. A. Light, John Lane, and I started out to look for homes, after having received due notice from the Hudson's Bay Company not to settle on any lands north of the Nisqually River. We crossed the river and went to Yelm Prairie, a beautiful spot, I thought, as it lay before us covered with tall, waving grass, a pretty stream bordered with shrubs and tall trees, flowing through it, and the majestic mountain, which the Indians almost worshipped and which they gave the name Ta-ko-bed, as it seemed standing guard over all in its snowy coat. It was a scene for the artist's brush—the most beautiful I had ever seen, and good enough for me; so I bought a house from Martin Shelton, but no land, as it was yet unsurveyed, and returned for my family. On this prairie the grass grew tall and rank, and herds of deer wandered leisurely as cattle in their pastures at home.

When I returned to camp, Hill Harmon, who had a logging camp on Puget Sound, was waiting for me, as he wanted my boys, John Moyer, Ivan Watt, and Will Claflin, the latter having joined us at Fort Hall, and offered them $85 per month; but they declined till they saw me, when I assured them that I could get along without their help. Knowing the boys were needy, I told them to go along, which they did, soon getting an advance in salary to $100 per month. We started to our new home, my wife and children in one wagon drawn by three yoke of oxen, which she drove, and I went ahead with another wagon with four yoke of oxen. Our carriage had long ago been left on Burnt River, also the harness, which we saw afterward on a pair of mules driven past us while on the emigrant trail. Arriving

at home, we found a large number of Indians camped near by, and about thirty of them came in to see us the first night to examine things new to them, which they did, expressing surprise or satisfaction by grunts and guttural sounds, which were Greek to us. We found but three white families for neighbors, George Braile, a bachelor; Mr. and Mrs. Levi Shelton, and Mr. and Mrs. James Hughes, the latter at this time a resident of Steilacoom. The following winter I took a donation claim, a portion of the farm on which I have since lived.

Late in the fall of 1853, Isaac I. Stevens, the first governor of Washington Territory, arrived from across the plains in such sorry garb that Frank R. Jackson, a pioneer settler, was loath to believe he was the newly-appointed governor, a doubt which he openly expressed, and to which the governor alluded in later years laughingly, taking it as a better joke on himself than on Mr. Jackson. Governor Stevens also held the office of Superintendent of Indian Affairs, with instructions to make treaties with the Indians.

I will refer more particularly to the Nisqually tribe, whose chiefs were Leschi and Quiemuth, this being the tribe with which I was associated more than any other. Matters seemed to go smoothly till the treaty in the fall of 1854, when a council was held at Medicine Creek, at the mouth of the Nisqually, for the purpose of making this treaty, the terms of which are familiar to every pioneer of the now State of Washington. From day to day they met, till the treaty was made by which the Indians were to retain certain lands of their own choice, reserved from the public domain for them and their children so long as the tribe should exist. This seemed satisfactory for awhile, but, immigrants coming in larger numbers, caused the Indians to grow jealous, and, encouraged by persons unfriendly to the settlers, they began to appear less friendly to us, frequently telling us the Klickitats were getting ready for war upon the whites, but assuring us the Nisquallys would never join them, and would always be friends to the white settlers.

In the spring after the treaty, Quiemuth and Stayhi came to me and complained that the settlers did not give them enough for their work, saying, in Chinook, that the "Bostons" were bad

people, but the "King George men," as they termed the Hudson's Bay Company, were good and had been here a long time and had never stolen land; now the "Bostons" come and were fencing and stealing the land from the Indians. Stayhi, who could speak English, interpreted what I failed to understand, which was nearly all of Quiemuth's Chinook. They finished their visit by giving me the worst bemeaning I ever had. I tried to reason with them, telling them the common people were not to blame; that the "tyees" had bought their land; the officials had made the treaty, and they had agreed to it. Finding them unreasonable, I quietly took their abuse, and when they had finished, they got on their ponies and rode off. I saw Quiemuth once afterwards, when he was still growling about the "Bostons," but still called himself the "Boston's Tillicum," which meant a friend. Notwithstanding these assurances, friendly though they seemed, we were greatly alarmed, but at a loss to know what move to make, as we did not want to leave our home unprotected, neither risk our own and children's lives by staying at home. On the 10th of October, while my boys, Elcaine and David, myself and John Mollhigh, an Indian who often helped me with my work, were putting in rye, about a half a mile from the house where Mrs. Longmire and the two younger children were alone, at least thirty Indians rode up in company with "Old Stub," an Indian who had supplied our table with wild game since we first came on the prairie—a first-rate hunter and an Indian who was honest and friendly—got off their horses, walked in the house with their guns and ranged themselves around the fireplace, crowding my wife and children to the back part of the room, the latter crying with fright, while their mother sat in deadly fear, not knowing what moment they would strike the fatal blow. "Stub" sat in the corner, taking little part in the noisy conversation, which lasted about an hour, when they made an impudent demand for food, which was denied them, when they mounted their ponies and rode away, after telling my wife, in "Chinook," they were going to the Bald Hills to hunt. "Stub" still sat in the corner by the fire, and after the others were gone, my wife gave him some food in a tin plate—the best we had—which he ate in silence. Having finished his meal, he arose, went to my wife, laid his hand on

her head, and began talking in a sad, mournful tone, not one word of which could she understand; then he laid his hand on his own breast, then on the heads of the two frightened children—all the time talking. as my wife thought, warning her of the fate of the white settlers and the horrible intentions of the Indians. He left silently. and that was the last time he ever came to our house. He went to the hostile Indians, was captured with Ut-sa-la-wah, or "Chuck Nose," as the settlers called him. about two months after the opening of the Indian war, taken to Olympia, put in prison in chans, where he killed himself by tying a strip of blanket around his throat. His companion was released later on, and lived till the summer of 1886, when he was laid to rest with his "tillicums" in a little Indian burying ground about three hundred yards from where my house now stands—the spot he had begged me, from year to year, for his last resting place, almost ever since I had known him.

On the 11th of October, 1855. the day after the Indians came to my house, I started with my family to Olympia, as we now knew there was no safety for us in our own home, which had already been under guard for two weeks. Our bachelor neighbors, McLean Chambers, Frank Goodwin, and Mr. Perkins, the two former now living near Roy, in Pierce County, the latter at rest long since, came to our house for mutual protection, and kindly stood guard, taking turns—a kindness we shall never forget. Arriving at Olympia, I rented a house for my wife and children, put the boys in school. and returned to the farm, intending, with the help of John Mollhigh, to finish my fall work.

On the 20th of October, Quiemuth paid a visit to Secretary Mason, who was acting governor in the absence of Governor Stevens, who had gone east of the Cascade Mountains to make treaties with those tribes which seemed to be leaders in the rebellious movements which we began to fear would end in a general massacre of the white settlers. Quiemuth assured the secretary again and again of the friendship of his tribe; whereupon Mason told him to get his half-brother, Leschi, and with their families, come to Olympia, where he would give them food and shelter. This Quiemuth agreed to do, and returned to

Yelm Prairie for that purpose; but he had forgotten both his promise and his friendship long before his arrival, for no sooner did he meet Leschi than they took their families and moved as fast as they could to Puyallup. As the chief did not come the following day, Mason, feeling somewhat alarmed for the safety of the white settlers, appointed Charles Eaton and twelve other men, among them Connell, James McAllister and his son George, and a man by the name of Milton B. Wallace, to go to Puyallup and invite the chiefs to come to Olympia. I was to have gone with them, but as I was four miles off the road they hurried on without me. Crossing the Puyallup River they went to where Van Ogle's farm now is and sent a friendly Indian who had come with them from Olympia to learn, if possible, the whereabouts of the chiefs. Returning, he reported two hundred Indians collected farther on, in company with the two chiefs, Quiemuth and Leschi, also the Puyallup tribe. Eaton, upon hearing this, declared it would not do to go farther, for such movements meant war; but McAllister and Connell ridiculed the idea, saying they knew those Indians well, and would go and have a friendly talk with them, which Eaton told them would be contrary to orders. However, confident of success, they laid down their guns, buckled on their revolvers, and started on what they meant as a friendly errand, with the two friendly Indians as an escort, which proved their death, for in about twenty minutes Eaton and his little band of men heard the firing of guns, which was proof to Eaton that the men were killed, and they must get ready for defense at once, which they did by taking refuge in a cabin which was near, and fastened their saddle blankets over the open spaces between the logs, and filled a barrel with water, in case the hostile Indians should fire the building. They then hid their horses as close as possible to the cabin, and declared themselves ready for battle, which began just before dark, by a large band of Indians opening fire on Eaton and his little band of ten men, one a friendly Indian, who had retured with news of the sad fate of McAllister and Connell, the other Indian having gone with the hostiles, who were now fighting, sending bullet after bullet into the little cabin, one striking Wallace, who, with the exception of being stunned, received no injury aside from the loss of the upper

part of one of his ears. The Indians tried to fire the cabin, but Eaton's men kept up such a constant fire they dared not approach near enough for the purpose, but set fire to a pen filled with wheat, which stood near, which helped Eaton with its bright light to see the Indians and take good aim. About daylight the Indians drew off, taking their dead and wounded and every horse belonging to Eaton and his men, who, assuring themselves that quiet reigned once more, ventured forth. crossed the Puyallup, left the main road and, climbing a step bluff, made their way through the woods to the Nisqually Plains, ten miles distant, thence to Olympia, leaving the bodies of McAllister and Connell where they fell. On the same day, the 28th of October, before sunrise, two Indians came to my house on horses dripping wet with sweat, and told Mollhigh of the terrible massacre on White River and the fate of McAllister and Connell, which Mollhigh afterwards told me when I visited him. His wife and mother were camped near my house, and came at once on hearing of the massacre, weeping and wringing their hands, and told me in Chinook to go at once or the Indians would kill me, which I did not understand. Mollhigh's wife afterwards told Mrs. Longmire that I was the biggest fool she ever saw. During this excitement he continued his work talking to the Indians who were trying to persuade him to go and fight the whites. I noticed their excitement, which was greatly increased when the thirty braves who had gone to the Bald Hills a few days before arrived with their squaws, who were weeping bitterly, which convinced me the news of the massacre had been sent them, and I must get ready to leave, as the Indians were already grinding their knives and tomahawks on my grindstone, while they talked wildly and the squaws kept on crying. I fastened on my revolver, but left my gun in the house, while I went for my horse. While looking for my horse from a high point which commanded a view of the prairie, I heard the sound of horses' hoofs on the hard ground and, stepping behind a tree where I was securely hid, I saw the two Indians who had brought the news of the massacre returning, as I supposed, to Puyallup. Not finding my horse, I started home. but stopped at McLean Chambers', who lived where my house now stands, and who had already heard of the massacre.

He begged me not to go back to my house, but I had left my gun, and I felt that I must have it. When he found that I was determined to go back home he gave me his horse, which I took, and even while we talked, the same Indians I had seen while hunting my horse, rode up, talked a few minutes, then rode on; and I believed then and to this day that I was the man they were hunting; but why they changed their minds and let me live I cannot tell. Shortly after the Indians left I took McLean's horse and rode quietly home, to find it broken into, everything of value gone, every stitch of clothing, only what I wore; my gun, also, which I looked for first on going into the house; things of no value to the Indians were scattered over the yard, but not an Indian in sight—not even my trusted Mollhigh, who told me afterwards he went only to save my life. He told the Indians "Longmire was a 'Kloshe tillicum,'" and had always been good to the Indians, and not to kill him, but kill the "tyees," the big men. They answered by telling him if he did not come along and fight they would kill him and Longmire, too; but if he would help them fight they would not kill Longmire. After long persuasion, poor Mollhigh yielded, thinking this was the only means to save either of us, and went with the hostiles. He was true to me, though, for after the war he came back and lived with me for years, always claiming that he saved my life. Coming out of the house, with my revolver drawn, ready to fire at the slightest notice, I looked carefully around on all sides, then mounted my horse, which I put to a lively run, until I was again at McLean Chambers'. He took the horse and started for Olympia. The Indians had taken my last horse, and I must now make my way to Olympia on foot, a distance of twenty-five miles, alone, which was not pleasant to contemplate; so I walked over to Brail's place, where Thomas M. Chambers now lives, to find his house deserted, he having left as soon as he heard of the massacre. I then went to Hughes to get him to go with me, but, darkness coming on, and hearing horses' hoofs on the hard road, I dropped behind a pile of rails, which hid me from view, and while lying there I heard the peculiar hissing sound like "shee, shee," with which Indians always drive stock, and hence knew they were stealing the last horses from the white settlers on the prairie. When I

arrived at Hughes' place he and his family had fled. and I hardly knew which way to turn, but finally decided to go to George Edwards', a former employe of the Hudson's Bay Company, an Englishman, who still lives at Yelm Station. I thought if he was gone I must take to the woods, but, fortunately for me, he and his wife, an Indian woman of the Nisqually tribe, were at home, but thought it unsafe to remain in the house, so we went to the barn, where we spent the night. In the morning Edwards and I started for Olympia, I riding a horse belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, called "Old Roosh." Half an hour before our arrival word reached Olympia from Dr. Tolmie that I had been killed the evening before by the Indians, Mollhigh's wife being the informant. Much to my relief, the news had not reached my family before my arrival.

I met Charley Eaton, who was organizing a company of volunteers to go in pursuit of the Indians, determined to kill all of them or subdue them. About sixty-seven men joined, but when it came to the point of taking the oath many refused, so there were only eighteen or twenty remaining in the company, which was named the Puget Sound Rangers, with Charles Eaton, captain, and James Tullis, first lieutenant. The other officers' names I do not recall. I enlisted and we started at once to scour the northeastern part of Thurston County and all of Pierce County for hostile Indians, to learn, if possible, where they were collected. For several days not an Indian could be found, most of them having gone to White River to make a grand stand at Connell's Prairie, where Qualchin met them with about 300 Klickitats from east of the Cascade Mountains, he being the son of the chief of the Klickitats, and the leader of those Indians in the war which followed; Quiemuth leading the Nisquallys, assisted by Leschi, and Kitsap the Puyallups. They were met here by companies commanded by Captains B. L. Henness, Gilmore Hays, Joseph White, and Calvin H. Swindall; also one by Isaac Hays—all volunteer companies. The Indians fought all the morning in ambush, the volunteers failing to draw them out into open battle; but in the afternoon the volunteers, finding there was nothing being done in this way, resorted to strategy. One company was ordered to lie down while the others were to flee in confusion. This plan was carried out, and the Indians,

thinking the day was theirs, looking only at the fleeing men, rushed madly forward with beating drums, and wild warwhoops, until they came within fifty yards of the prostrate troops, who arose as one man and opened fire, the fleeing men returning, firing as they came. The Indians, panic-stricken, flung their drums away, ran wildly, forgetting their dead and wounded, and, rushing pell-mell into the Puyallup River, swam to the other side, the volunteers following to the river bank, where they killed many who were trying to make their escape by swimming. Qualchin, who was not accustomed to fighting in the woods, on foot, left for Yakima in disgust; and, without a leader, the rest scattered over the country in small bands, stealing, burning houses and barns, killing the white settlers, and spreading terror wherever they went. The Puget Sound Rangers in the meantime were trying to hunt down fugitive Indians; all to no purpose, however, for not an Indian was to be found. At length we became convinced that they were getting information from friends, as well as assistance, and so reported to Governor Stevens, who immediately ordered the arrest of any or all persons suspected of rendering them assistance. Arrests were made of all men suspected of harboring Indians. These persons were taken to Fort Steilacoom for trial, but as nothing was proven against them they were released. After this the volunteers began to find Indians in small bands all over the country, whom they killed or captured whenever found.

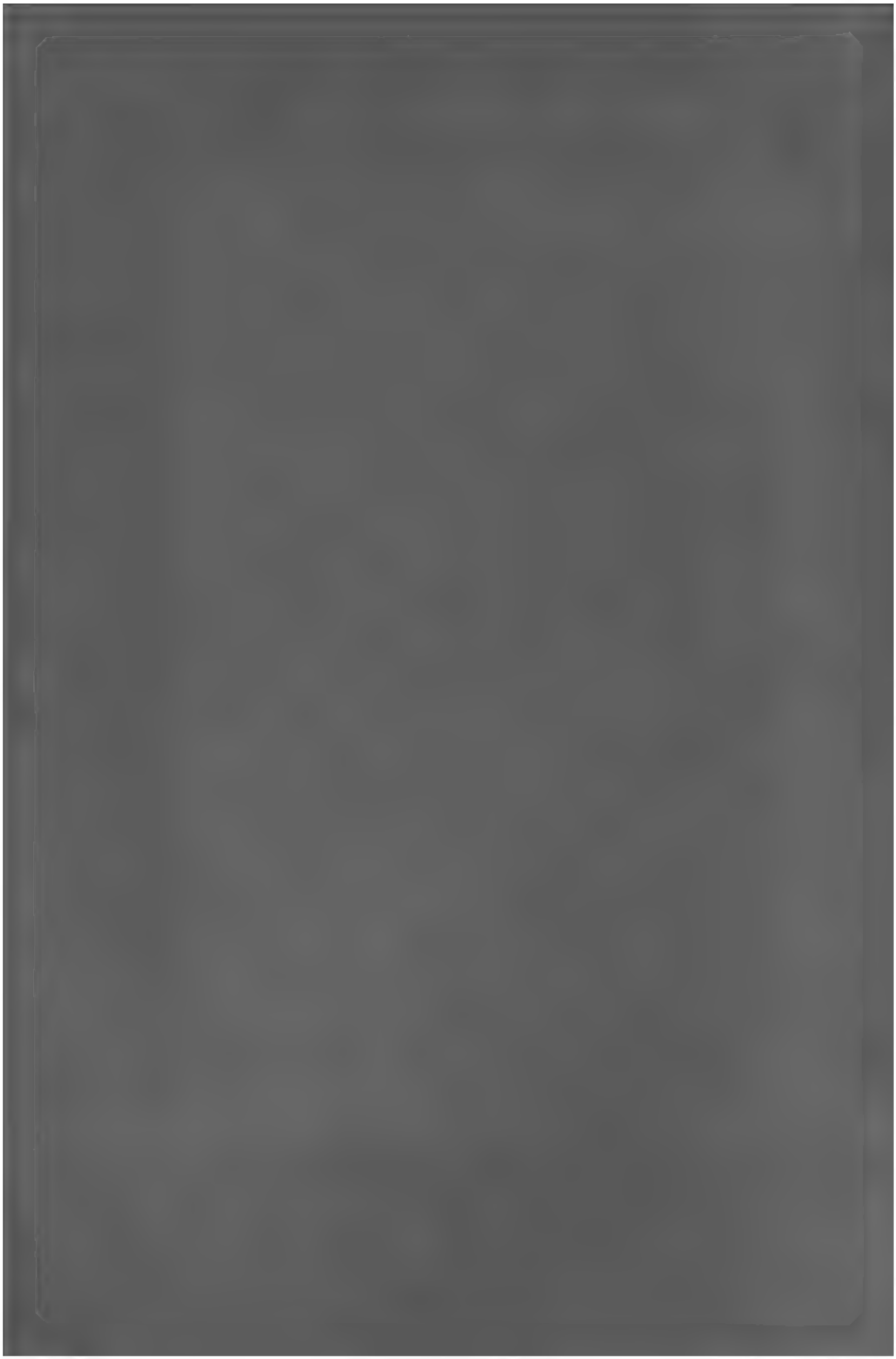
However, depredations continued, and several more arrests were made, when Governor Stevens proclaimed martial law, to prevent persons suspected of aiding the Indians from returning to their homes, and holding them as prisoners at Fort Steilacoom. Shortly after this move on the part of our worthy governor, some of the Indians surrendered and were placed in charge of the Indian agent on the reservation. The Puget Sound Rangers were now discharged, and I made preparations to move back to Yelm Prairie, on my farm, with my family, taking with me a friendly Indian named Pealo, who, with his family, camped near my house. We did not feel safe in our home, so Pealo and I stood guard at night, taking turns, and in the daytime worked with our guns beside us, ready at a minute's notice to defend ourselves.

The war had now been going on for nearly a year, and the settlers were tired and discouraged, many of them living in blockhouses. One night, when Pealo was standing guard, he came to the door and said, "Mesatchee tillicums chaco" (the bad Indians coming). I got up and went outside, taking my gun, when Pealo came to me and told me in Chinook, "If they do come, I die with you." He lay down with his ear close to the ground and listened for a few minutes, but got up and said he was mistaken; but he was not. It was not spirits, as he said, but real Indians, as examination next morning showed that horses had been fastened about half a mile from my house. When Pealo saw this he begged me to go to the blockhouse, saying we were not safe in our house. I told him I was not afraid. Then he went to my wife and begged her to talk to me and get me to go to the blockhouse, and save her and the children from being killed by the Indians. On the second day after this we moved to the blockhouse, where we found Levi Shelton and family, and Thomas Chambers, Sr., with his family, besides five men to guard the commissary store which was kept there. About this time Governor Curry, of Oregon, sent a company of troops to our assistance under Captain Bluford Miller, as Indians were still stealing horses and killing cattle. A band of these robbers was followed by Captain Maxon to the Mashell River, where the last one of them was killed. Quiemuth and Leschi now separated, for what reason I never knew. The former grew tired of fighting and came to Ozha, a Frenchman, who lived on the Nisqually River, near the crossing of the Northern Pacific Railroad bridge, and asked him to come and see me and learn if I would take him to Governor Stevens safely, as he wanted to surrender, and would risk his life with the governor. I told Ozha to bring Quiemuth to me after dark, for if he were seen someone would surely kill him. I was glad he had surrendered, as he was the only chief left on our side of the river whom we feared; but I hardly knew why he came to me, unless he thought as I was a friend of Governor Stevens it would make his sentence lighter. It was early in the summer of 1856 when he came one night with Ozha into my house, unarmed, shook hands with me and my wife, as friendly as if he had not been fighting us and our friends for months and months, rendering life a

burden to us. I got my horse, and taking Van Ogle, George Braile, Ozha and Betsy Edgar, a squaw and friend of Ozha's, we started to Olympia, Quiemuth riding close to me, talking freely all the way, telling me if the governor did not kill him he would show me where there was lots of gold, as he knew where it was. It was a gloomy ride that night through the rain, and when we reached Olympia, between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning, we were wet, muddy, and tired. I awakened Governor Stevens and told him I had Quiemuth, who wanted to see him. He got up and invited us in, then ordered luncheon, of which we partook heartily, as we were hungry as well as tired. Ozha, Van Ogle, and George Braile went to the stable with our horses, while I stayed with Quiemuth. The governor handed our prisoner a pipe of tobacco, which he smoked a few minutes, telling me between puffs that he thought the governor was a good man and would not hurt him—that he was a good "tillicum." The governor offered me a bed, which I declined, as I was wet and muddy, and told him to give me some blankets and I would lie down by the fire in the office. Blankets were brought for me and Quiemuth, and we lay down, one on either side of the fireplace, I being next to the door. In the meantime news of the chief's surrender must have been circulated, although I had intended it should be kept secret.

The governor left lights burning in the office, bade us good night, and again retired, and I was soon in a deep sleep, from which I was aroused by a great noise, I hardly realizing what it was or what caused it. I sprang to my feet, and as I did so I heard the sound as of persons running out of the house, and the lights were out. I saw by the dim firelight a man fall and heard a groan, and, rushing to the falling man, I found it was Quiemuth, speechless and dying. At this moment Governor Stevens rushed in, saying, as he saw the dead chief, "Who in the h—l has done this?" I replied, "I do not know." "In my office, too," he added; "this is a club for General Wool." General Wool had disapproved the policy of Governor Stevens, as well as that of Governor Curry, of Oregon, in the prosecution of the Indian war. Before the governor reached the office I ran to the door, and by the dim morning light I saw eighteen or twenty men outside the door. Never in my long and inti-

mate acquaintance with Governor Stevens did I ever see him so enraged as he was that night; and justly, too, it seems to me, for even after all these years it kindles my wrath when I think of the cowardly deed. It being nearly daylight, the body of Quiemuth was left on the carpeted floor of the office until the coroner's inquest was held, which brought out the fact that Quiemuth had been shot with a pistol, the ball taking effect in the right arm and right side, which Dr. Willard, Sr., declared never could have killed any man; but a closer examination showed the chief had been stabbed with a very fine blade, which had penetrated the heart, causing instant death. One Joe Buntin was arrested during the inquest, on suspicion. Elwood Evans, of Tacoma, then a young lawyer of Olympia, conducted the prosecution, B. F. Kendall, the defense; the result being the acquittal of Buntin, though many believed him to be the guilty party.

Quiemuth now being dead, Leschi was soon captured and sentenced to hang, but the execution was stayed and Leschi returned to prison. Court again convened and he was given a new trial, when he was again sentenced, and was executed near Fort Steilacoom. This ended the Indian war.

I must here mention that many promenent men condemned Governor Stevens bitterly for proclaiming martial law; but his course was ably defended in the legislature, where the debates were long and stormy. I represented Thurston County at that time, and approved our governor's policy. Peace being again restored, the settlers returned to their homes to begin life anew, as they had been robbed of everything they possessed. My last horse was gone, but I had a few cattle left, and with willing hands and bright hopes, and the blessings of health and strength in our home, my wife and I took up our burden, and prosperity met us, so that when old age comes on we may rest in peace, waiting for the summons which calls us all to a better land.